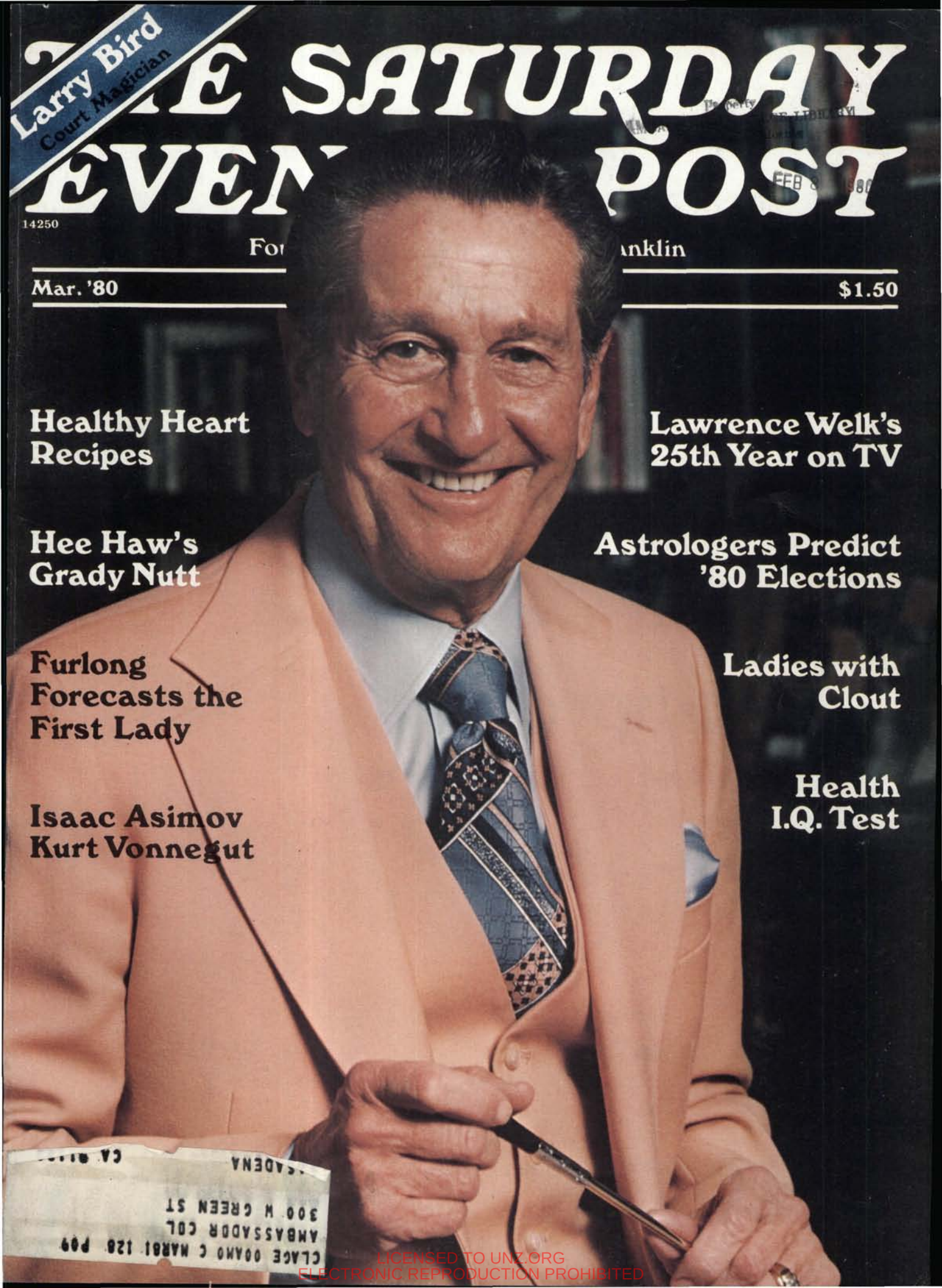

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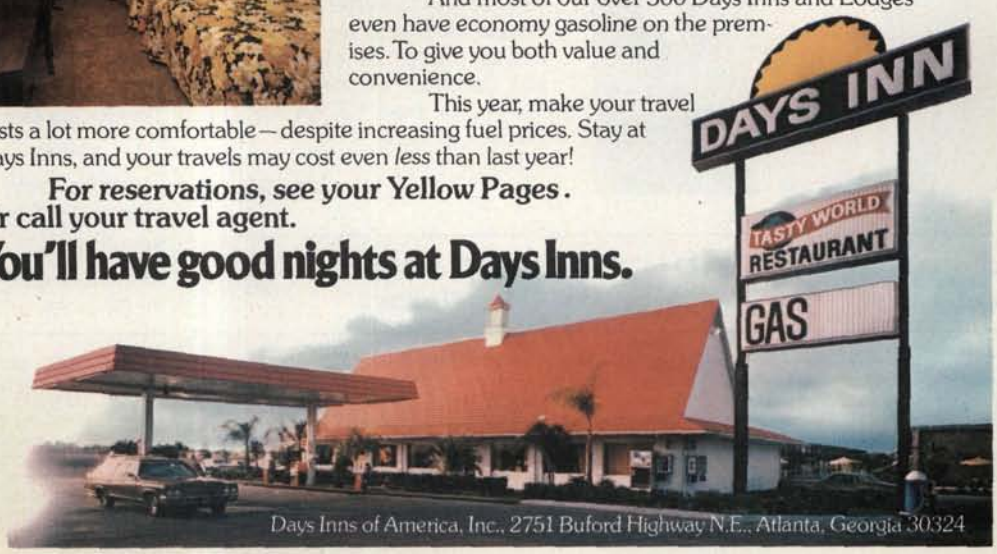

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Lawrence Welk's High Note

It's the silver anniversary for music man Lawrence Welk and his devoted television audience. But it was a rugged road for a shy lad from a back-country farm to the very top of the dazzling world of musical entertainment. To review this remarkable journey is to rekindle one's faith in the great American Dream.

52

The Rare Larry Bird

A bird named Larry is worth two of any other species in today's colorful world of basketball professionals. The Boston Celtics are happily making this discovery as Indiana State's sensational Larry Bird continues to pack the round-ball arena in the NBA circuit.

76

Rosalynn Carter
Nellie Connally

Will helpmate Rosalynn's persuasive personality provide the necessary boost to retain the Carter address at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, or will the effervescent charm of Nellie be the deciding factor in changing the doormat at the White House to read "John and Nellie Connally"?

66 67

Furlong Forecasts the First Lady **70**

Astrologers Chart the Candidates **58**

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CONTENTS

March 1980
Vol. 252, No. 2

FICTION

A Night for Love, *Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.* . . 50

FEATURES

Digging Up the Past, *Aaron M. Levin*. . . 10
Singing in the Pain, *Isaac Asimov*. 18
Health IQ Test. 22
Women in Politics: Not Skirting the Issues, *Holly Miller and Linda Caleca*. 26
Warning: Narrow Artery, *John Farquhar, M.D.*. 42
Lawrence Welk: Champagne and Grace Notes, *Bernice McGeehan*. 52
Roadway Roulette, *Maynard Good Stoddard*. 56
Polling the Stars, *Eugene Moore, Robert Hand, Charles and Vivia Jayne, and Katherine DeJersey*. 58
Rosalynn Carter: The President's Partner, *Landrum R. Bolling*. 66
Nellie Connally: Whatever Happens, She'll Win, *Frederic A. Birmingham*. 67
Look Who's Running for First Lady, *William Barry Furlong*. 70

DEPARTMENTS

Letters to the Editor. 3
Religion: Cracking Grady Nutt, *Grady Nutt* 34
Speaking Out: Success is Not Sinful, *Richard M. DeVos*. 38
Sports: The Rare Larry Bird, *Bob Ryan*. 76
Post Scripts. 80
Editorials. 82
Photo Contest. 86
Food: The Way to a Man's Heart, *Harold Prince*. 102
Travel: Glen Canyon's Azure Jewel, *L.I. Wilson*. 106
Crossword Puzzle. 110
Where in the World?. 112
Post People. 114
Medical Mailbox, *Cory SerVaas, M.D.* 122

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Letters to the Editor

Keeping Posted

During the Great Depression in the 1930s when people did not have much to look forward to, the *Post* came through each week and really gave us all a lift.

I was fortunate and got a job with the Curtis Publishing Company as a rural salesman and worked for a year in central Illinois, calling on the farmers and selling them the *Post, Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. After a year I was transferred to eastern Ohio and western Pennsylvania as a rural crew manager and was there for three years. We seldom got cash those days, as they didn't have it, so we took chickens, eggs and farm produce, which we hauled to town and sold for the cash to send in our subscription orders. After that I spent a year in Missouri on the same job.

Elmer W. Hartley
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Continued on following page

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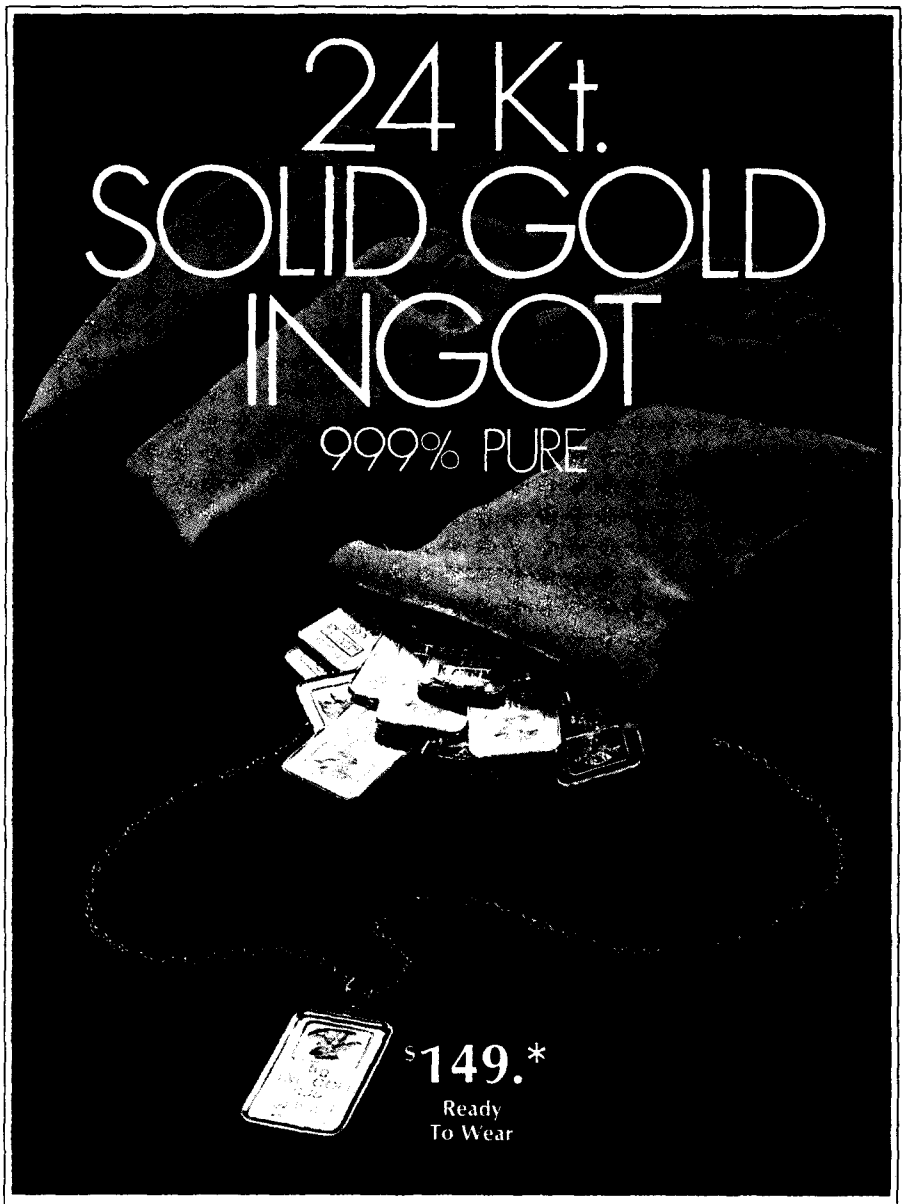

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Altared Life

The *Post* is something special at our house. All the other magazines are soon discarded, but the *Post* has special status—an accumulative file which we use often for reference and source material.

Now the most wonderful thing has happened—thanks to the *Post*. The article, "The Man from Ida Grove" (September 1979), triggered our son so that he is now a witnessing Christian. For the last 12 years his life has been characterized by rebellion, pot, alcohol and you-name-it. The church and anything religious was a "no-no" to him.

What a joy it is to us parents who have been praying for him night and day to see his transformed life. He is now a changed man—going to church and talking about entering the ministry. He publicly testifies that reading the article in the *Post* is the one thing that caused him to accept Christ. We shall always be grateful to the *Post* and plan to give *Post* Christmas gifts this year.

(Name and address withheld)

Kitchen Corkers

I especially enjoyed your "healthful yet delicious" holiday menu suggestions in the December 1979 *Post*, also your *positive* article on wine as a festive beverage! My husband and I, both 55-plus, have been on a low-calorie, low-sodium, low-sugar diet for several years—he for essential health reasons, and I because it's easier and I feel better on it. Fortunately, we have a most intelligent physician, so with his knowledge and blessing we continue to enjoy a sociable drink. Our life style has, indeed, improved—not deteriorated—and, with thoughtful food planning and preparation, done so without strain on our food budget.

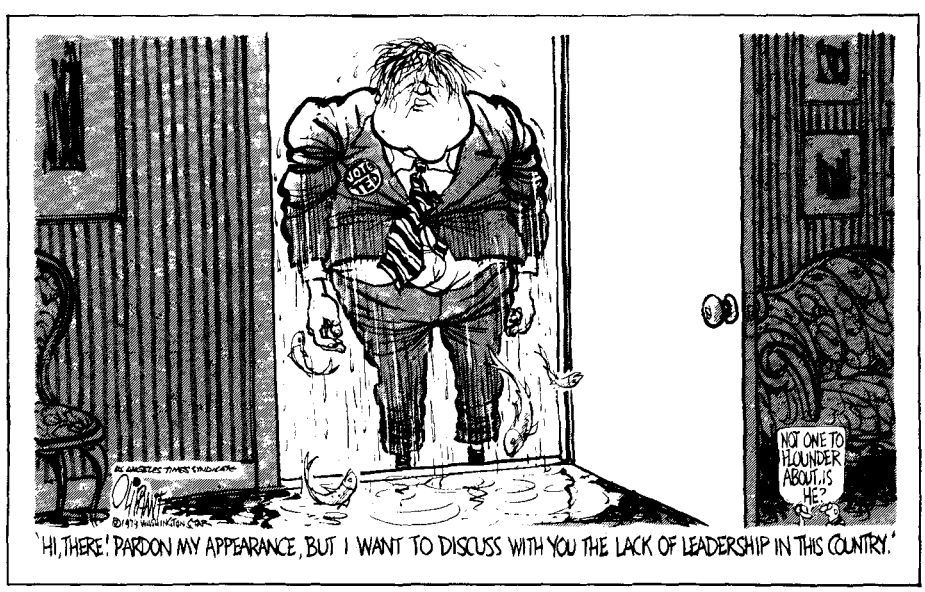
Patricia S. Kehr
York, Pennsylvania

Positive Charge

I would just like to thank you for exposing your readership to some news that the world's destiny is not entirely David Rockefeller's domain, and that the United States has not become a kennel for lost puppies under the Scrooge-like hand of Uncle Sugar. The more news of our options for freedom, peace and tranquillity that gets circulated, the healthier this country's emotional climate and economy will be down the road. I believe in the principle of Amway corporation (help your fellow man, and the economic responsibility of the *individual*) with all my heart and mind. Thank you for supporting something positive in the midst of so much disillusionment and bitterness.

Have a good day!

Kenneth W. Steely
Kelso, Washington



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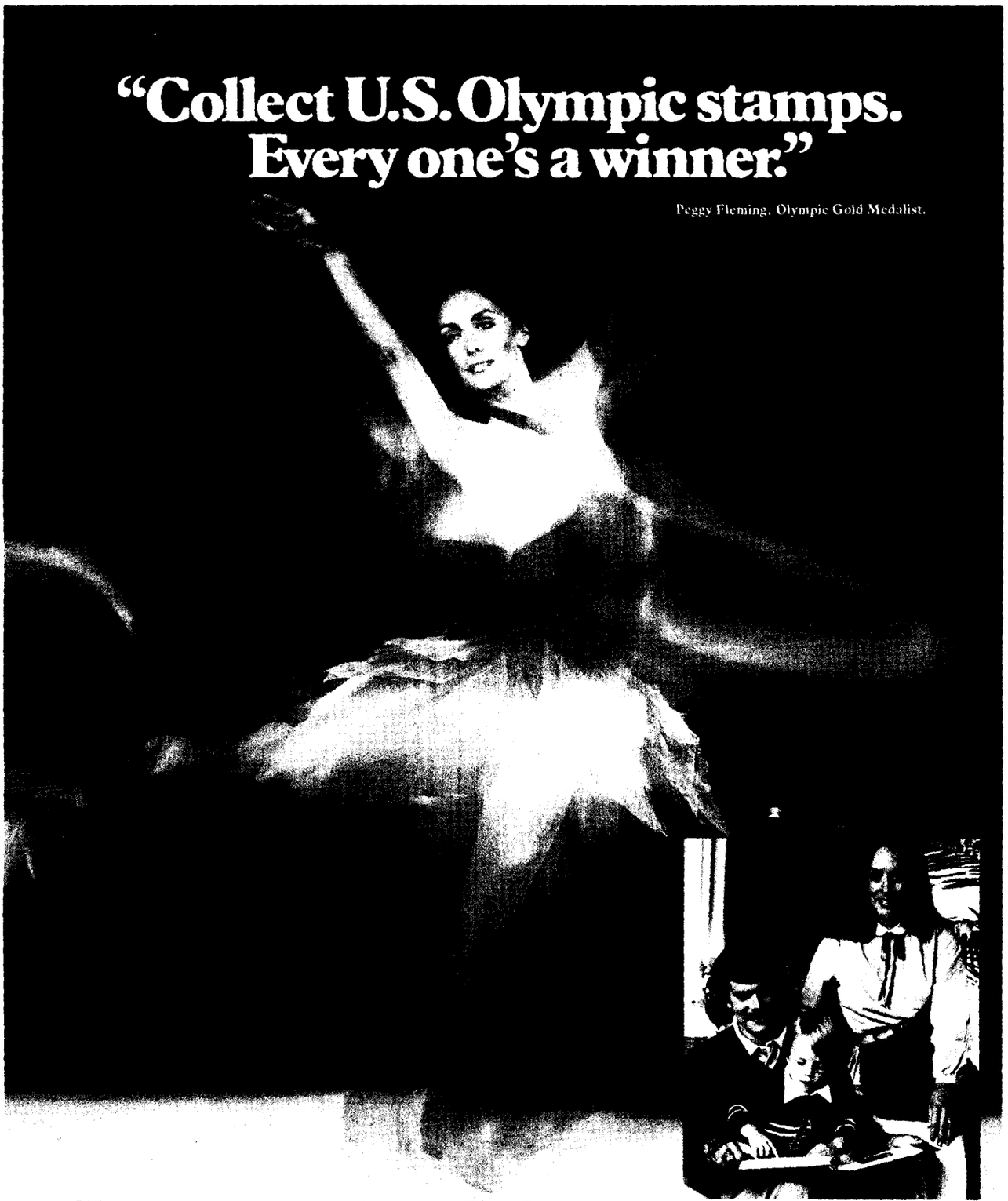

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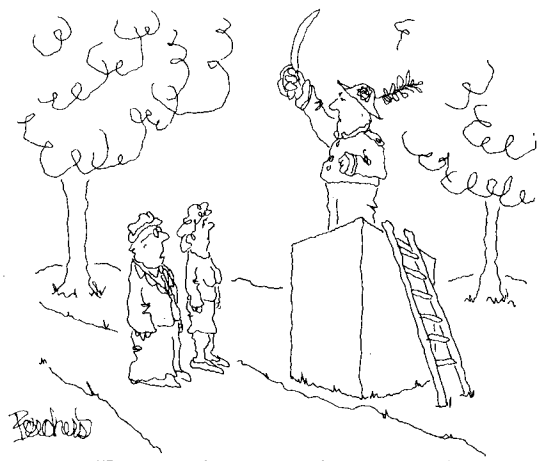
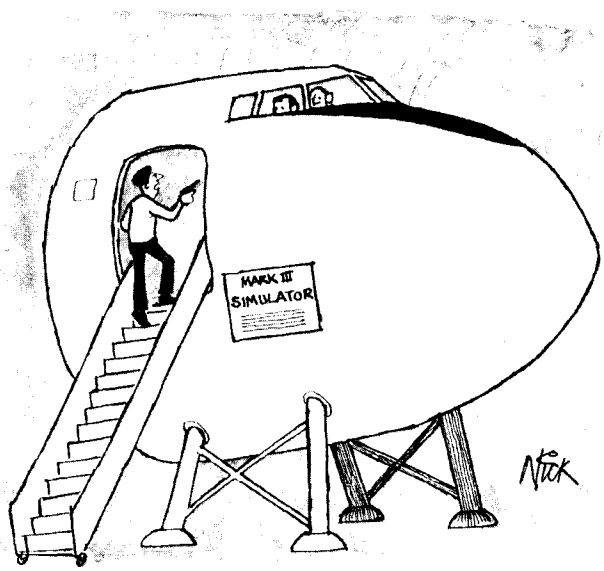
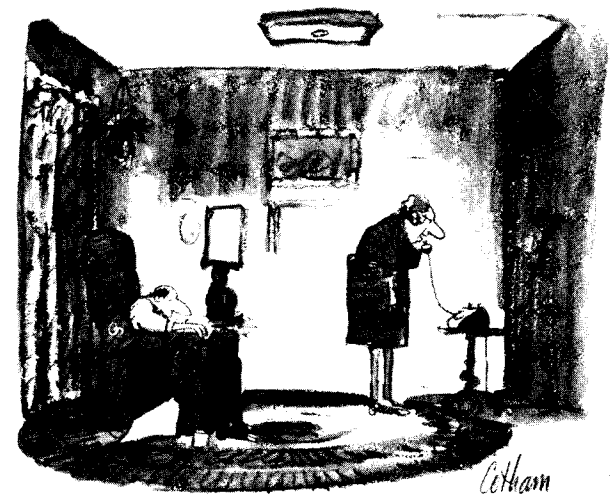
FOUR-THOUGHTS



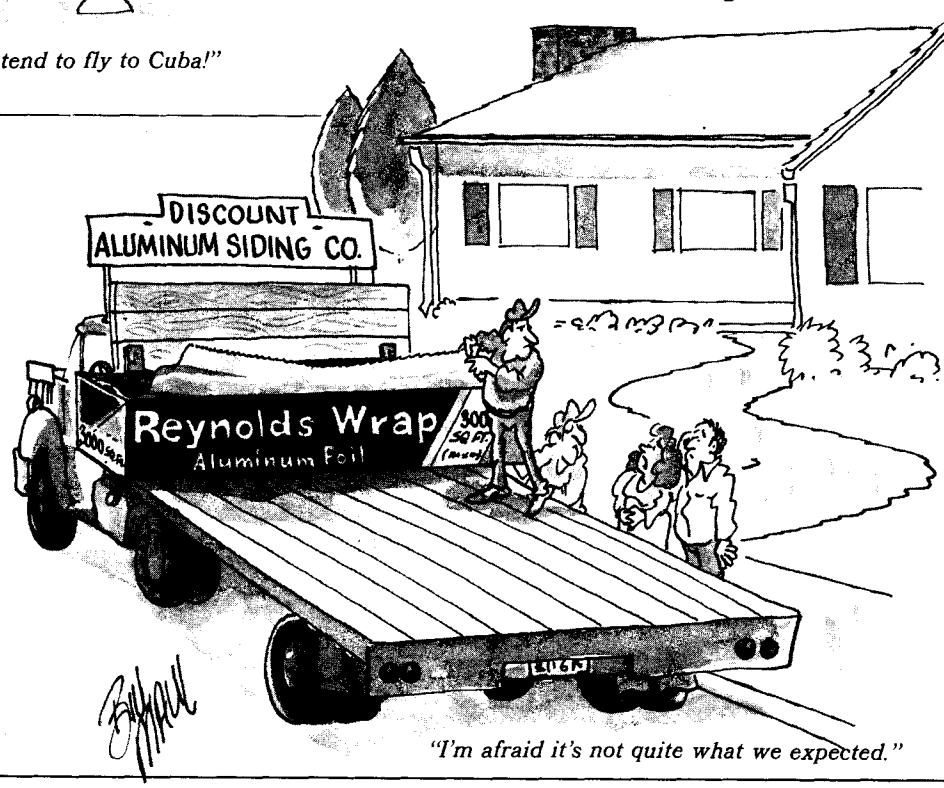
"I just can't get over how much that looks like crazy Uncle David."



"Pretend to fly to Cuba!"



"Hubert seems lethargic and indolent, Doctor. Yes . . . I guess he could be dead."



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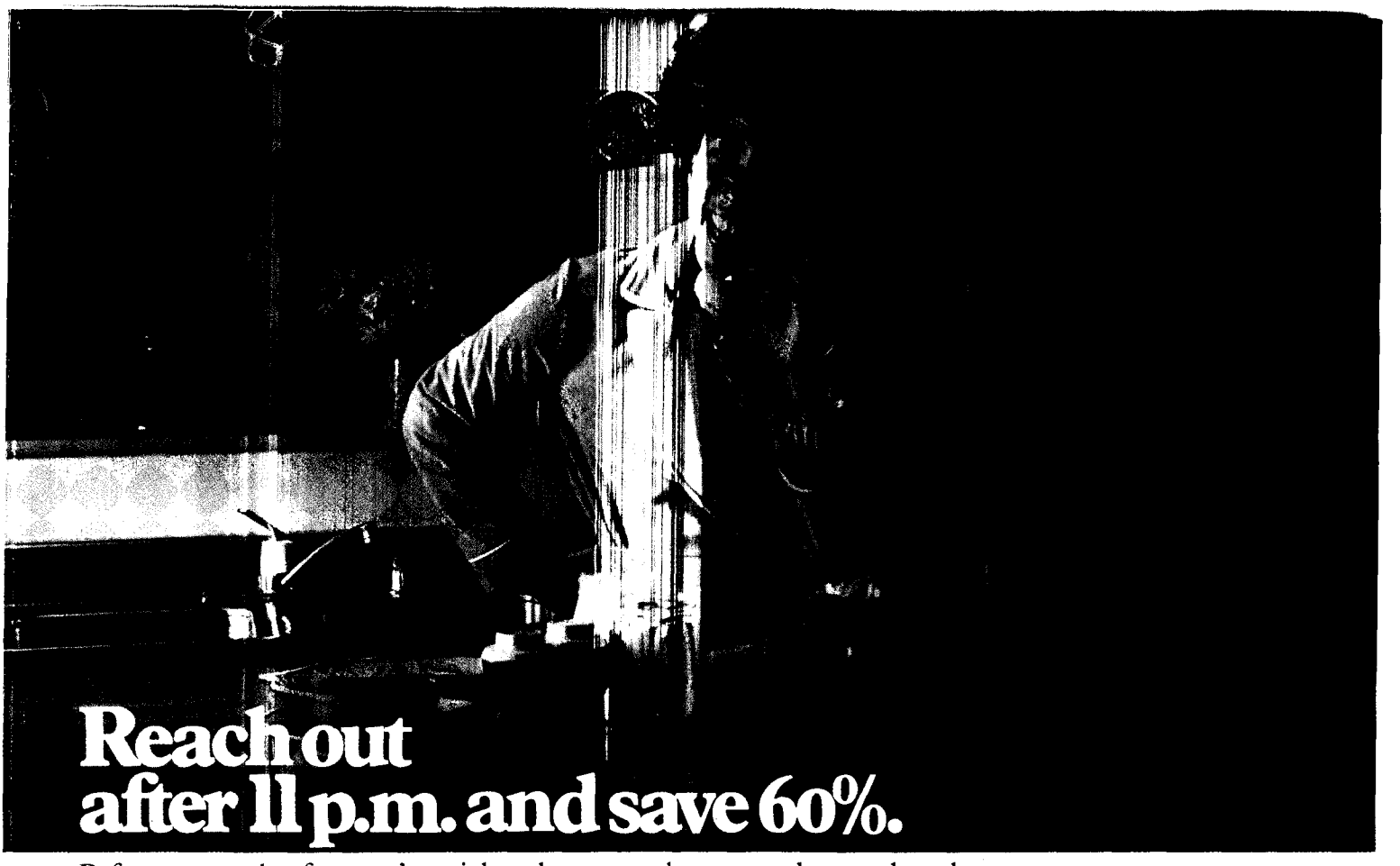

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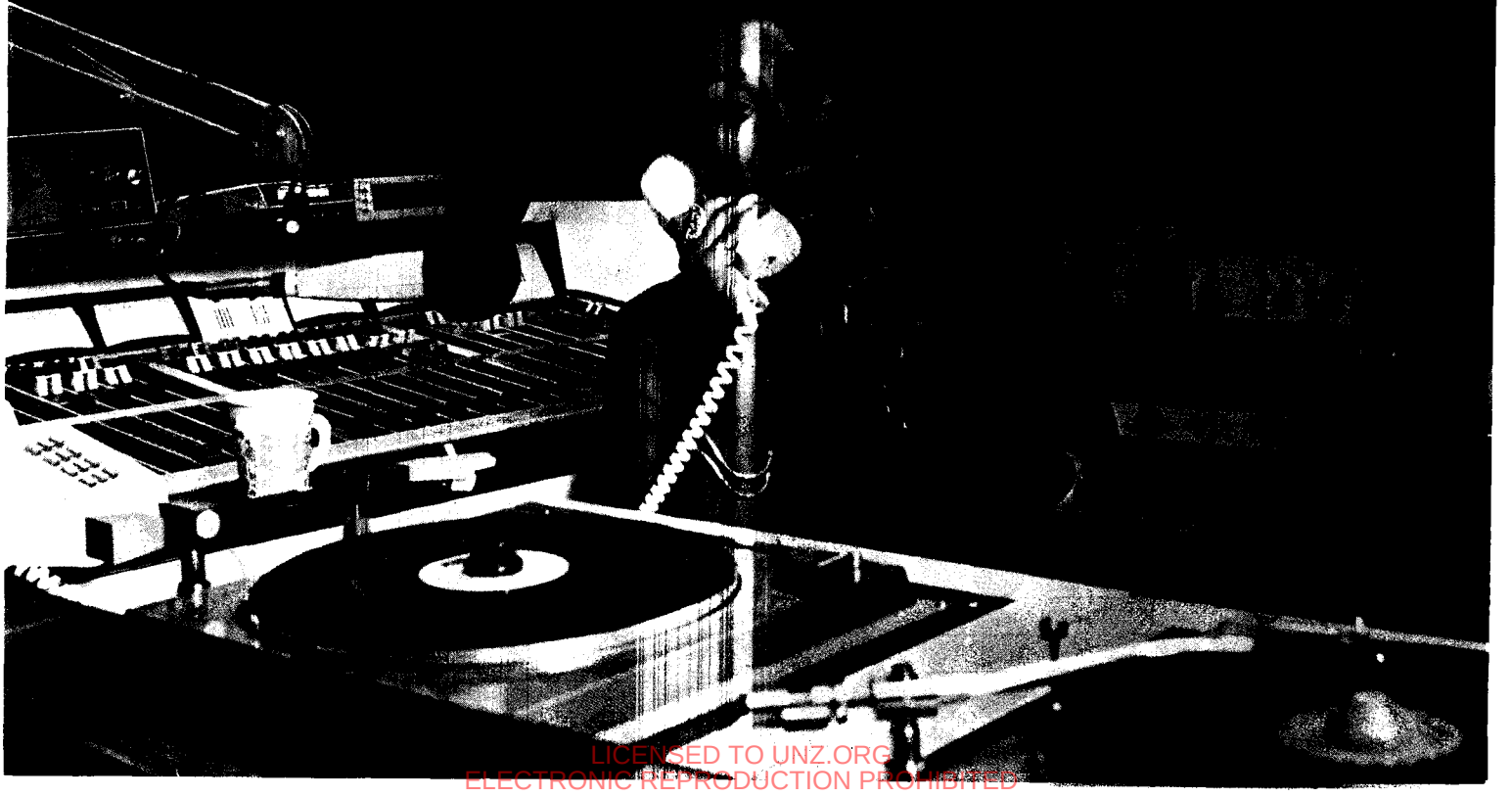

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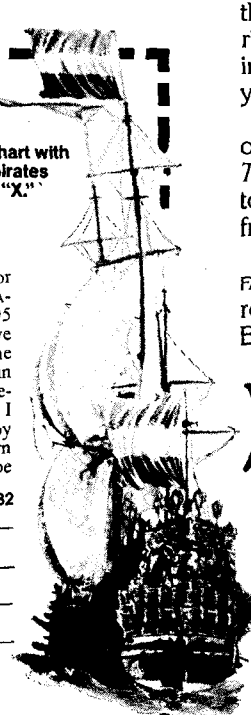

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DIGGING UP THE PAST

Ancient life in Israel? Archaelogists really dig it—and so can you, if you'd rather study history by dusting off artifacts instead of textbooks.

Text and Photography by Aaron M. Levin

Half a world away, Israel's upper Galilee is a flat expanse of fertile green. The darker shades of grapefruit and orange trees are set off by broad fields of cotton planted in arrow-straight rows. Flowing tranquilly past the fields and trees and farming villages scattered across the valley floor is the Jordan River, meandering south through history from its source near Mount Hermon down to the Sea of Galilee. Travelers, caravans and armies have passed this way since the time of the patriarch Abraham. The more dramatic episodes are recorded in the Bible or in classical histories or in the annals of the Crusaders, whose crumbling castles punctuate distant hilltops.

Here in this valley, while most of us have been reading headlines about current happenings in the Middle East, a group of young Americans has been busy probing the soil in the northernmost part of Israel, searching for the history of a city more than 2,000 years old.

Tel Anafa pottery shards from the era 250 B.C. to 100 A.D. may tell archaeologists more about a period of the Holy Land's history usually passed over by scholars because it falls between the Old and New Testaments. Excavation director Dr. Sharon Herbert examines fragments with the aid of Tim McNiven and John Yonk.

Led by Dr. Sharon C. Herbert, a classical archaeologist at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, the expedition has dug for the past two summers at Tel Anafa, an ancient settlement in upper Galilee. Forty volunteers joined a dozen professional archaeologists on the excavation, which was cosponsored by the University of Missouri (whose groups worked on the site from 1968 to 1973 under the direction of Dr. Saul S. Weinberg) and backed by a matching grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities.

"We're digging to widen our understanding of the connection between East and West in the ancient world," says Herbert, a short, soft-spoken expert on Greek pottery.

"Tel Anafa is especially rich in material from the Hellenistic period, from 330 to 75 B.C. This was the time following the conquests of Alexander the Great, when the Greeks were pushing into the Near East, encountering new cultures. It's a particularly exciting time in history, but surprisingly little is known about its impact in this part of the world—which is why we're digging here."

Although settlement at the site goes back at least 5,000 years, its strategic value was demonstrated as recently as 1956, when Israeli soldiers dug military trenches into the mound. This activity turned up ancient pottery and glass which drew the attention of archaeologists. For a site less than 100 yards long and 40 yards wide, Tel Anafa has produced an impressive quantity of material from the Hellenistic age and the Roman era which followed it.

Perhaps the most astonishing find at Tel Anafa has been the

Continued on following page

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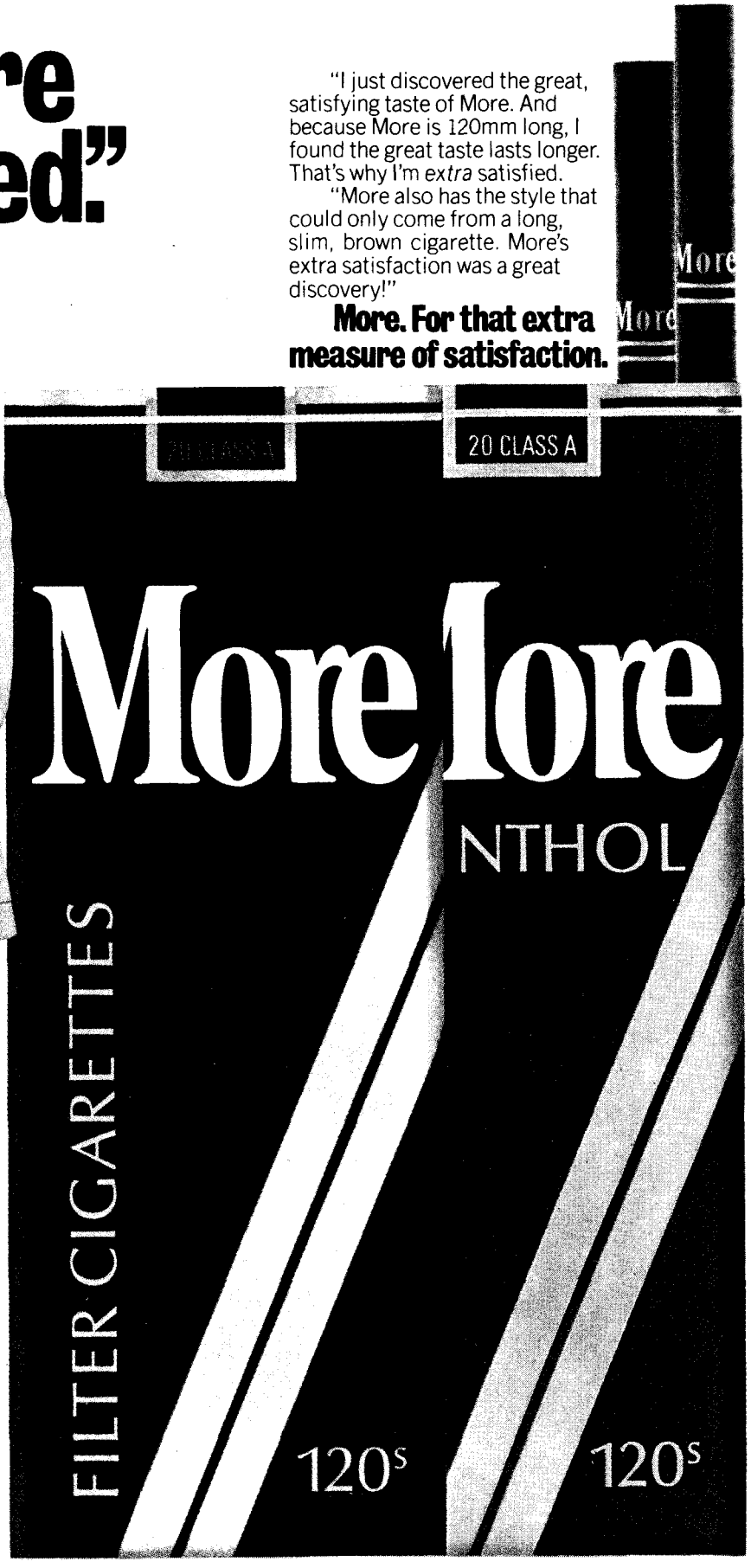

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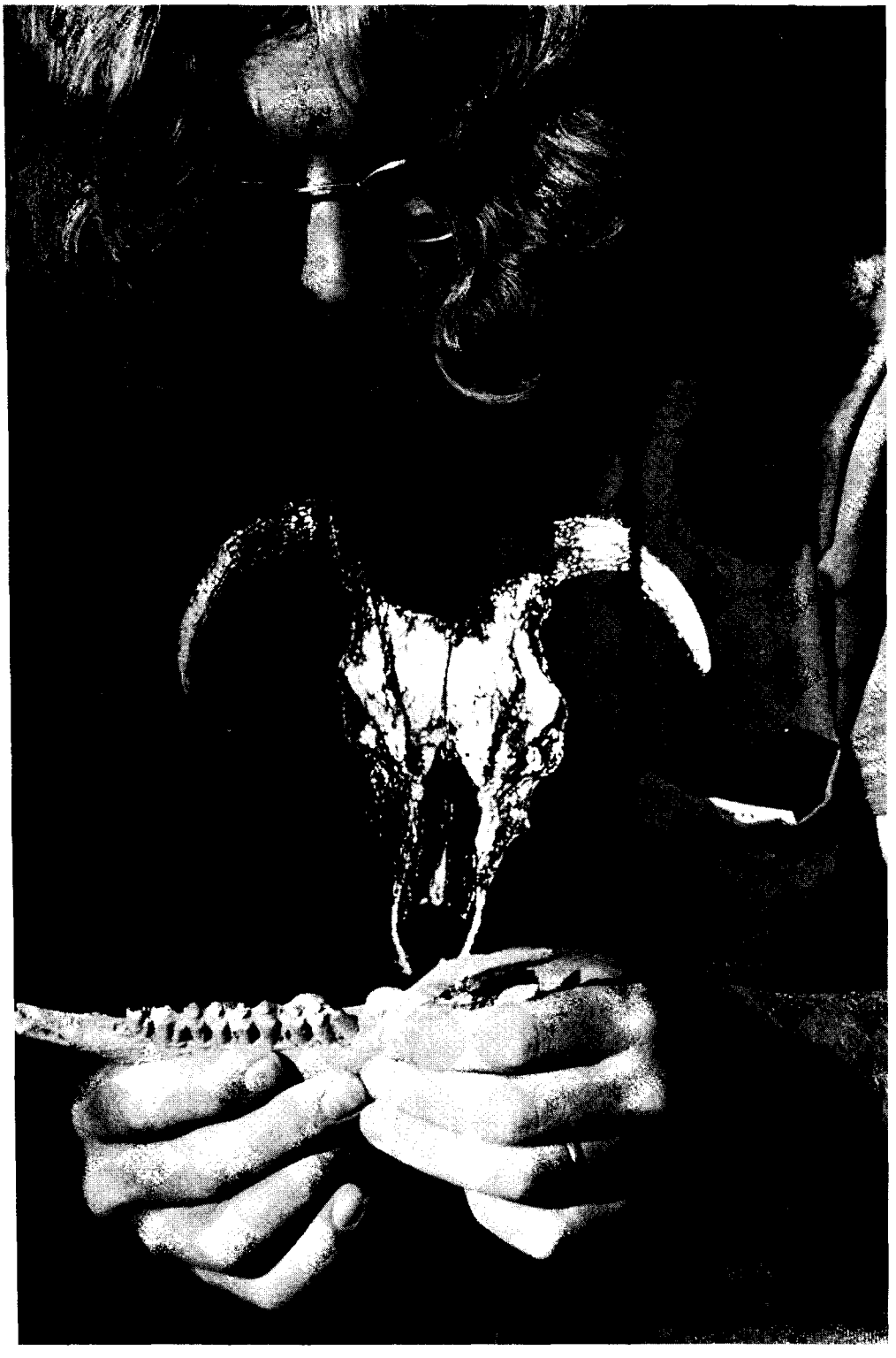
enormous quantity of molded glass. Excavations at Athens, for instance, have turned up only four or five pieces of molded glass, a hand-made luxury item which went out of use about 50 B.C., when glass blowing was invented. Six seasons of digging at Tel Anafa have yielded more than a thousand fragments—more than at any other site in the ancient world. In fact, the number of smashed glass drinking vessels has led one archaeologist to refer to the place only half-jokingly as "The Playboy Club of Upper Galilee."



After the digging at Tel Anafa, specialists examine the day's finds for their scientific value. What looks like just a bone and teeth to a layman may mean much more to bone expert Blane Nansell. This object he has identified as the jaw of a sheep which grazed near the tel about 2,000 years ago.

Actually, "Tel Anafa" in modern Hebrew means "Hill of the Heron," after the graceful birds which visit nearby ponds. But since there are no surviving inscriptions to record the city's ancient name, it remains unknown. Today, Tel Anafa is a gently sloping mound located near the headwaters of the Jordan, along one of the trade routes which ran from Damascus to the Mediterranean coast in antiquity. The site may have been an overnight stop for caravans or the home of some local official.

To archaeologists working in the Near East, the word "tel" means a man-made hill built up by successive settlements over centuries. In ancient times, the standard building material was sun-dried mud brick. When buildings collapsed after storms, earthquakes or military assaults, the debris was simply leveled off. New houses or shops were constructed directly on top of the ruins, often burying coins, pots or tools in the rubble. As this process was repeated, the level of the mound rose steadily above the surrounding plain, like some giant layer cake.

The lower layers, deposited first, represent earlier periods, while the upper ones correspond to later times. Archaeologists dig backward through time, starting at the top with the most recent cultures and proceeding downward to the ones which came before. The layers in the Tel Anafa "cake" range from the Early Bronze Age (about 3,000 B.C.) to traces of A.D. 16th-century Turkish remains.

The current excavations concentrate on a period roughly from 250 B.C. to A.D. 100. This stretch of history in the Holy Land has not received much attention from scholars since it falls mostly into the gap between the Old and New Testaments.

While most of the excavators were digging just for their own satisfaction, some, like graduate student Barbara Fiedler of Southfield, Michigan, were getting on-the-job training for careers in archaeology. Fiedler was in charge of a trench on the northern edge of the tel, excavating part of the old

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city wall. Like each of the five supervisors, she kept careful notes as the digging progressed and a close eye on a crew of hard-working volunteers.

It was this group of 40 volunteers, participants in the University of Michigan's field school in archaeology, who did the actual digging, lifting and wheelbarrow-pushing. But, according to Herbert, there's more to an excavation than learning how to dig a hole neatly.

"There's both an educational value and just plain excitement in the experience of uncovering the past firsthand. Then, too, there's the satisfaction of piecing together the parts of some historical jigsaw puzzle. Besides, simply living in Israel for a while gives everyone the chance to explore a modern culture different from his or her own."

Herbert defines "students" loosely: "anyone who's willing to work." Certainly not all of the volunteers who labored on the dig were of college age. Despite the hard work and hot sun, the expedition has welcomed the efforts of a housewife from San Diego, a recreation professor from Illinois and a 59-year-old machine-tool sales manager from New York City.

Still, for undergraduate John Berger of Dearborn Heights, Michigan, the dig was a chance to put his studies into practice.

"I was excavating the jawbone of a horse," Berger recalls, "and sure learned what it meant to be careful. I must have brushed those teeth 30 times a day."

Even excavation director Herbert found an instructive contrast between an intellectual approach to the past and the practical necessities of the present. Only 33 but already a veteran of years of work in Greece and Italy, Herbert still had her hands full running her first dig in Israel.

"Foresight is the most important quality an excavation director can have," she says. "But at the same time you can't always be thinking of what can go wrong. You have to make do, adapt to circumstances—like hitchhiking to the dig when someone's gone off with the keys to the pickup."

After patiently negotiating

Continued on following page

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Dr. Herbert (right) and University of Michigan graduate student Alison Adams check notes and drawings of findings which include the world's largest treasure trove of molded glass. Molding, the earliest form of glassmaking, went out of use around 50 B.C. after the invention of glass blowing in nearby Syria.

Each spadeful of earth takes workers deeper into the history of Tel Anafa. The oldest remains date from the early Bronze Age (3000 B.C.), about 1,800 years before the arrival and settlement of Palestine by the Israelite tribes.

Volunteer worker Phil Bayer takes his turn on wheelbarrow detail, removing excavated earth to the dump at the tel's edge. A Brooklyn machine-tool salesman, Bayer studied part-time to earn a degree in archaeology.

(without the benefit of a Camp David) with Israelis for housing, food, transportation, supplies and even water, she compares modern archaeologists to the Hellenistic Greeks who tried—not always successfully—to impose their own cultural standards wherever they went. The Greeks at Tel Anafa in 125 B.C. probably had an easier time of it.

"What did the ancients think when the caravan was two days late," she muses. "I wonder if it was anything like waiting for an overdue bus to pick us up for lunch."

Volunteers had to adapt rapidly to working in the broiling Israeli summer. To avoid as much of the heat as possible, the crew awoke six times a week at 4:30 a.m. with just enough time for a quick cup of strong tea or turkish coffee before taking the bus to the site at 5:00. Then they dug away at the gray-brown earth of Tel Anafa. At 9:00 a.m. came a welcome break in the shade of an old pistachio tree for a picnic breakfast of tomatoes, cucumbers and hard-boiled eggs. Then more digging until noon, when everyone pitched in for an hour to wash the day's accumulation of pottery.

Not every minute was filled with work, though. People took advantage of free afternoons or Saturdays to swim at the springs of Tel Dan and Banias, the sources of the Jordan River, or visit other sites like the ruined Crusader fortress of Nimrod Castle. More urbane souls idled away the hours before supper over an iced coffee at sidewalk cafes in Kiryat Shemona, the region's only city.

Although each day's work produced its trove of antiquities, ar-

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chaeology at Tel Anafa was no hunt for buried treasure. It was a meticulously planned and scientifically executed search for information about the ancient world.

Digging in four-by-four meter squares (archaeologists use the metric system), excavators carefully removed the soil layer by layer, using small hand picks, trowels, whisk brooms and occasionally even dentist's tools. The depth of each layer of earth was measured, and the remains of walls or floors were photographed and then drawn onto master plans by an architect. As they dug, volunteers looked for traces left behind by townspeople two millenia ago.

The material most commonly found was pottery, usually discovered broken into pieces called shards. Many of these shards could be glued back together to form complete pots, which told as much about ancient people as some fragment of evidence did to Sherlock Holmes.

The more than 150 coins unearthed at Tel Anafa, stamped with the names and dates of reigning kings, helped to date the levels in which they were found. Large clay wine jars imported from the Greek island of Rhodes link this site to the rest of the Hellenistic world. Special seals were pressed into the handles of each jar by ancient weights and measures inspectors. Because the years of service of these officials are known from other sources, scholars can use the seals to help date other objects found nearby.

Besides imported wine (a luxury even in 100 B.C.), there are other signs of wealth at Tel Anafa. Part of a large stone building with ornate gilded decoration has been revealed, possibly a small palace or an elegant inn for travelers.

Still, for those who came to Tel Anafa to dig, the most important find was the experience of discovery itself. Although it was his first time on an excavation, young Glenn White soon grasped the meaning of his summer's work.

"It's one thing to read about the past in a book, and something entirely different to dig it up yourself."

If an archaeologist plays his shards right he may be able to piece together a complete pot, but the de-puzzling process requires skill and, most of all, patience as Tel Anafa area supervisor Alison Adams has learned. The piecemeal procedure also helps establish the relationship between sections of the excavation.

Joining a Dig

If you've always dreamed of spending your summer vacation on an archaeological dig, it's not too late. The University of Michigan and University of Missouri Excavations and Field School will return to Israel to dig at Tel Anafa again next summer.

As in the past, digging will be done by groups of volunteers supervised by experienced field archaeologists. Participants will have the opportunity to learn about modern methods of archaeology from actual digging to record-keeping to the conservation of finds. Weekly lectures will be given by experts on Near Eastern history and archaeology.

There will be two excavation sessions, June and July 1980, and participants may join either or both sessions. There is a charge for room, board and fees. Academic credit is available from the University of Michigan with additional charges for tuition. Travel expenses are the responsibility of the individual participants, but low-cost air fare packages will be in effect.

Further information is available from Dr. Sharon C. Herbert, Department of Classical Studies, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, MI 48109.

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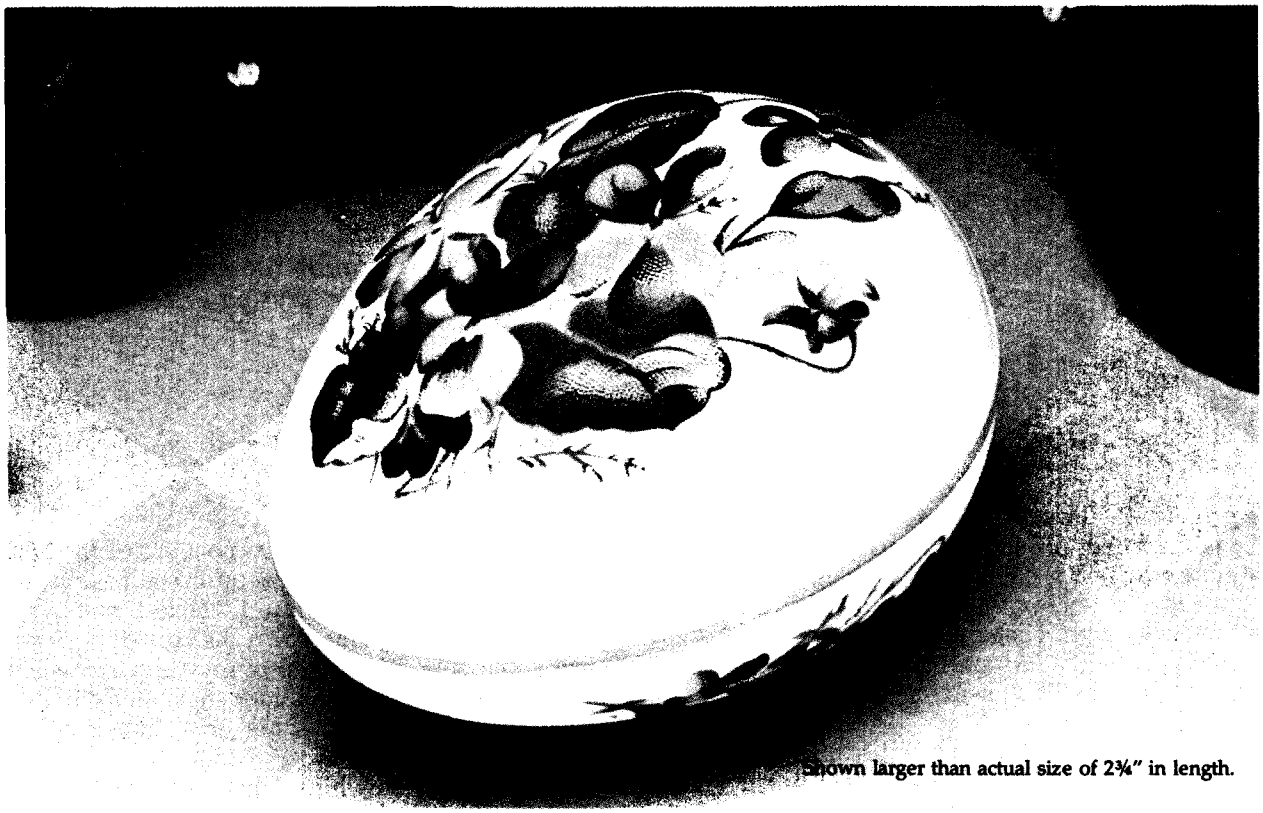

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SINGING IN THE PAIN

He was in perfect health—except for a thyroid tumor. But eight years after singing his way into the operating room, he can still laugh and say: "If you must have cancer, thyroid cancer is the thing to have."

by Isaac Asimov

Illustrated by Lucian Lupinski

April, 1972—Two months ago, I was persuaded to visit a doctor for a routine medical examination. I resisted, because I generally enjoy perfect health and don't want any doctor telling me anything different. Eventually, though, I let myself be examined.

The doctor said, "You are in perfect health, Isaac."

"I told you so," I said heatedly, "before you started."

"Except," he said, "for a thyroid tumor."

Sure enough, there was a clear bulge in the smooth and youthful lines of my 52-year-old throat when I tilted my head backward. The lump was easily felt, too. Since I had never seen or felt it before, I naturally accused my doctor of putting it there. He smiled and asked me how I expected him to make a living otherwise.

Let us not go into what took place over the next month or so. On February 12, 1972, I was inducted into a hospital room and watched, with increasing apprehension, as preparations were made for an operation on my throat on the morning of the 15th.

Carefully my surgeon (a cheerful rascal) described the incision he would make from ear to ear, and the slow, four-hour inspection he expected to make of every item in my throat.

I brooded quite a bit, you can imagine.

The night before, they forced me to take a sleeping pill (the first I had ever taken), and the next morning, they came in and jabbed me thrice with, I presume, three different tranquilizers and/or sedatives.

Alas, they did not count on my peculiar emotional make-up. Inside me are only two emotions: anxiety and hilarity. When anything removes the anxiety, I get hilarious.

So now, very early on the morning of the 15th, after an injection of the first tranquilizers I had ever taken, away went my worries, and I was left feeling hilarious.

As they wheeled me down the corridors, I waved my arms and sang at the top of my resonant voice.

They rolled me down under that big light. And there came my surgeon, with his green mask on, his eyes sparkling jovially.

As soon as I saw him, I intoned:

Doctor, doctor, with green coat,
Doctor, doctor, cut my throat.
And when you've cut it, doctor, then,
Won't you sew it up again?

By that time they had managed to jab me with the anesthesia and I lost touch with everything. But, my surgeon told me later, he stood there laughing, wondering if he could steady his hand enough to make that first incision.

Well, the operation is over; half my thyroid is gone; and I'm recovering. So let's get something out of it. Let me tell you about hormones.

Hormones Are Messengers

Although hormones (secreted by glands and distributed to target organs by the blood) were discovered after nerve action, it is the hormone that is the older and more basic messenger. Very simple animals and all plants lack a nervous system and yet manage to get along on the basis of chemical messages alone.

Hormones can control portions of the physiology without bothering the nervous system, which is loaded down as it is. They

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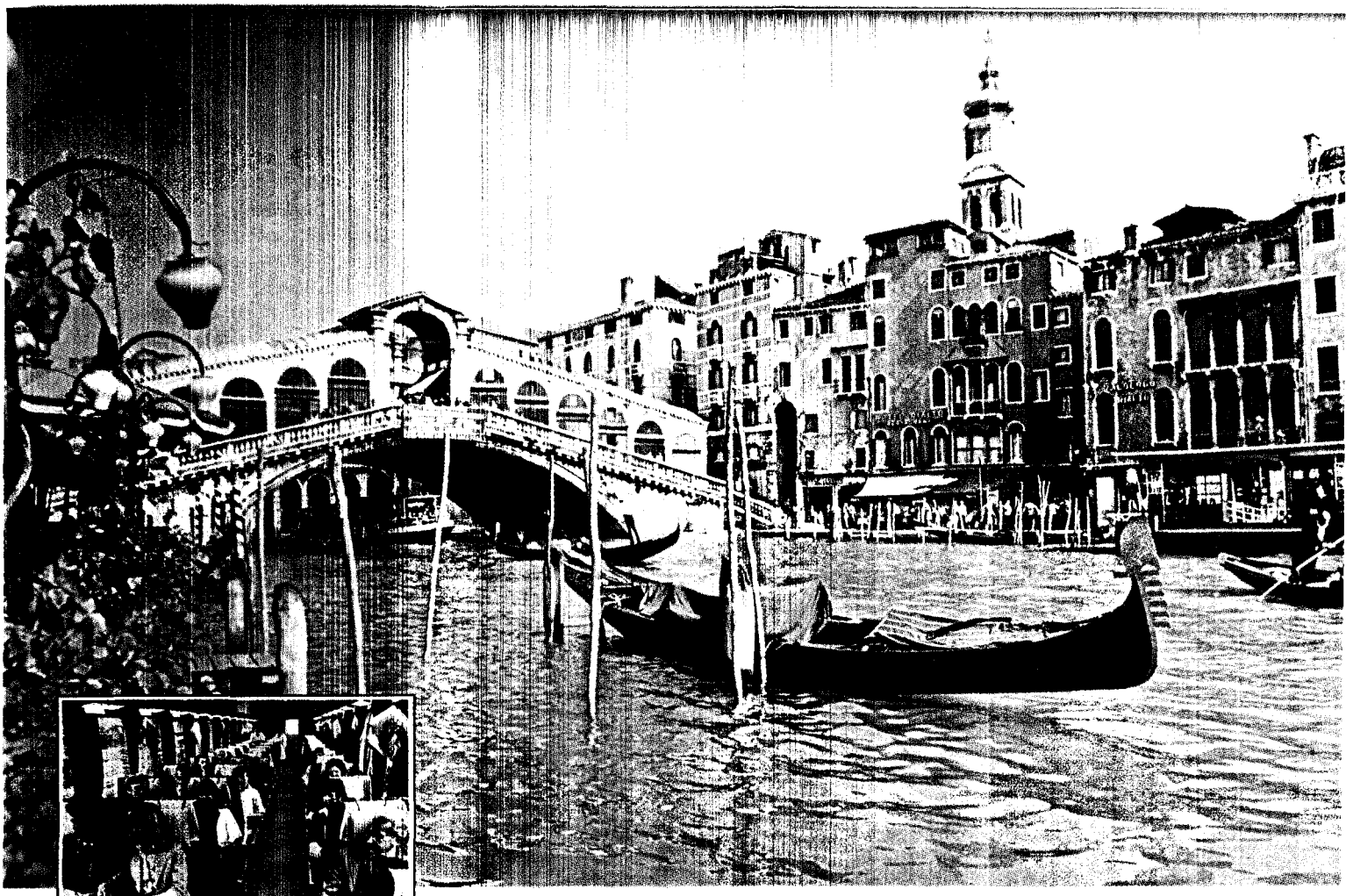

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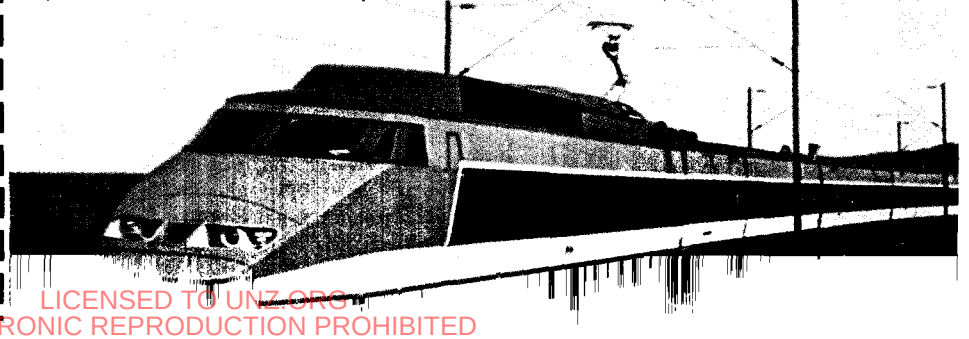

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manage to keep a permanent adjustment of some factors in a simple, automatic way that requires little effort on the part of the body.

One hormone-producing gland—and the one that has a morbid interest for me right now—is a yellowish-red mass of glandular tissue about two inches high, a bit more than two inches wide, and weighing an ounce or a little less. It exists in two lobes, one on either side of the windpipe, with a narrow connecting band running in front of the windpipe just on the bottom boundary of the Adam's apple.

Adam's Apple=Thyroid Cartilage

The Adam's apple is more properly called the thyroid (from a Greek word meaning shield-like) cartilage. This refers to the large oblong shields carried by Homeric and pre-Homeric warriors, with a notch on top where the head might cautiously emerge to survey the situation. There is such a notch on top of the Adam's apple, hence the name. The glandular tissue in the neighborhood of the Adam's apple borrows that name and is called the thyroid gland. It controls the metabolic rate of the body, the general speed of the body's motor.

In general, the thyroid hormone is produced in proportion to need. It's regulated by the pituitary gland, situated at the base of the brain, which produces a number of hormones, one of which is called the thyroid-stimulating hormone, a phrase often abbreviated as TSH.

TSH, though poured into the blood stream, affects only the thyroid. TSH stimulates it, causing it to increase production of thyroid hormone. When the blood level of thyroid hormone falls too low, this stimulates the production of TSH by the pituitary, which is far enough from the thyroid so that blood passing through it accurately reflects the thyroid-hormone level in the body generally.

The increase of TSH stimulates the thyroid gland. The level of thyroid hormone in the blood rises, and it depresses pituitary activity. As TSH goes down, so does thyroid activity, and as the thyroid hormone goes down, up goes TSH, and therefore up goes thyroid activity.

Thyroid and Pituitary—Partners

The result of the thyroid and the pituitary working together is that the thyroid hormone is kept at a steady level in the blood despite the rise and fall of the body's need for it.

Let's see, now, how all this affects me.

The fact that half my thyroid is gone is not a terribly serious thing. The remaining half, forced to work twice as hard by the unrelenting demands of my pituitary, would hypertrophy (grow larger) and easily produce all the thyroid hormone I would need.

This, however, is viewed without enthusiasm by my doctors. One half of my thyroid has already displayed undisciplined growth and has had to be taken out. Given that, the rest of my thyroid can't be trusted to know how to hypertrophy with discretion. It must be dealt with in a spirit of keen suspicion.

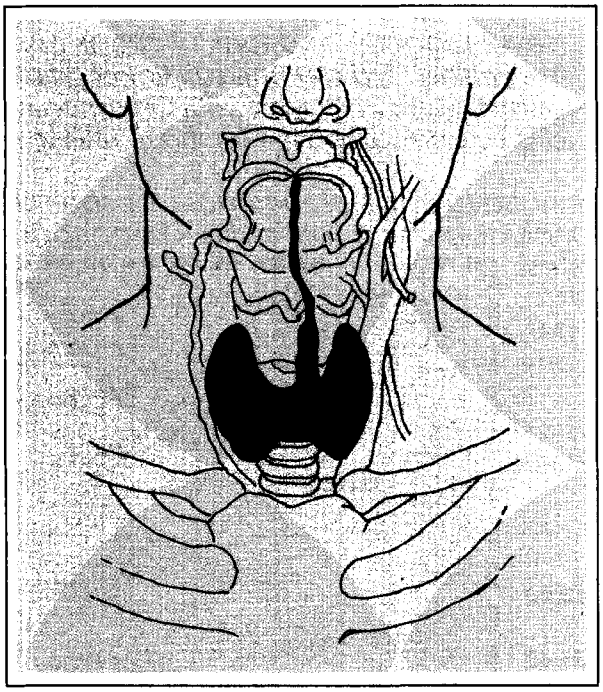
The result is I am going to be taking thyroid pills the rest of my life. The thyroid hormone is a modified amino acid not subject to digestion but absorbed directly. This means that I don't have to inject the stuff. I just swallow it. In addition, since thyroid pills are prepared from the thyroid glands of slaughtered livestock and there is no other use for those glands, the pills are relatively cheap and readily available.

With a constant supply of thyroid hormone entering my body from the outside, my pituitary gland (unable to differentiate the thyroid hormone in a pill from the thyroid hormone in my very own thyroid gland) lowers its production of TSH and keeps it lowered.

With TSH chronically lowered, what is left of my thyroid gland remains understimulated and, far from growing, shrinks. As a result, the chance of my developing a tumor on the left to match the one I once had on my right is significantly decreased.

So there you are, and there I am, and I don't like it, but the universe doesn't care if I like it or not, and I can only be thankful it was no worse. And now, barring further distressing incidents, it may well be that I will continue writing these essays for some time to come.

I hope.



Your thyroid is glandular tissue in the neighborhood of your Adam's apple. This gland controls the general speed of your body's motor by excreting thyroid hormone—it is stimulated to do so by a hormone from the pituitary gland.

Postscript: March, 1980

Well, I am still around, and in the ensuing 8 years I have written more than 350 essays and published 80 books, and I haven't had any problems at all with my half a thyroid. I take my thyroid pills every day. Every month my doctor carefully feels my throat. (He tells me it is as smooth and youthful as ever!) I have the same amount of energy that I had before the operation—lots. I feel perfectly fine. In fact, I felt perfectly fine even when I had the nodule. I never needed any treatment, except for the surgery, and, afterwards, the pills. If you simply must have cancer, thyroid cancer is the thing to have.

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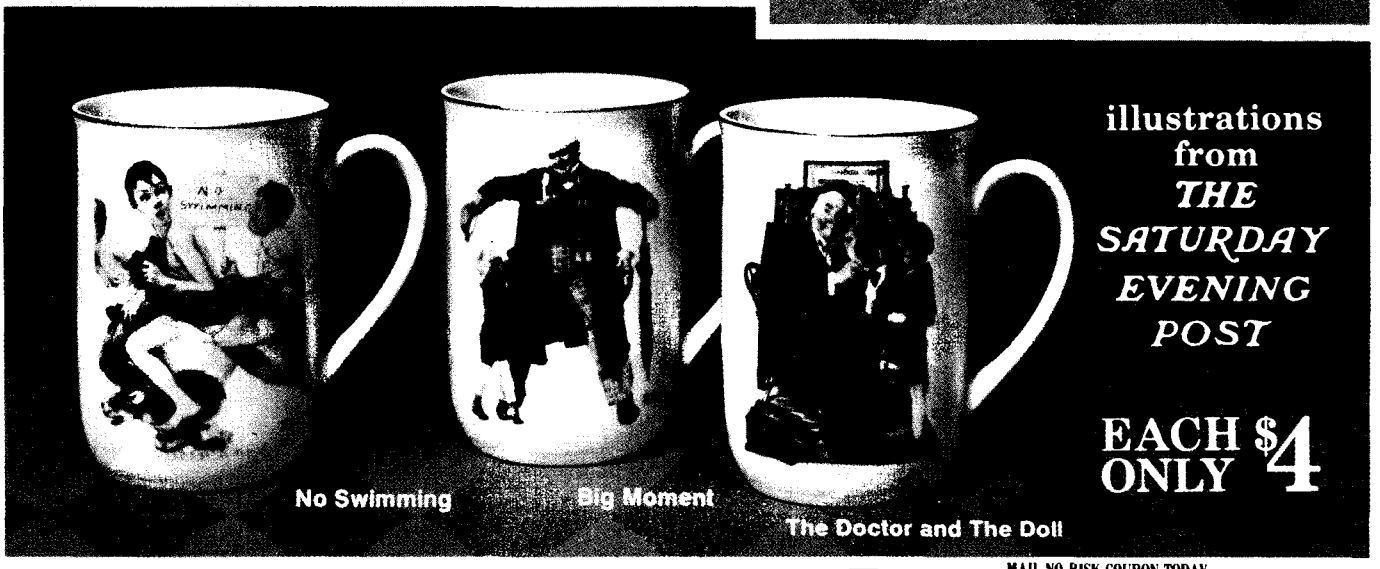

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☐	☑	☐	☐	14. Do you use table salt?
☐	☑	☐	☐	15. Do you add sugar to your beverages?
☐	☑	☐	☐	16. Are you overweight?
☐	☑	☐	☐	17. Do you drink caffeinated soft drinks daily (Coca-Cola, Pepsi, Tab, etc.)?
☑	☐	☐	☐	18. Do you use your safety belt when driving?
☐	☑	☐	☐	19. Do you take laxatives or stool softeners instead of relying on a high-fiber diet?
☑	☐	☐	☐	20. If you were told to get a smallpox vaccination certificate to enter certain foreign countries, would you try to persuade your doctor to write an excuse for you to avoid having the vaccination?
				for males only
☑	☐	☐	☐	21. Do you examine your testicles for lumps regularly?
				for females only
☑	☐	☐	☐	22. If over 21, do you have regular pap smears and do you examine your breasts monthly?
				for those over 35
☑	☐	☐	☐	23. Do you have a glaucoma checkup yearly?
☑	☐	☐	☐	24. Do you have a sigmoidoscopy yearly?
☑	☐	☐	☐	25. Do you know your HDL/LDL cholesterol ratio?
☑	☐	☐	☐	26. Do you know your blood type?
☑	☐	☐	☐	27. If your finger, hand or toe were severed, would you know how to best protect the severed parts until they could be replanted?
☑	☐	☐	☐	28. Would you know what to do if you came upon a victim of blood loss who was suffering from shock (a collapse of circulatory function caused by severe injury, blood loss or disease, and characterized by pallor, sweating, weak pulse and very low blood pressure)?
☑	☐	☐	☐	29. Do you know what to do for a known hyperventilator who is hyperventilating?

fold along this line before taking test

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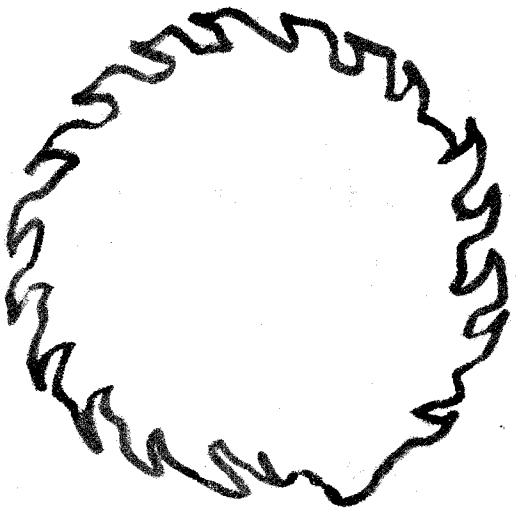
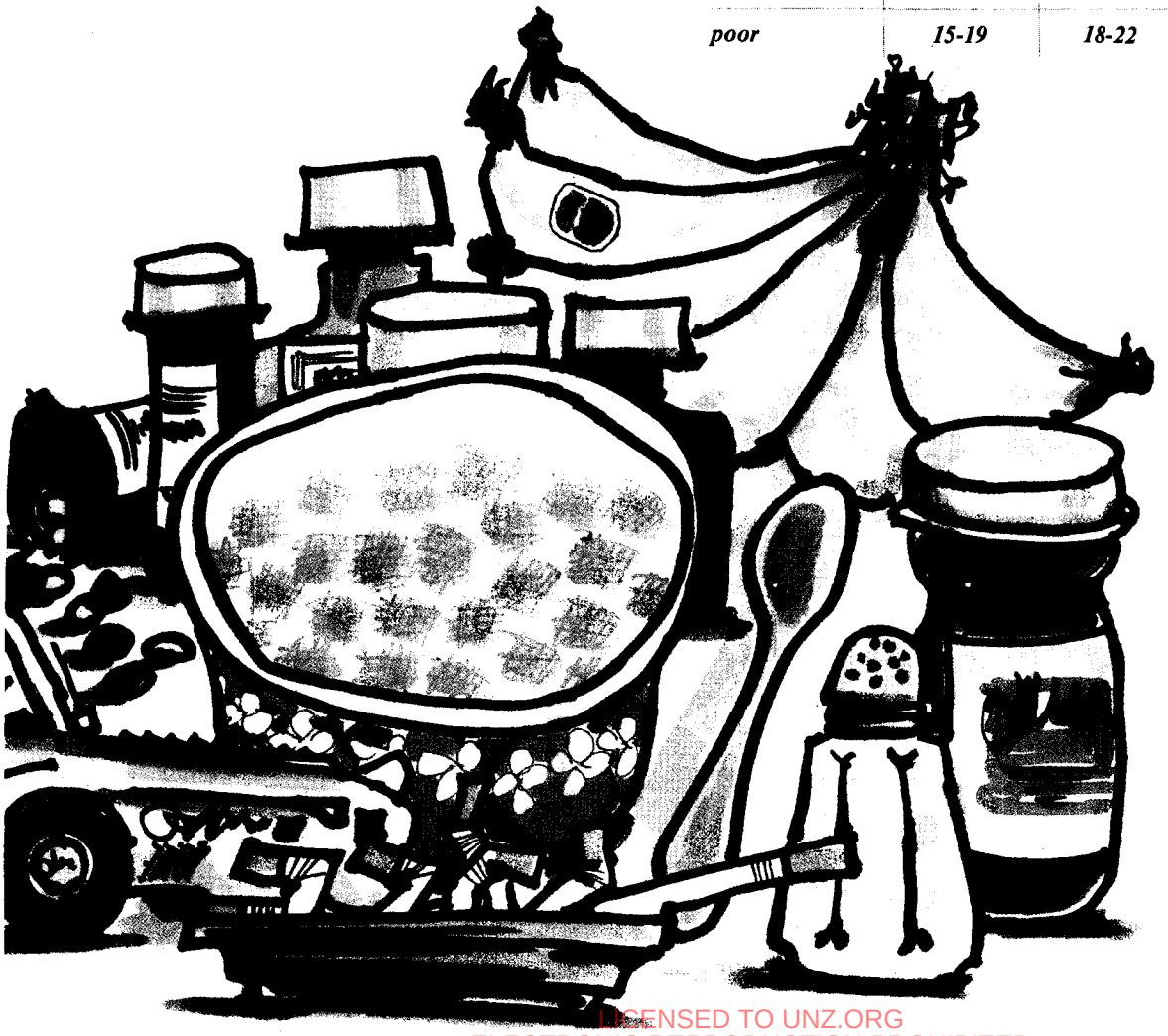


yes	no		yes	no
☐	☐	30. If you were fishing miles away from medical assistance, would you know how to remove a deeply implanted fishhook with a minimum amount of trauma?	☑	☐
☐	☐	31. Could you handle someone having an epileptic seizure?	☑	☐
☐	☐	32. Do you know how to avoid contracting hepatitis and dysentery when traveling in a foreign country?	☑	☐
☐	☐	33. Do you smoke marijuana?	☐	☑
☐	☐	34. Do you use non-dairy creamer instead of milk?	☐	☑
☐	☐	35. Do you know what drugs are dangerous when ingested along with alcohol?	☑	☐
☐	☐	36. Could you give first-aid treatment to a victim of heat exhaustion or heat stroke?	☑	☐
☐	☐	37. Do you know which dangerous childhood disease can be prevented by inoculation inhaled through the nostrils?	☑	☐

(now check your answers and total your score)

	age 34 –	*age 35 +*
excellent	*31-37*	*33-37*
good	*25-30*	*28-32*
fair	*20-24*	*23-27*
poor	*15-19*	*18-22*



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Women In Politics: Not Skirting The Issues

The "girls" are no longer hemmed into the coffee-pouring, envelope-stuffing pattern. Showing a flair for politics, the party of the second part has risen to become a strong competitive force.

REPUBLICAN WOMEN

by Holly Miller

It was a buyer's market. Row after row of booths were jammed Baghdad-style down the first-floor hallway of the Indianapolis Convention-Exposition Center, with their custodians hawking such offbeat wares as ceramic elephant planters, celluloid buttons ("Do The Peanut Stomp"), T-shirts ("Good-bye, Jimmy"), GOP "spirit" soap and $1 chances on an afghan done in a crocheted pachyderm motif.

A corps of college coeds wearing Western hats, painter's pants and T-shirts with the message "JBC is Coming" roller-skated by to the beat of "The Yellow Rose of Texas." And they were right. John B. Connally *did* come, along with every other serious and not-so-serious contender for the GOP presidential nomination. The occasion was the 20th biennial convention of the National Federation of Republican Women, and for anyone hoping to be the party's standard-bearer in the 1980 election, Indianapolis was the place to be, courting the 2,000 delegates at the largest gathering of Republicans prior to July's national nominating convention in Detroit.

Continued on page 28

Phyllis Schlafly is pulling out all the stops to "Stop ERA." The Equal Rights Amendment would be equally wrong, she contends, as it would take away privileged rights women now enjoy. Women being made to serve in the armed forces is one of her most persuasive arguments.

Margaret Chase Smith did not rest on the House seat left vacant by her husband. Determined that of the 1,726 senators since the beginning of the republic she would be the 11th woman, she is now the only *woman to have served in the Senate more than one term.*

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DEMOCRATIC WOMEN

by Linda Caleca

Bea Peterson couldn't believe what she was seeing when she and some fellow Democratic National Committeewomen tried to "crash" a meeting of the executive committee several years ago in Louisville, Kentucky.

Peterson and her friends saw uniformed guards—armed guards—stationed outside the closed, locked doors of the Democratic National Committee's (DNC) executive meeting room.

"Are those guns loaded?" Peterson incredulously asked one of the muscular, mean-looking guards. He stiffly nodded that they were and ordered the women away from the vicinity.

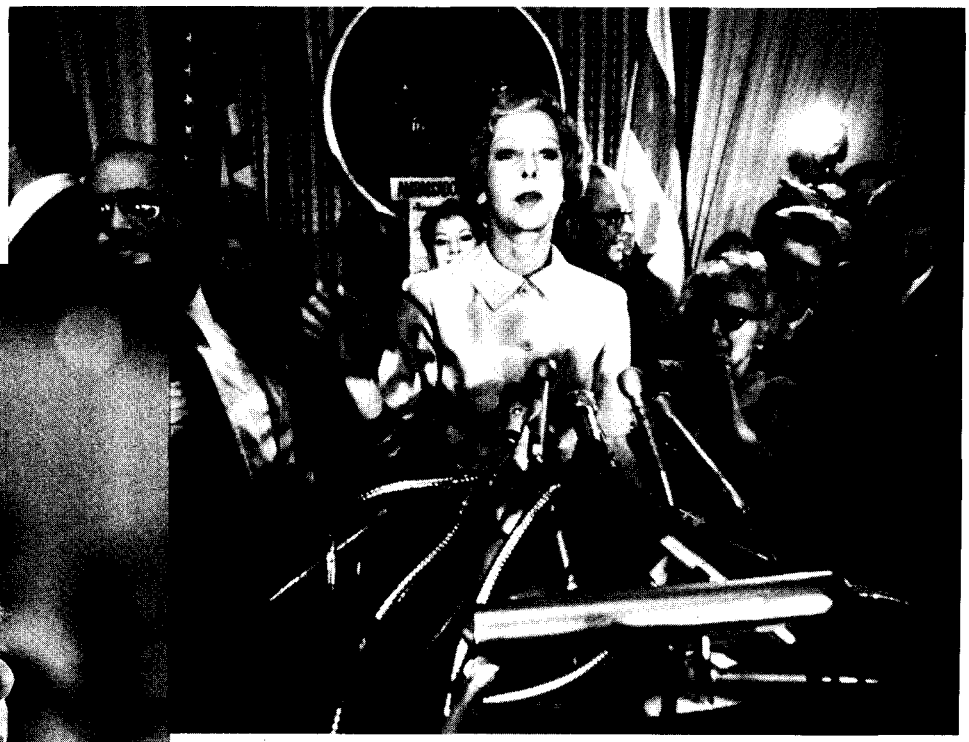
The women didn't waste any time obeying that order, but they didn't like it one bit. They had hoped to be able to sit in on the executive meeting, perhaps even to offer opinions and suggestions. They hadn't counted on "armed thugs" rudely turning them away.

Fuming with anger, the women immediately called a meeting of all committeewomen, and by noon the next day, the tables were turned on those secretive

Continued on page 32

Shirley Chisholm's unique black-woman bid for the presidency in 1972 came as a fresh breeze through the smoke-filled rooms of politics. Shelving her own priorities, she became a candidate for all *the people.*

Ella Grasso, governor of Connecticut and chairwoman of the Democratic Governors Association, will also chair the credentials committee at the Democratic National Convention. She was among the first governors called to Camp David to discuss the energy problem.



Jane Byrne, ready for Chicago after schooling in the 1960 JFK campaign and working for her mentor, Richard Daley, didn't think Chicago was ready for her. But because of her personal charm, her hard-sell crusade and her forthrightness on important issues, Chicago now calls her mayor.

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"There's a whole new awareness of women in politics," claimed Betty Rendel, vice president of the NFRW. "People aren't lumping us together as the 'girls' anymore. They look at numbers first and they're much less anxious to turn us off."

Transformation of the 200,000-member coalition of coffee-pouring, envelope-stuffing volunteers into a viable political force has been wrought slowly since 1938 when the group first served as an auxiliary to the Republican National Committee.

"I've been amazed in the last ten years over the strides women have made in the field of politics," said Betty Heitman, Louisiana native recently re-elected to a second term as NFRW president. "I've visited 30 states in the last few years and I've been surprised at the number of women running statewide races, managing congressional campaigns and other major efforts in almost every area."

While the biennial convention of the group had a social atmosphere on the surface, an undercurrent of seriousness prevailed. Nuts-and-bolts workshops instructed participants in candidate recruitment, fund raising, public relations and federal election laws. A campaign-management school attracted almost 200 students, with another hundred enrolled in the graduate program. During business sessions top priority was given a new bylaw to raise the membership dues in order to make the federation completely self-supporting. Until the motion overwhelmingly was accepted ("We needed two-thirds of the convention vote and we got three-fourths," said Mrs. Rendel), almost 70 percent of the group's budget came from the Republican National Committee.

"Women are moving into the real world," stressed Mrs. Rendel. "When you want something, you have to pay for it."

With their new "declaration of independence" from the RNC, will GOP women buck Big Brother if they find themselves on opposite sides of an issue?

"We would have done that anyway," stated Mrs. Heitman. "If we vote on a specific issue and the Republican leadership takes a different position, we let them know what our feelings are. We actively support our position. These Republican ladies are *very* independent."

And smart. With such a large membership, diverse opinions prevail on certain no-win issues such as the Equal Rights Amendment and abortion. Unlike their Democratic counterparts, they choose not to take sides.

"Ratification of the ERA is a divisive issue within our own organization," explained Mrs. Heitman. "We have some women who are out-front proponents and we have others who are just as adamantly opposed. So, while the Republican National Committee has endorsed the ERA in the party platform, our organization does not take a position."

A cop-out? Maybe so, but when GOP female ranks include such diverse and eloquent spokeswomen as Phyllis Schlafly, Jill Ruckleshaus, Margaret Chase Smith and others, a confrontation would only create a chasm. Party members are encouraged to speak their pieces . . . and they do.

Betty Rendel, vice president of the National Federation of Republican Women, is delighted to see more women being "turned on" by politics. "Nor are we any longer turning off the male candidate," she says—"now that he's aware of our numbers."

Jill Ruckelshaus, national campaigner and speaker on behalf of women's rights, would like nothing better than a second chance to employ those talents in helping husband William wage a successful campaign for public office.

"I wish to goodness the ERA could get ratified," urged Senator Smith, who served in the upper house from 1949-72. "Women are their own worst enemies. We mustn't always apologize for our sex. I think of women as being people and I've always favored the ERA because if it is passed, the Constitution will finally read 'for people' and not 'for men.' "

"All I'm trying to do is stop men from changing our Constitution in such a way as to force my daughters to be drafted," argues Mrs. Schlafly, who once served as vice president of the NFRW. Often asked why she doesn't seek elective office, she replies: "I'd rather defeat the ERA."

Neither do NFRW members endorse any presidential hopeful until after the national nominating convention. However, several candidates are attempting to woo this "all-new volunteer army" into their camps. Shortly before flying from her Washington, D.C., office to the Indianapolis convention, Mrs. Heitman fielded a telephone call from one of Senator Howard

Continued on following page

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Millionaire tells how

You Can Make a Fortune Buying Properties

...with *little* or *no* cash!

Isn't it about time you personally took steps to cope with inflation and use it to **create** wealth for you instead of standing by helplessly while it drains your paycheck?

by Mark O. Haroldsen

Specifically What You Can Do

I'm not going to bore you with a lot of words or claims to sell you something. I want you to know right away, something you can do to profit substantially from inflation.

It's so basic and easy to do, that many investment analysts and professional consultants overlook it. It is simply this: Go out and buy a second house. It's really quite simple to do.

You're probably thinking, "What do you mean, buy a second house? I'm having enough trouble hanging on to the one I have!" I'll show you exactly how it's done and how you can do it, as I have done it many, many times, even if you don't have any extra money. People, like you, are doing it every day.

Why A Second House?

If you own a home now, you already know what inflation is doing for you. Buying a second house is one of the best ways you can profit from inflation. Why? Because of the tremendous advantages of owning property. It not only rapidly and dramatically increases your net worth because of inflation, but it produces extra income as well while actually decreasing the amount of income taxes you pay on your regular income.

Do It Now

I strongly recommend you buy at least one extra home or income property immediately, so inflation can begin to act upon the property. Get a renter to do all of the following for you: make the payments, pay the interest, taxes, insurance, and the upkeep. By increasing the rent, you'll even have money left over each month. This is usually tax-free extra income each month.

What Inflation Will Do For You

Last year houses went up in value by more than 12% on the national average.

When you buy that property with the lowest down payment possible, that 12% increase can actually increase your wealth by 40 to 50% per year, and even as high as 100%. I'm not throwing these numbers around wildly, I know what I'm talking about, because I've done it! My success in doing this, along with the accomplishments of many others, has been reported and written up in many of the country's leading newspapers and magazines.

What If Inflation Stops?

If you'll really think about it, inflation is a built-in part of our economy. It's been with us a long time and always will be. The **rate** of inflation is what politicians and business leaders are trying to control. Why not concentrate on making inflation, whatever the rate, your friend instead of your foe?

Step-By-Step

I have written down my formula that is based on my own experience, in a volume called "**How to Wake Up the Financial Genius Inside You.**" This volume is concise, easy to read, and will show you step-by-step how to do the following:

- How to buy income properties for very little or no money down
- How you can easily start in your spare time
- Why there are still bargains to be bought today
- How to find a bargain, and if you can't find one, how you can negotiate one
- How a young couple can easily buy their first and second home
- Put cash in your pocket each time you buy (without selling any property)
- Double your profits every year
- Get huge profits out of run-down properties
- The key to financing properties without going to regular lending institutions
- Legally avoid State and Federal Income Taxes, almost indefinitely
- Turn a mortgage into a tax shelter

You see, I can show you all this and show you specifically step-by-step how to do everything I've talked about, because I have actually done it all myself.

And more importantly, I am practicing what I am preaching to you this very day.

Many Others Have Done It

Let me make one thing very clear. I am not the only person that has made a fortune doing what I'm talking to you about. You probably know many people within your own town, maybe even in your own family, who are rich because of real estate.

Here are comments from a few people from around the country that have followed my formula:

- *"Your materials cost me $19.50. From their contents I will receive a net profit within the next 18 months of about $125,000. . . ."*
  – Gary Weaver, San Gabriel, Calif.

- *"I am 27 years old, married, with one son. We have wanted a nice home for several years, but we never could seem to get out of debt, much less save up a down payment on a new house. The very day I got your book, I read it from cover to cover. Later that afternoon, I used an idea I got from from your book to buy the house we had been wanting. It is a beautiful house, complete with a heated pool and all the works. The idea was so simple that I couldn't believe how well it worked. . . . I firmly believe that in a few years, I too will be worth at least $1,000,000.*
  – Emmett G. Godfrey, Bessemer, Alabama

- *"As a result of just looking around and talking to realtors I found my first house (a roughly divided duplex) at a bargain. The owner was willing to finance about 85% at 8% interest. Before I could even close I had several people call wanting to rent. I have a good positive cash flow (about $80 over the note) and am looking for other properties and ways to finance. I suppose I knew it was possible to make this type of investment; I even had a vague idea about the tax advantages. But I just didn't realize how easy it could be until I read your book.*
  – Michael E. Burford, Mississippi

If you're like most people, you're probably skeptical, especially when I'm going to ask you to make a check out for $10.00 ($9.50 less than Gary Weaver paid) and send it to me and receive your own copy of "**How to Wake Up the Financial Genius Inside You**". I really don't blame you for your skepticism, because of the many people in this world trying to deceive others.

Mark O. Haroldsen spent four years perfecting a "wealth formula" that harnesses runaway inflation and became a millionaire in the process. More than 400,000 people have discovered how his method can lead them to total Financial Freedom.

It's Guaranteed

I hope to overcome your skepticism by guaranteeing that you'll be satisfied that the $10.00 you'll spend will give you a complete game-plan and the knowledge you need to overcome the effects of inflation, and put it to work for you, instead of against you.

To Back Up This Guarantee

To back up this satisfaction guarantee, I would like you to postdate your check and circle the postdate. I will not be able to cash or deposit your check until you have had (for at least those 30 days) a chance to look at the material I sent you. If for any reason you are not satisfied with my material, send it back and I will promptly return your own uncashed check or money order.

Your Own Financial Freedom

FIRST — I know anyone who wants to be financially independent today, ***can be*** if they follow the right game-plan, and I have developed a proven game-plan that has worked for me and many thousands of others. SECONDLY — I will live to the letter and spirit of my guarantee, so don't lose by procrastinating. Do something today. Start by ordering my material. Begin NOW to "capitalize" on inflation instead of being hurt by it.

If you send your order to me within 30 days of the date of this publication, I will also include additional material showing you how you can borrow from $20,000 to $200,000 at 2% above prime rate, using just your signature as collateral. To order "HOW TO WAKE UP THE FINANCIAL GENIUS INSIDE YOU", send $10.00, check or money order to me, Mark O. Haroldsen, Inc. Dept. AGO59 Market Place Park, 2612 South 1030 West, Salt Lake City, Utah 84119.

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Baker's campaign leaders. "He wanted a list of all the women who have gone through our campaign-management school," she explained. "He'd like to entice them to go and work for the Baker forces . . . pretty clever on his part."

Senator Baker is not the only candidate learning the effectiveness of women in leadership roles. Although men still outnumber women in campaign positions, more and more females are becoming involved and proving themselves worthy of the task. In such traditionally conservative territory as Virginia, the successful effort to elect John Warner to the U.S. Senate was led by a woman. During the four-way primary race in that same state, two of the four campaign managers were women.

"I know of few men whom I can say are really well-organized," said Mrs. Rendel. "They usually depend on some woman to keep them organized. Raising a family and overseeing a house are great training grounds."

For women who prefer the role of candidate to that of campaign manager, opportunity has never been better. Women now make up 10.3 percent of the state legislators for a total of 770 lawmakers. Only about five percent of all elective offices in the United States are now held by women. Out of 535 members of Congress (plus three non-voting delegates), only 17 are female. Of the 17, just six are Republican women.

"When I first ran for Congress, few women were running for any office in Maryland," recalled Representative Marjorie S. Holt, who has served Maryland's fourth congressional district since 1973. "In the next election, 13 women ran for local legislative jobs in my home county alone. We are seeing that kind of effect all over the country. It really is a snowballing effect. One woman is in the U.S. Senate now [Nancy Kassebaum, R-Kansas] and soon I hope there will be more—and then maybe even the presidency."

The roots of many such success stories, including Representative Holt's, can be traced back to the NFRW.

"Our organization is a training ground for possible new leadership," stated Mrs. Heitman. "For example, our president in Vermont is being encouraged to run for secretary of state; one of our officers in Kentucky ran for secretary of state four years ago and outpolled the gubernatorial candidate. I think these women have talent and ability to bring not only to statewide office but also to federal positions."

In order to act as matchmaker for qualified female job-seekers and government employers in search of suitable applicants, the NFRW has started a talent bank. Most of the women on the list are graduates of the campaign-management school and are well-versed in budgeting, polling, research, issue development, headquarters management and the all-important fund raising.

"Women are not very good at raising money. That's where we fall down," said Sallie Barre, a teacher at the campaign-management school. "Women don't know how to close a deal. They know how to put on a party, but they don't know how to say, 'Do you want to write me a check now or put it on your VISA card?' The words stick in their throats. We show them how to overcome that."

The school also instructs students in how to launch their political careers, preferably at the grass-roots level, such as convention delegate. While Republicans, unlike Democrats, will not insist that half the delegates to the 1980 national conclave be female, the NFRW hopes for a strong showing. At the 1976 convention in Kansas City, federation women comprised 61 percent of all women delegates to the gathering. A total of 853 delegates and alternates were NFRW members.

"Republicans basically don't like quotas," said Mrs. Rendel. "Issues, not quotas, are important. You have to look at who the best people are, then let it fall as it may. Quotas don't work because if women can't pull their weight and then some, they're going to be just tokens. If women are appointed or elected solely because they are women and they don't do the job well, they are going to do our cause a great deal of harm."

Diane Feinstein, mayor of San Francisco by appointment, was not so easily satisfied. Wooing the staid community with old-fashioned campaigning and attracting minority groups with her liberal record, she is now that city's first elected *woman mayor.*

Betty Heitman is serving her second term as NFRW president. Only recently becoming independent of the NRC financially, her organization has always been independent of "Big Brother" on the issues. "We speak our piece," she says.

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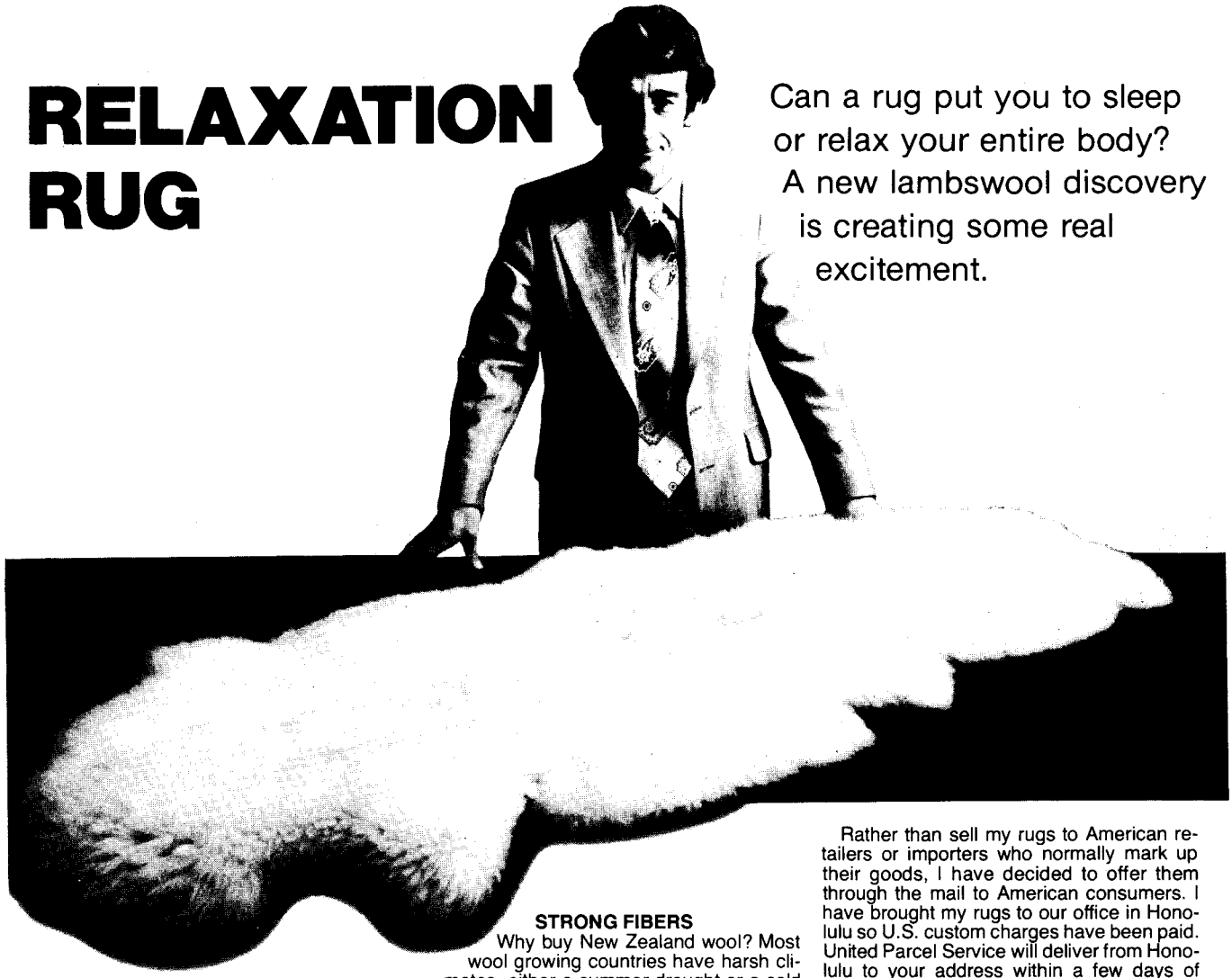
RELAXATION RUG

Can a rug put you to sleep or relax your entire body? A new lambswool discovery is creating some real excitement.



My name is Archibald Mason. I am a rug merchant from New Zealand.

New Zealanders are a relaxed people. They enjoy sports and they love the outdoors. They know how important it is to relax, to relieve tension, to sleep well. I can offer you the very special rug which helps New Zealand relax.

SELECTION PROCESS

New Zealand has more sheep than people. And one of their by-products is lambswool. Most of the lambswool is shorn, and made into soft woolen garments. But a few fleeces—a very few—are never shorn. They are set aside for rugs. If the wool is long and dense and naturally white, and if the skin is large and unblemished, the fleece may become a New Zealand "Wooly," a rug of unusual qualities. Only a few of these rugs are produced. They are seldom seen outside New Zealand. Most are sold in New Zealand, often to visitors from foreign countries. I doubt you'll find one in a shop in the USA. If you've seen one in a friend's office or home he probably travelled to New Zealand to buy it.

After we select the best skins, they must go through a unique tanning process we call "chrome tanning". This is a process we have perfected in New Zealand which produces a fluffy white rug that can be thrown in the washing machine and washed just like a woolen sweater. It retains its softness, fluffiness and resilience. Full washing instructions are on the back of each rug.

STRONG FIBERS

Why buy New Zealand wool? Most wool growing countries have harsh climates, either a summer drought or a cold winter. The sheep can take it, but a brittle area develops in the wool fiber. You can't see the brittleness, but gradually the wool breaks and the fleece becomes thinner. This doesn't happen to all wool. New Zealand's generous rainfall is spread throughout the year and the climate is mild. The green pastures which make New Zealand a favorite with tourists, supply the sheep with good nourishment right through the year. So there are no brittle patches in a wool which, in spite of its softness, will outlast all other wools. (This is also the secret behind New Zealand's carpet wool, one of the world's strongest wool fibers.)

LUXURIOUS

If you own my Mason Wooly Rug it would be the most luxurious carpet on your living room floor. Don't be surprised if your friends won't step on it. It looks too soft to be walked on and they may not know how durable my lambswool can be. You can put a grand piano on it, the fiber will spring right back again. Or with my rug beside your bed your toes would sink into deep wool each morning. A great way to start the day. But if you or your children take the rug into bed to sleep on you may never see it on the floor again. New Zealanders have found that the natural air cells in my soft wool rug induce especially deep sleep, to keep you warm in winter, cool in summer and you can even switch off your electric blanket. My Mason Wooly is lovely to look at and beautiful to feel, a rug that invites you to sink your fingers and toes into it. A rug that invites you to touch it with your skin and rest on it. A rug that is natural and soft, durable and washable.

Rather than sell my rugs to American retailers or importers who normally mark up their goods, I have decided to offer them through the mail to American consumers. I have brought my rugs to our office in Honolulu so U.S. custom charges have been paid. United Parcel Service will deliver from Honolulu to your address within a few days of shipping.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

It may be difficult for you to imagine the softness and denseness of our wooly so I offer a money back guarantee. Send me your order for the rug and use it in your home, office or car, drape it over a sofa, or hang it on the wall as a natural work of art. Enjoy the comfort of the soft, dense wool, feel the subtleness of the back, check the natural quality and if after two months you are not completely satisfied, send it back to me and I will refund your money in full.

The cost to you is only $84.50 (Hawaii residents add 4% State sales tax) and I'll pay the cost of postage and handling for the full 2 ft. by 5 ft. rug. Send your check or money order or credit card number and expiration date to the address shown below. **Credit card buyers may call our toll free number any time—(800) 367-7050 extension 3011. In Hawaii call 531-0441 extension 3011.**

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continued from page 27

members of the executive committee.

"We brought two resolutions before the committee assembled there," Peterson said from her North Dakota home. "We asked that those executive meetings be open to any committee members who want to listen, and we demanded that there never again be armed guards posted outside any meeting room.

"Both resolutions passed unanimously," she added, happily.

The fight over locked doors and armed guards is over, but the myriad problems confronting the party's approximately 180 committeewomen are not.

In fact, women all over the country are already gearing up to tackle in the 1980 presidential election what may be the largest problem they've ever faced.

"The upcoming election will be a true test of our power, of our importance in the party," said committeewoman Peterson, who is also acting chairman of the DNC Women's Caucus.

That election is important, she said, because, for the first time in history, there must be as many women as men delegates on the convention floor when a candidate is chosen as the Democratic presidential nominee.

For the first time in history, because of a Democratic party bylaw passed in December 1978 in Memphis, Tennessee, there must be an even balance of men's and women's voices—and votes—realized in that decision.

Peterson and other party women's leaders fought long and hard for the passage of that bylaw, but they aren't claiming complete victory just yet.

"There's no doubt about it; we expect trouble," Peterson said quietly. "We expect opposition from some states that won't want to send as many women as men. Some states may not want to observe that party law at all."

States not complying with the "50/50" resolution, however, will be in for a rude shock when called before the DNC's Compliance Committee, she said.

"We're going to make darn sure that half of the approximately 3,000 delegates, as well as half of the 1,000 alternates, are women," agreed Gretta Dewald, director of the DNC's women's division.

Continued on page 113

Barbara Jordan, as House representative from Texas, had her name on 31 bills and amendments. The underlying theme of her efforts—giving others a chance at the same opportunity she forged for herself—has been hailed across the nation.

C. DeLores Tucker, Pennsylvania's former secretary of state, heads a 300,000-member organization devoted to encouraging women's participation in government.

Bella Abzug's bill in Congress led to the first National Women's Conference. Here, as presiding officer, she stated, "We run for office, we run for equality—but we don't run for cover."

Frances Farenthold has been a candidate for governor of Texas and nominee for vice president of the United States. Redbook *named her among six women who could be president.*

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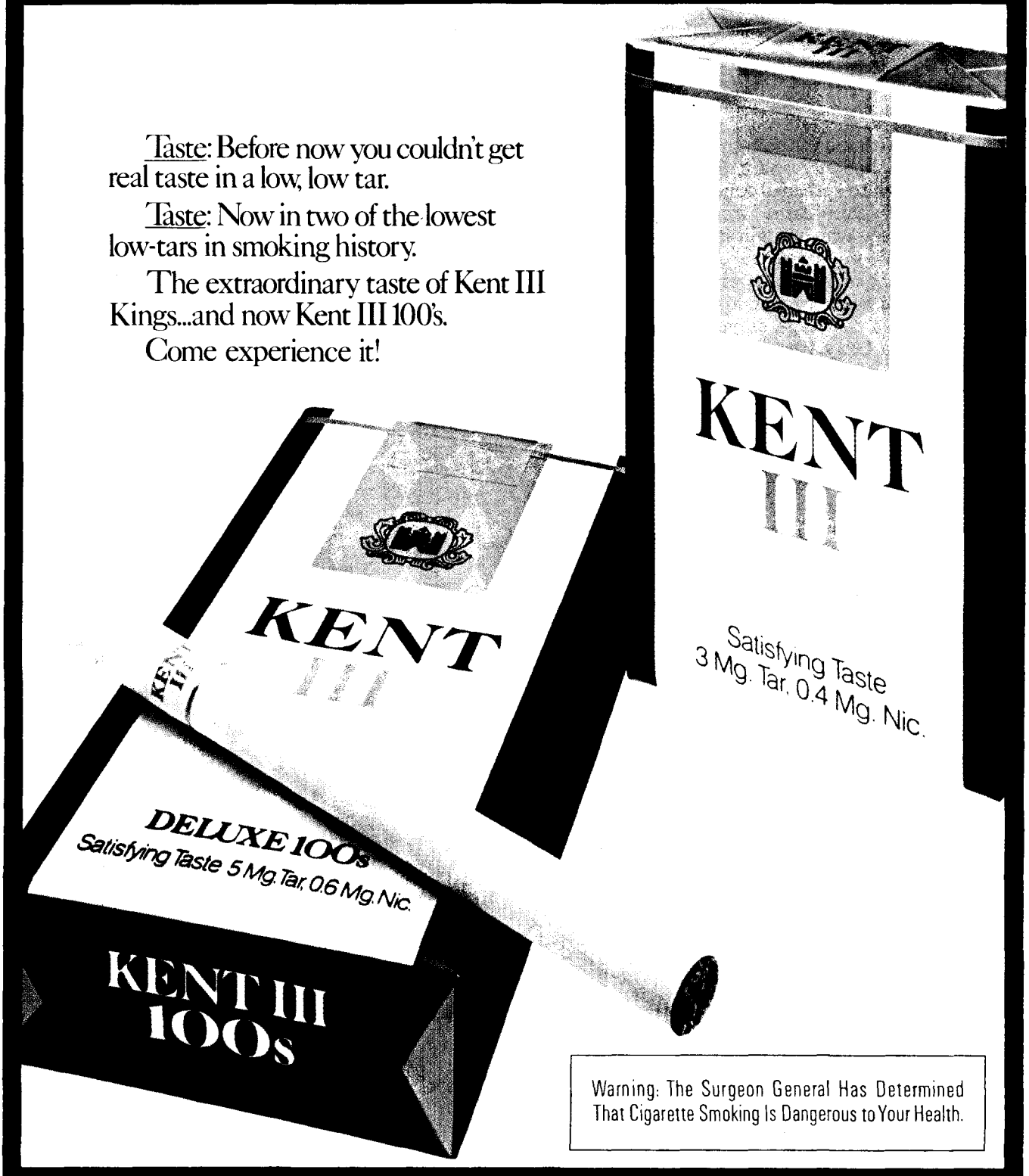

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RELIGION

CRACKING GRADY NUTT

It was the old shell game. He knew deception lay under one cup, and he suspected divorce under another. The gambler in Grady put it all on the third—and he couldn't lose.

by Grady Nutt

No life is without its pain and hurt. I've had my share. In fact, I've enough to spread around!

My greatest pain came from hurting the person who brought me the greatest joy—my wife Eleanor. After four years of marriage and two remarkable sons, we came as close to losing a marriage as you can come. Rhea Gray was rain on my desert!

A sketchy outline of the rise and fall of your typically male-dominated marriage, if you please:

Eleanor and I met in college. We had two years of courting, dating, courting, engagement, courting, waiting, courting, courting, courting. Through it all, no arguments, no fusses, no slammed-down phones. More than harmony—*unison*! In Eleanor's words: "We both loved Grady!" True.

Her background was from a family of tranquillity. I came right from the family war zone! I was always in conflict with my parents; she was rarely out of sync with her folks. Her basic view of marriage was essentially: "If you love each other, you don't fight!" So she always agreed with me.

I loved being not only king of the mountain but also the sovereign of our universe. I was not a benevolent dictator. I intimidated; I belittled; I erased the blackboard of her personality with a wet rag! I then wrote what I pleased.

Without knowing it, I had taken advantage of her will to please me. I grew to dislike her for letting me get away with it.

We were living in Seminary Village at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville—apartment S-9. For your typical lousy marriage, this was a choice

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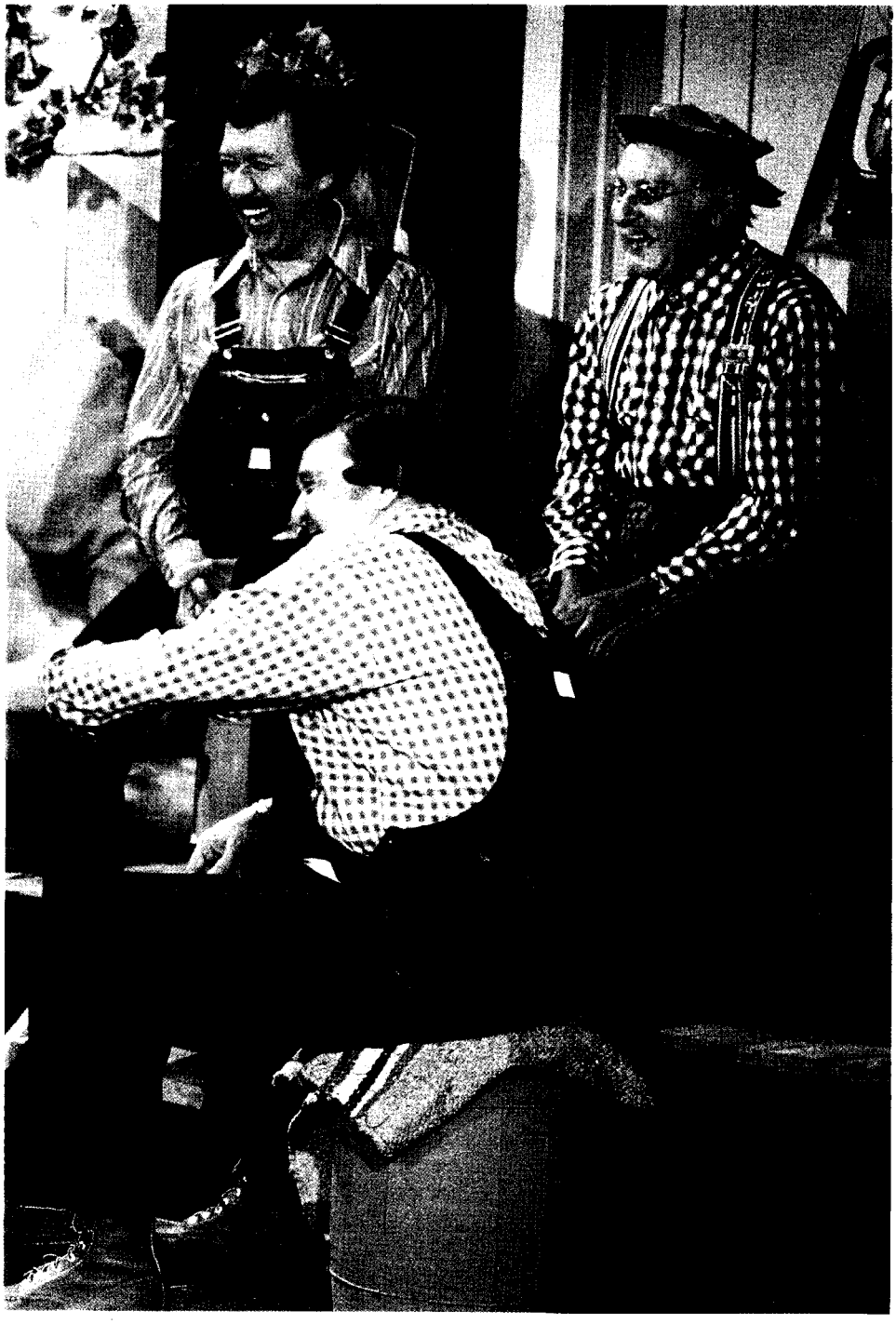
location! Paint was peeling; steam radiator pipes played the Doxology; through the walls we could hear our neighbors chew oatmeal! It was our second year, 14th month in S-9, and we were in bad trouble.

For some time we had been cordial but not close; we had mumbled "I love you," but it had not crackled with vitality in ages. One night we got honest. Maybe a better way to put it would be that we started verbalizing our pain without yelling or trying to bruise. I said that I didn't see any hope for us, that I couldn't go on like this. She sat looking at me like a flood victim.

Then I mentioned the word *divorce*. Suddenly, her eyes lit up like a dalmatian hearing the fire alarm! Everything about her said, "Bottom of the ninth, two men on, two out." Driven by fear and determination, she catapulted from the house the next morning to the office of Rhea Gray.

In between takes on the "Hee Haw" set, some good-natured ribbing prompts a sermonette from Grady (third from right) in defense of his moniker: "It's the second T that's important. Without it I'm just like the rest of you."



I need to tell you a bit about Rhea. He was a graduate student at our seminary, working toward a doctorate in psychology of religion, more recently referred to as pastoral care. He was working his way through school as Baptist campus minister at the University of Louisville and as director of a marriage and family counseling center in New Albany, Indiana, which was right across the Ohio River from Louisville. We knew him socially and casually.

At this time in our lives, neither Eleanor nor I had ever known even one person who had "gone for counseling." I had then and have since then heard the whole field of psychology and psychiatry held up to ridicule by ministers and other church folks.

Rhea received Eleanor with compassion, with understanding, and with Christian love. He told her many good things about herself and about the potential for our marriage. The only snag in the deal was that he encouraged her to tell me that she had seen him for help.

Divorce might have been easier.

Eleanor took one whole week to work up the courage to tell me that she had seen Rhea. Her timing was terrible! We were driving down a Louisville street on our way home from church one Sunday night. I made a comment that I wished we could go back to the happy days of college dating and start over again. That was the moment she chose to tell me in one cascading blurt that she had "beentoseeRheaGrayfor counselingandhesayshecan helpus!" I, stunned, said, "WHAT!"

She, nervously, repeated more understandably, "I've been to see Rhea Gray for counseling and he says he can help us!" Last paragraph, I mentioned *timing*. Being interpreted: I was driving a normal-roof Volkswagen; suddenly, it had a sun roof! Swerving and yelling, I blew my cool! That's what I mean by poor timing.

We arrived at S-9. She took one child; I took the other. With diaper bags, Bible, books, purse and other family-at-church paraphernalia, we made our way tensely up the walk under trees doing their best to

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screen our conflict from the neighbors. I put my half of the dependents in his bed, put down a diaper bag, picked up a sackful of garbage, and left. Later, Eleanor said she thought that was symbolic.

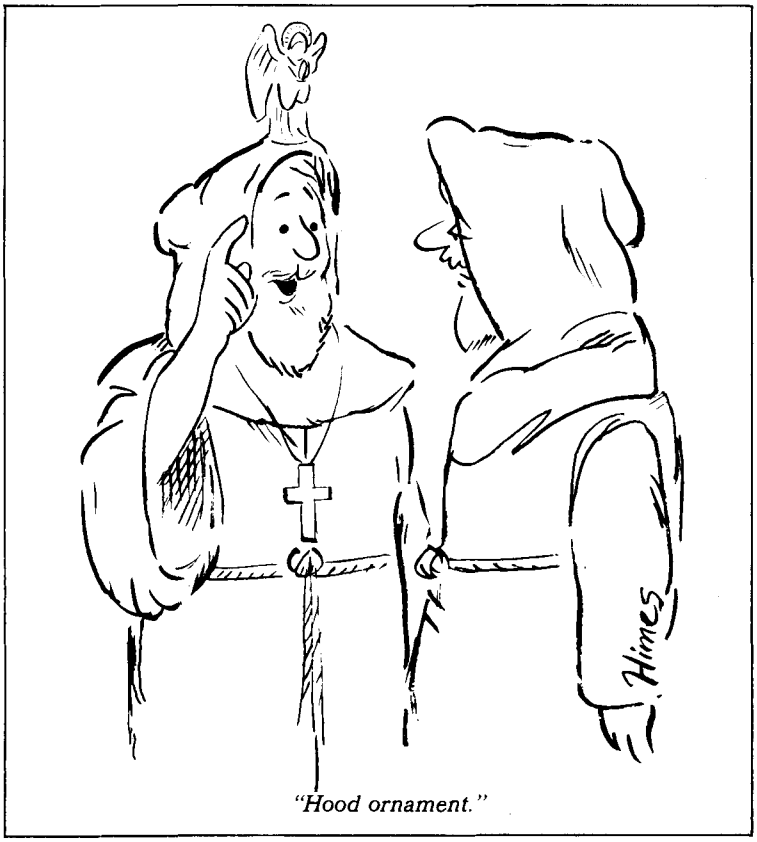
I went out to the apartment dumpster and threw in the bag of garbage. I weighed for a moment the possibility of getting in with it. For the next two or three hours, I wandered around the Village, punting stumps. It was out in the open now. Someone knew I had a problem. What was more nearly the truth, I had really come to see for myself that I had a problem.

Crushed and trashless, I opened the door of S-9 to see Eleanor sitting terrified on the sofa. I burst into tears and told her she had done the very best thing for us, for me. I took her in my arms and cried as hard as I had at age 11 when my mother overheard me cussing with my next-door neighbor out in our garage one afternoon. A while later, I looked up Rhea's number and called him. It was almost midnight.

He agreed to see me the next morning at his home. At 9:30 Eleanor and I walked into his home and sat down at his kitchen table. Grace and redemption sat across the sugar bowl and jelly dish from me in the form of Rhea Gray.

For the next two months I saw Rhea every week, as did Eleanor. He never told me what they talked about; he never told her what *we* talked about. The beautiful thing that began to happen was that we started talking *with* each other—*really* talking with each other. Out of it all, each of us learned a life-changing lesson.

Eleanor learned that when we met she had been a person with a personality, with abilities, and with every reason to celebrate her own gifts and resources. For me, she had given up her own wishes just to please me, to make *us* happy. The sad fact was that the more she ceased to be herself, the less I liked/loved her. She began getting in touch with her own strength and gifts. She has grown as much, if not more, than any person I have known in the past 20 years. I have come to love and appreciate her much more as an independent soul with a mind of her own, with interests of her own, even with friends of her own. She is at the opposite end of the spectrum from the "submissive wife." And I love it!



"Hood ornament."

The biggest breakthrough about myself also came through Rhea Gray. I told him the darkest secrets of my life. I shared things with him I had never told anyone. I confessed sins and *sin*. I admitted insecurities down behind this great extroverted front of mine. He heard it all, carefully guided me into conversations about deeper aspects of it all. Then came the golden moment.

He told me that he saw me as a person who had spent most of my life wearing a mask so people wouldn't see what I'm really like. In the process of hiding behind my mask, he saw that a real person had grown up behind that mask! He said, "When you get acquainted with the person you *really* are, you're going to love him!" For the very first time in my life, I was able to begin to believe that I really had some strengths, some abilities, some worth. I didn't have to earn it. I didn't have to prove it. I *did* have to accept it! Only then could I begin to share it . . . and, it has been the unfolding story of my continuing struggle to be the person God created me to be.

I did not turn the emotional corner of my life in two months of marital counseling. Rhea was superb in what he was called on to do; he could most surely have helped me much further if we had taken the time. However, it was a healthy thing that I had some space for a season, some time to absorb what Eleanor and I were busy learning about our life together. My big struggle with my personal turmoil was to come later.

I need to tell you one thing more about my relationship to Rhea.

In 1968 he called me from Chicago. By that time he was president/director of a charitable foundation. His call was to pursue the possibility of my coming on the staff as his associate. I decided with Eleanor that it was just not really the place for me and declined with enormous regret. I would have loved working up close with Rhea.

That brings the story of his belief in me full circle. The incredible gift he gave me was to know my life so well, know my secrets and my inadequacies, and still offer me a post on his staff. Rhea gave me many gifts in our relationship. The greatest was a feeling that there was something within this Nutt worth unshelling and sharing.

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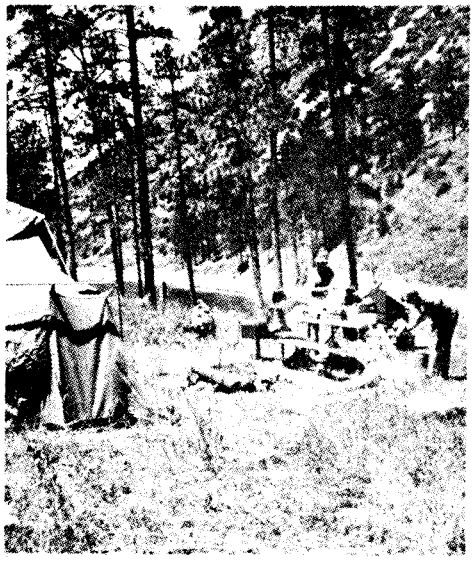

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SUCCESS IS NOT SINFUL

Achievement should be an example, not an evil. That we must settle for averages rather than strive for excellence is a dangerous concept.

by Richard M. DeVos

Causes—things we believe in—can be shared when we are willing to communicate them with pride and dignity and to make no apology for them. So let me state at the onset my own personal beliefs:

Number one, I believe I was created by God and, therefore, I am somebody. And I refuse to go through life hung over and bent out of shape, acting like I am some insignificant nobody.

I think we have come out of an age during which too many young people were apologetic about who they were instead of standing up for what they were and what they believed. Therefore, you should know I believe that I am important.

Number two, I believe that God knows me, He can call me by name, and He put me here on this earth for a reason. And since He did that, I move forward with confidence, knowing I am a child of His. Therefore, if I am that, then I know you, too, are a child of God and I must love you and respect you also.

Periodically, as we move through life, people worry about our super-confidence. "My, you think you are somebody," they say.

And I say, "I am somebody," and therefore I go forward with that attitude in all my associations.

Number three, I believe that success is not sinful. I will say that again for you. *Success is not sinful.* We live in a period when somehow, especially as Americans, the achievements of America are held up to ridicule. Hungry people in the world say, "Don't you feel guilty that you have a full stomach?"

My answer is, "No." I do not apologize for the achievements of our nation. That does not mean I am not concerned about the hungry people of the world, but I also know that if I eat less someone else will not, therefore, automatically eat more. The achievements of our land in feeding our people are not something we should be apologetic for, but rather something we should learn to share and teach others to accomplish. When we do that, we will have made great progress.

There is always a great deal of conversation about how to help the hungry and the downtrodden and the disadvantaged. But you will never lift them up by lowering yourself.

Therefore, I urge you to continue to develop and maintain a level of confidence and to serve as an example, as we have in this country for so many years, so that others in the world might follow it.

We hear all the arguments—socialist dogma versus capitalism, the free enterprise system and socialism. It sounds so wonderful to the uninformed . . . how we should all share with one another. But our experiences with socialism on a worldwide basis indicate that it provides an equal share of poverty, not prosperity. I have yet to find poor nations that can help other poor nations.

Only those nations that work in confidence and achieve have the ability to then, in turn, with love, help those in need. You cannot feed hungry people with platitudes about sharing. You can only feed hungry people with food. That means you should concentrate on what it takes to grow food.

Richard DeVos, president of the Amway Corporation, is a well-known lecturer on positive thinking. He also authored the best-selling autobiographical testimony, Believe.

That is what I call getting to the solution of a problem, and not just making idle statements about who ought to do what. This brings me back to my belief that success is not sinful.

The other day a young lady came to my office from a Christian college in our city. Well-intentioned as they might have been, students in her classroom had been discussing the fact that my company owned a jet airplane. They decided that was wrong.

I asked her how she got to the office. She said she drove her car. I said, "That is wrong. You must ride the bus. If you think it is wrong for me to have an airplane, then it is wrong for you to have a car. If I should ride the

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airlines, you should ride a bus."

The class—and the young lady—were seeking to put down achievement. I asked her if a used Cadillac was all right; or was a new Chevy good and a new Cadillac wrong? Were three bathrooms in a house right and four out of step? How would you arrive at that concept in the classroom—that somehow achievement was a sinful experience?

It is not the achievement which is wrong. The falling in love with one's self or with the material goods that one may have acquired is evil, not the achievement. I am very concerned about the confusion that exists about that.

A most dangerous concept prevails in too many parts of our land . . . the idea that somehow we must all settle for averages instead of striving for excellence, outstanding performance, and upholding greater levels of achievement.

Recently a man in the White House said that we must all learn to settle for less in America and we should all learn to get along at a little lower level. I asked him, "By whose standard do you think we should get by for less? Because if we lower our standards, then those who are behind us in the rest of the world will have to settle for even less." We must continue to be an example, serving and uplifting the hopes and needs of our people—all people—because they will grow only when they have hope and the belief in the concept of being rewarded for achievement.

There are four basic stages that we go through. We go through them as a nation and as individuals. Institutions such as churches go through them, and so do women's clubs. In fact, we go through these steps personally as well as collectively. Let's take a look.

Stage One is "build." This nation was built by people who believed in achievement. It faltered in its first couple of years on a dream of collectivism; and the colonies at Jamestown and at Plymouth Rock started with the idea of working together and sharing together for the ideal state of socialism.

At the end of two years they

Continued on page 83

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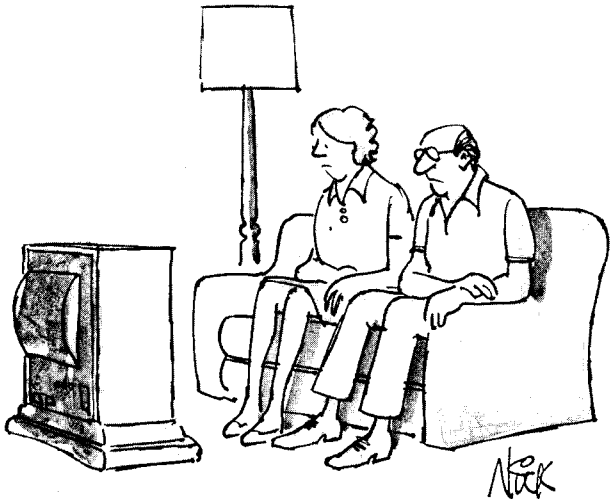

"Now let's see the President's speech again, this time in slow motion."

"I'm just going to throw away my prepared speech and . . . uh . . . I'm, uh . . . and, uh . . . uhh . . . "

"I told you it'd work—we label the amendment to raise our salaries Proposition 13 and they vote it in!"

Cotham

"It is still too early to draw any conclusions. However, it is safe to say from our test results that small, foreign cars hit by locomotives did not fare as well as full-size, domestic cars that were not hit by locomotives."

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Then, suddenly, something unlike *anything* I had ever seen before . . .

What I'm about to reveal to you is shocking . . . Please read this carefully:

DID THE JAPANESE ACTUALLY PLAN TO FORCE US TO USE THIS AFTER THEY "TOOK OVER" AMERICA?

It began like any other April morning. Little did I know I was about to come upon the most exciting opportunity for my readers I had ever seen . . .

The mail arrived. In it a communique from the East about something made by the Japanese government during World War II. According to my source, *every single* American would have been forced to use these had the Japanese won the war!

Bizarre . . . Fascinating . . .

I reported this to some of my readers. And told them where they could get some of these.*

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Alan Shawn Feinstein

Alan Shawn Feinstein

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Alan Shawn Feinstein's financial column, *The Treasure Chest*, is syndicated in newspapers in Europe, Africa and Asia as well as throughout the U.S. He is listed in "Who's Who in the East" and "International Men of Achievement." A new laboratory at the Boston University school of Journalism has been named 'The Alan Shawn Feinstein Laboratory'

**IMPORTANT—We've received word that the Japanese are now trying to buy up all of these they can find! We urge you to get this Report as soon as possible.*

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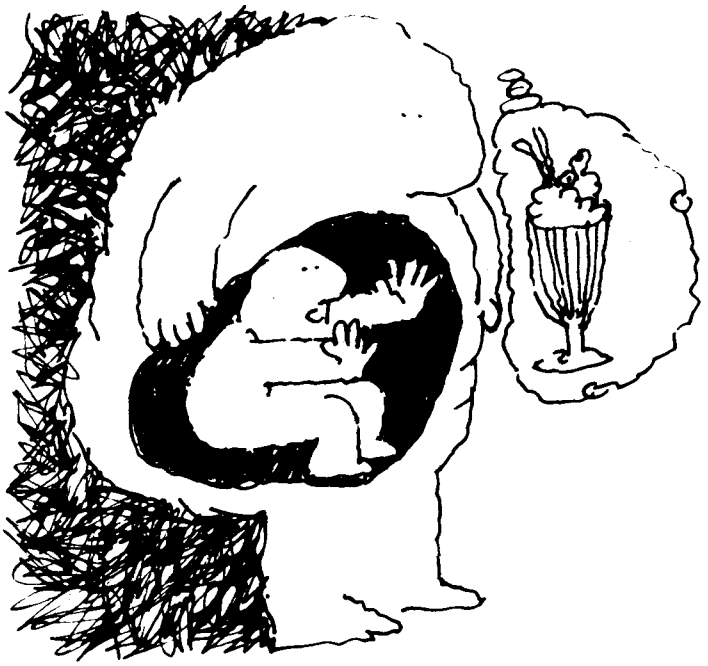


WARNING: NARROW ARTERY

The way to a man's heart is through his arteries. But heavy traffic in nicotine and cholesterol are blocking those vital highways —so when someone says he's dying for a cigarette or a fudge nut sundae, he isn't kidding.

by John Farquhar, M.D.

Illustrated by Tom Lewis

I lost a friend yesterday. Death set upon him like a monster, gripping him with pain and fear, overwhelming him with fatigue and finally shaking him loose, lifeless. Gone is a husband, gone a father, gone a brother. In my grief, I am angry. Death came early, uninvited; it was not a welcome release at the end of a fulfilled life. It came as an interloper, seizing a man at the center of his time.

On a Sunday five months ago at around bedtime, Roger complained of indigestion to his wife, Ellen. He had eaten nothing out of the ordinary for dinner—meat, potatoes, vegetables, some cheesecake left over from a party the night before. He lay down, tried to concentrate on TV, asked his wife to get him a bicarbonate of soda. They switched on a late movie and she fell asleep. At 2:00 a.m. Roger phoned me.

What impressed me immediately, and what I remember so clearly now, were not his words but his voice. It was small, fearful, astonished. He clearly knew what was happening to him. He said the pain was now in his lower chest; he was sweating heavily; he felt very weak. Then he passed the phone to Ellen. I told her I would call for an ambulance and meet them at the hospital.

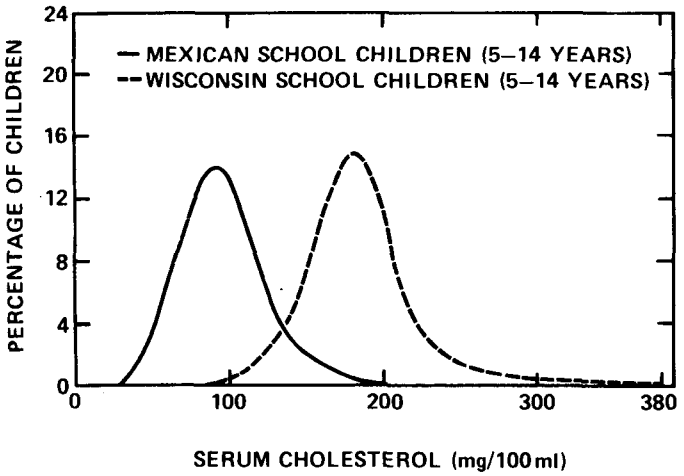
Roger was wheeled into the hospital in shock. Ellen, behind him, was extraordinarily calm. Diagnosis confirmed that a major coronary thrombosis had occurred.

At this point, high technology took over. All vital functions were continuously monitored and Roger's wounded heart muscle was gently prodded and shaped into a force that could just barely sustain life. Roger was not fully alert or aware of the drama and tension around him. He did not know that the many highly trained health professionals working swiftly about him were processing yet another common entrant into a tunnel from which it can be predicted that only one in four, given his state of shock on entry, would emerge alive at the end of a week.

The initial fear Roger felt, along with his paroxysm of pain, became the fear of his friends, his family, and those of us who were caring for him. We watched him return to awareness 48 hours after the attack. At this point, Roger had, statistically speaking, passed his first hurdle and thus increased his chances for surviving a week to one in two.

Three weeks after his attack, tubes for intravenous feeding were removed and continuous monitoring ended. Roger was transferred to a quiet ward. His wife's fears eased. In another two weeks, still with a fragile hold on life, Roger was allowed to go home.

To Roger, home meant the comfort and security of his family and his own surroundings. To his family, having Roger home meant adjusting to his needs, watching him regain some of his strength, seeing him occasionally cry. His children had not quite realized how near death he had been. He was still profoundly exhausted and had recurrent sensations of irregular heart poundings. He was bewildered and



The importance of early childhood diet was shown in a study of the blood cholesterol levels of two groups of schoolchildren, one in Wisconsin and another in rural Mexico. The Wisconsin children had an average blood cholesterol level of 187, whereas the Mexican children averaged 100.

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depressed. He relied on his wife to assist with his frequent medications.

In the three months following his heart attack, Roger reentered the hospital twice for brief treatments for shortness of breath due to a weakened heart. He also entered a new statistical group: He was now one in two to survive three months. Over the next four weeks his condition stabilized slightly. Even though he was virtually bedridden, Roger and his family maintained their constant hope and belief that life would eventually return to normal.

One afternoon a few weeks later, Ellen came home from grocery shopping and found Roger in immense pain. She drove him directly to the hospital. The chest pain continued for hours, then suddenly it was over. Roger died.

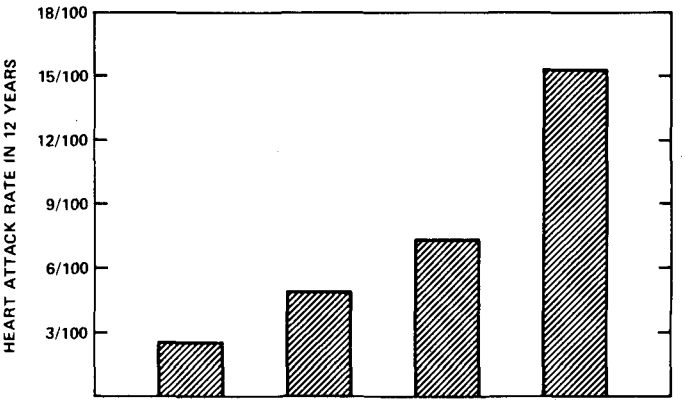
From the time of his initial heart attack until his death, Roger suffered greatly. Even the simplest exertion, such as walking to the bathroom, caused shortness of breath. His ankles were so swollen that he had to wear support bandages. He ate little. He lost interest in sex. Depression was a continuing problem. He frequently awoke in the night and sat on the edge of the bed gasping for air. These episodes, along with the strange poundings in his chest, created an atmosphere of unspoken anxiety and uncertainty in the family.

Heart Disease Today

Medical records tell us when Roger experienced his first myocardial infarction (the medical term for a serious heart attack in which an already narrowed artery is blocked and damage to a part of the heart muscle then occurs), and they tell us when he died. But they do not tell us when in Roger's 48 years of life he embarked on a path that led to premature death.

When was the first hint that he had slipped into a special group of about 153,000 Americans under age 65 who each year die prematurely from heart attacks? Had Roger been luckier, he might have belonged to another group of 500,000 who suffer heart attacks that are not fatal. (These survivors, however, have a high risk of future fatal heart attacks.)

Every year an additional 100,000 Americans under age 65 have strokes, 30,000 of which are fatal. Both heart attacks and strokes are due almost entirely to a process called *atherosclerosis*, in which arteries to the brain, heart and other organs become progressively narrowed by deposits of cholesterol and fibrous tissue.



The graph shows how smoking, elevated cholesterol levels and high blood pressure contribute to the incidence of heart attack in a 46-year-old man.

A = a nonsmoker, blood pressure 120/70, cholesterol 170
B = Add one pack of cigarettes per day
C = Add high "normal" blood pressure, 140/88
D = Add high "normal" cholesterol, 250

One Man's Life-Shortening Path

The shortening of Roger's life began long before his initial heart attack. At birth, Roger was a perfectly healthy baby—well-formed, strong and vigorous. Roger's mother was concerned that the family's diet be a good one. As Roger was growing up, there was great emphasis on providing adequate protein and calcium. Thus, Roger's childhood diet included lots of eggs, cheese, whole milk, meat, ice cream and butter—believed to be high in needed protein and calcium for a growing child. This is also a high-cholesterol and high-saturated-fat diet, full of foods that tend to increase deposits of fat in the arteries.

The importance of early childhood diet on blood cholesterol—one of the three major risk factors in heart disease—is demonstrated by the figure on page 42. The levels of blood cholesterol in a group of schoolchildren in Wisconsin were compared to the levels in a group of healthy schoolchildren living in a rural mountain village in Mexico. The Wisconsin children had

Continued on page 46

The preventive prescription: Start early to create a household eating and exercising life style. Breast-feed the babies (mother's milk is lower in saturated fat and sodium than cow's milk), monitor the snacks and encourage a less sedentary pattern by participating in activities—other than watching television—with the children.

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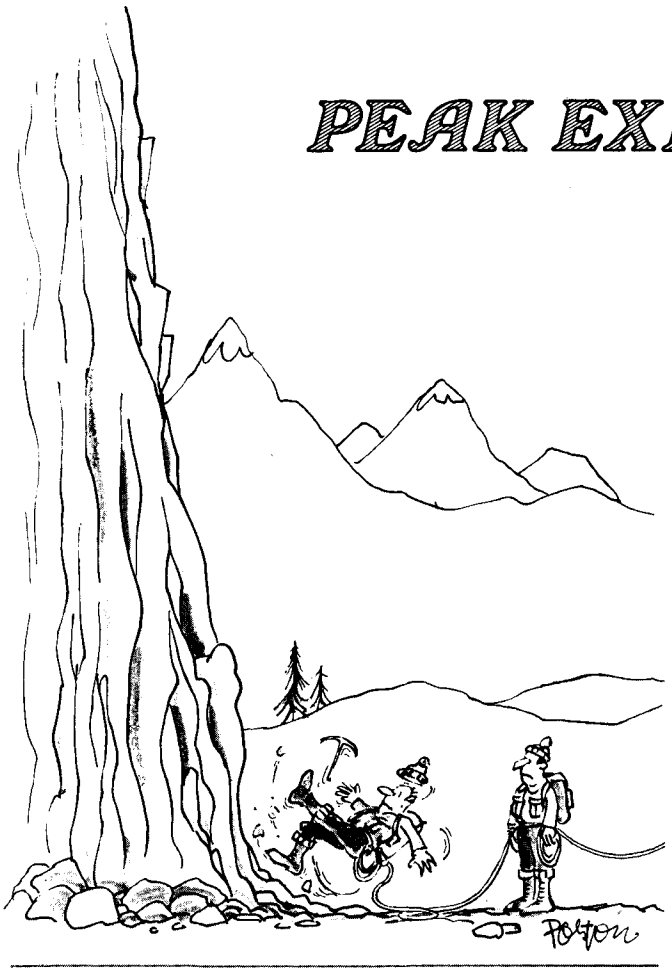
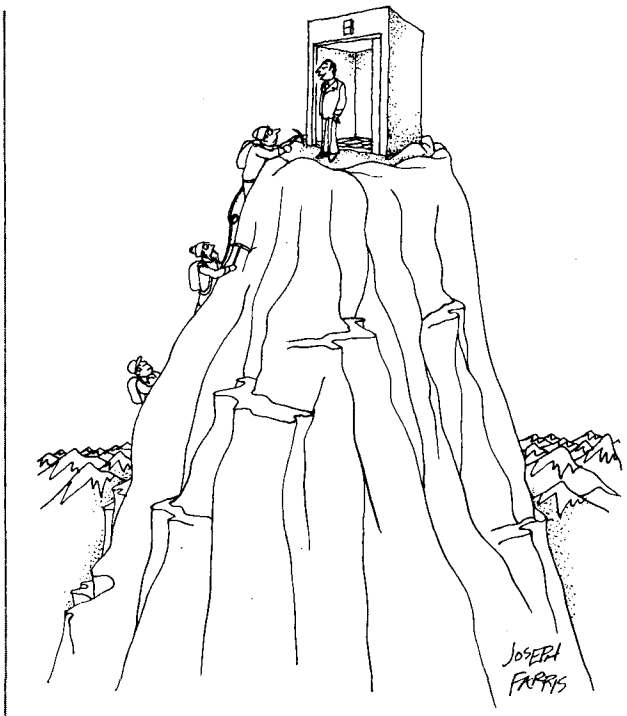
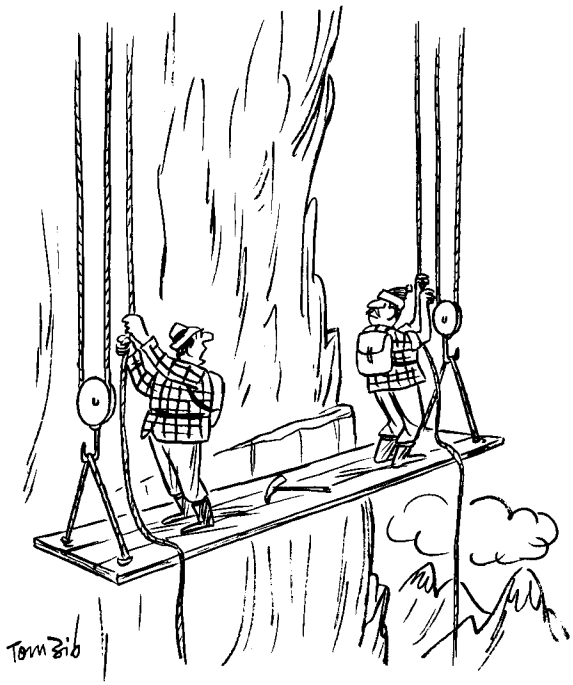
PEAK EXPERIENCES





"Down?"



"Takes all the sport out of it somehow, doesn't it?"

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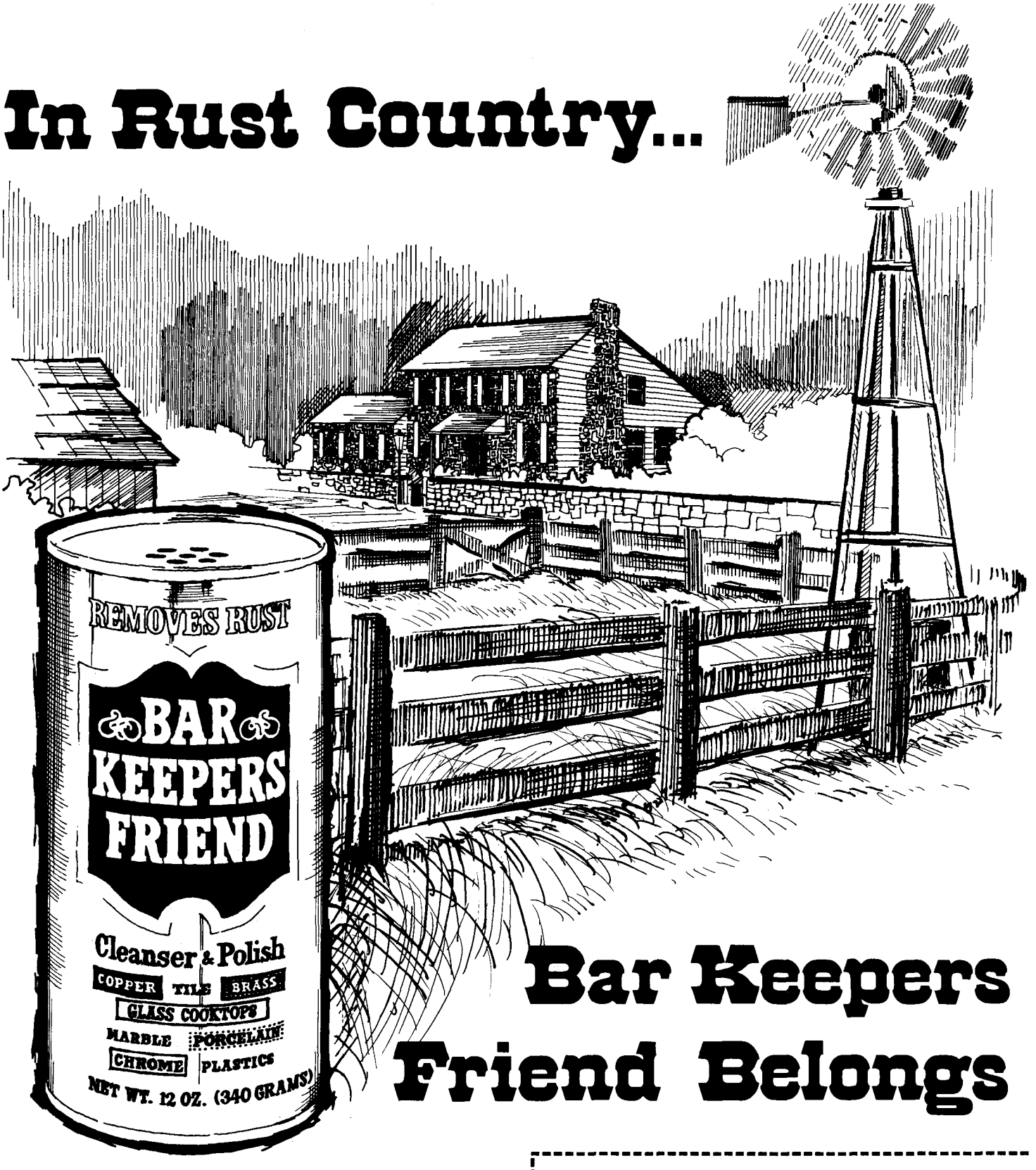
In Rust Country...



Bar Keepers Friend Belongs

Rust Country could be anywhere . . . from your little hideaway in the trees to a penthouse in the Big Apple. Maybe you've got rusty hardware or tarnished bathroom fixtures. Perhaps it's stains on your fine china or rust in your water supply. There's no telling where the stains come from, but they're there. Bar Keepers Friend to the rescue! Bar Keepers Friend is the all-time stain remover for the kitchen, garage, bath, or any part of the house you'd like to keep spotless. Bar Keepers Friend removes rust stains, salt stains, tarnish and grit without a lot of teeth-gnashing on your part. BAR KEEPERS FRIEND might be the greatest cleaning aid since water. We think so. YOU WILL, TOO!

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an average blood cholesterol level of 187, whereas the Mexican children had an average blood cholesterol level of 100—about half that of the Wisconsin children. It is important to note that each group showed a wide range of cholesterol levels (due largely to hereditary factors). However, what is more important is that the blood cholesterol levels of the Mexican children were so much lower that very little overlap existed between the two groups, despite the wide range of levels. This separation between the groups indicates that *between* cultures environmental factors are more important determinants of blood cholesterol levels than are genetic factors; however, *within* any one culture genetic factors are the dominant influence.

The difference in blood cholesterol levels between the Mexican and Wisconsin children was attributed largely to the higher intake of dietary cholesterol and dietary saturated fat from eggs, meat, milk and cheese by the Wisconsin children. In addition to eating foods low in saturated fat, the Mexican children exercised more, which made them leaner and may also have contributed to the difference in cholesterol levels. Similarly, the Mexican children consumed greater amounts of dietary fiber. This fiber intake or perhaps other dietary factors that we do not yet understand may have helped, too, in keeping the Mexican children's cholesterol levels low.

Studies such as these lead us to believe that the risk factors for atherosclerosis begin in early childhood and develop over many years.These facts also suggest that public health efforts should be directed at the entire population (rather than merely to those in the highest risk categories) in order to lower risk-factor levels in all people and at all ages.

Were we to treat only the most risk-prone group—those having special genetic factors that separate them from the majority—we would be ignoring countless individuals who pursue habits that subject them to needless risk. We would be overlooking that body weight, blood cholesterol and blood pressure tend to increase with age among the so-called normal population in the United States; we would therefore miss our opportunity to prevent problems before they develop.

Cardiovascular risk increases in concert with blood cholesterol over a wide range of levels; therefore, at almost all cholesterol levels found in the U.S. population, needless risk is present. In short, the lower the blood cholesterol level the better. It is plain to see that the sooner the cholesterol is lowered and the longer it remains low, the more beneficial will be the results.

Roger's "Normal" Childhood

Let's return to Roger again. As he grew up, he ate meat generally twice and frequently three times a day. Like many other Americans, his evening meal often included beef. Roger loved ice cream and at least five times a week enjoyed it as dessert or snack. His mother felt she had not done her job unless a meal contained some form of meat. The entire family frequently ate bacon, frankfurters, luncheon meat, sausage and ham—all relatively high in salt as well as saturated fat. Pickles and potato chips frequently graced the table or were used in lunch bags and for snacks. These, too, are very high in salt. Everything else being equal, the higher the salt intake the higher the blood pressure.

Not only was Roger a plump baby (which Roger's parents regarded as fine—just "baby fat"), he was also a chubby child. Snacks were provided as pacifiers and as rewards for good behavior. His family environment included easy access to the cookie jar, candy treats and open bowls of snack foods. Such ready access to sugary snacks created habits that contributed to Roger's weight gain. The habits were difficult to reverse in adult life. Roger was not considered obese, but throughout his childhood he was in the top third of his age group in terms of weight.

According to numerous studies, Americans lead the world in their average degree of excess weight. Again, everything else being equal, the heavier one is, the higher the blood pressure and the higher the amount of cholesterol in the blood. The influence of weight gain or loss is, however, stronger on blood pressure level than it is on cholesterol level.

Now we can understand that Roger's "normal" weight of a few extra pounds and his "normal" diet, rich in calories, sugar, salt, cholesterol and saturated fat, worked together overtime to raise his body weight and his blood pressure and blood cholesterol levels to unhealthy heights.

Continued on following page

Increased physical activity helps control weight through increased caloric expenditure, and vigorous exercise tends to suppress the appetite. In addition, exercise helps to lower plasma cholesterol and blood pressure levels, producing further potential benefits in cardiovascular disease prevention. Thus, exercise should not be dreaded but thought of as a pleasant, healthy way of life.

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In much of the modern Western world, including the United States, a gradual increase in blood pressure and blood cholesterol is accepted as a "normal" accompaniment of age. These increases typically do not occur in primitive societies. However, after primitive societies come into contact with modern civilization, such increases often do occur.

A recent study of five tribes in the Solomon Islands by Dr. Lot Page of Harvard and his associates showed that the degree of increase in blood pressure was correlated with the degree of acculturation, that is, adoption of dietary and occupational practices of Western man. It was significant that introduction of "tinned meat" (high in salt) was accompanied by a rise in blood pressure. The investigators also noticed an increase in body weight that occurred in conjunction with changes in eating and exercise habits, and this was associated with additional increases in blood pressure.

Coronary arteries are the first to be choked off by cholesterol deposits (probably because of the greater turbulence of blood flow that makes the inner lining of these arteries more sensitive to the injurious effects of high blood cholesterol and blood pressure). These arteries are the only source of blood to the heart, which cannot tolerate as much arterial narrowing and the resulting reduction in oxygen as can, for example, the legs or abdominal organs.

Evidence that damage to the coronary arteries is present even in early adulthood is illustrated most strikingly by a study of American soldiers killed in action during the Korean War. It was discovered that 35 percent of these American soldiers (whose average age was 22 years) had greater than 15 percent narrowing of their coronary arteries due to abnormal collections of cholesterol. These deposits are almost never found in young Koreans or in young adults of other countries whose populations share similarly low blood cholesterol levels. (The average cholesterol level of adults in Japan —where the diet is low in saturated fat and cholesterol and similar to that of Korea—is about 140 milligrams per deciliter, 40 percent lower than that of adults in the United States.)

Finland has a higher heart attack rate than any other country in the world. Finns also have the highest cholesterol levels, even higher than Americans. Dr. Ancel Keys, a cardiovascular disease epidemiologist, and his co-workers attribute the Finnish cholesterol levels to intakes of cheese, butter and milk believed to be among the highest in the world. This high butterfat intake is added to the so-called normal level of meat and egg intake characteristic of the rest of the Western world.

Work done by Dr. Keys and his co-workers has shown a surprisingly strong correlation of heart attack rates with the cholesterol levels in seven countries selected for study. They also found that an exceedingly high correlation existed between the average level of saturated fat consumed and the average cholesterol level within each country.

Data like these are among the best evidences of the preventability of coronary heart disease. The U.S. soldiers killed in Korea who had a 15 percent narrowing of coronary arteries were in no immediate danger of suffering premature coronary death. It takes another 15 to 30 years for atherosclerosis to take its toll. Fortunately, arteries can take a great deal of abuse. The vessels must close to a third of their original size (a 66 percent narrowing) before a clot (coronary thrombosis) can form that causes a true heart attack or that can lead to angina pectoris (chest pain upon effort, exposure to cold or excitement).

The narrowing of Roger's arteries which began in his youth, and is a result of all too common eating habits, begins similarly at an early age in the lives of millions of otherwise healthy people and could be prevented.

The Contributions of Smoking to Cardiovascular Risk

Roger's arteries received further abuse when he began his pack-a-day cigarette habit at age 23. When Roger began smoking, he was following the crowd; more than half of his peers had the habit. In the U.S., smoking by men of that age rose from about 20 percent in 1930 to a high of 66 percent in 1964. As we now know, this "normal" behavior contributes significantly to the incidence of lung cancer. In the United States, there are about 82,000 fatal cases of lung cancer a year (39,000 of which occur, as previously mentioned, in individuals under age 65). This is a tragic and preventable loss of life.

What most people don't realize is that cigarettes contribute much more to the incidence of heart attacks than they do to lung cancer. Other risk factors being equal, the average smoker is more than twice as likely to have a heart attack as is the nonsmoker. Probably at least

Continued on page 128

The average American diet is a nutritional disaster and decidedly hazardous to your health. Salt, sugar and saturated animal fats increase the incidence of cardiovascular disease and all the diseases associated with obesity (including diabetes, gout, osteoarthritis, gall bladder disease and high blood pressure), and may well increase the incidence of certain types of cancer.

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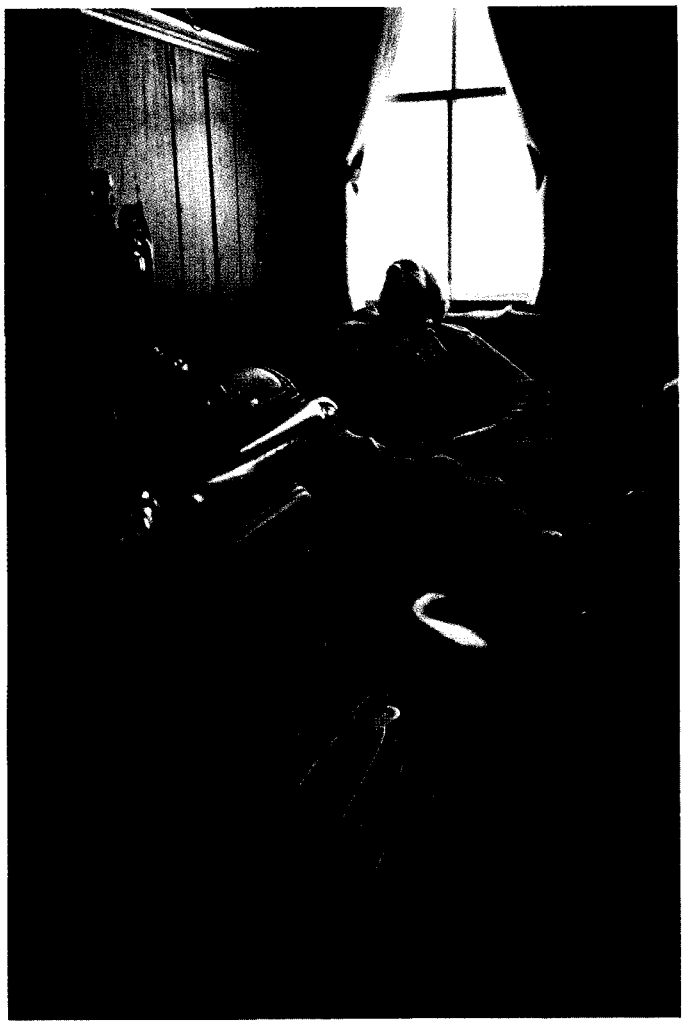
The Country Gentleman

The magazine for those who care about the country things in life.

If you own a woodstove, you know that old ways were sometimes best—a wood fire just smells *right*. And other ways are right for you, too . . . like sitting down to dinner at the table *you* made, spread with the good things *you* harvested. . . like believing that *natural* is often better . . . and reading *The Country Gentleman*. You care about the country things in life. And the *Gent* cares about you. Read about what folks like you are doing to keep the countryside country, plus helpful tips on everything from veterinary care to antique shopping. Subscribe to *The Country Gentleman*, and you'll receive the brand-new *Better Health Family Cookbook*, filled with over 140 recipes to keep you fit the natural way—a $2.95 value *free*. Take *The Country Gentleman*. It's a better way of life.



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A NIGHT FOR LOVE

There was something compelling in the air on this unforgettable summer evening.

by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham

Moonlight is all right for young lovers, and women never seem to get tired of it. But when a man gets older he usually thinks moonlight is a little too thin and cool for comfort. Turley Whitman thought so. Turley was in his pajamas at his bedroom window, waiting for his daughter Nancy to come home.

He was a huge, kind, handsome man. He looked like a good king, but he was only a company cop in charge of the parking lot at the Reinbeck Abrasives Company. His club, his pistol, his cartridges and his handcuffs were on a chair by the bed. Turley was confused and upset.

His wife Milly was in bed. For about the first time since their three-day honeymoon, in 1956, Milly hadn't put up her hair in curlers. Her hair was all spread out on her pillow. It made her look young and soft and mysterious. Nobody had looked mysterious in that bedroom for years. Milly opened her eyes wide and looked at the moon.

Her attitude was what threw Turley as much as anything. Milly refused to worry about what was maybe happening to Nancy out in

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the moonlight somewhere so late at night. Milly would drop off to sleep without even knowing it, then she would wake up and stare at the moon for a while, and she would think big thoughts without telling Turley what they were, and then she would drop off to sleep again.

"You awake?" said Turley.

"H'm?" said Milly.

"You decided to be awake?"

"I'm staying awake," said Milly dreamily. She sounded like a little girl.

"You think you've been staying awake?" said Turley.

"I must have dropped off without knowing it," she said.

"You've been sawing wood for an hour," said Turley.

He made her sound unattractive to herself because he wanted her to wake up more. He wanted her to wake up enough to talk to him instead of just stare at the moon. She hadn't really sawed wood when she'd slept. She'd been very beautiful and still.

Milly had been the town beauty once. Now her daughter was.

"I don't mind telling you, I'm worried sick," said Turley.

"Oh, honey," said Milly, "they're fine. They've got sense. They aren't crazy kids."

"You want to guarantee they're not cracked up in a ditch somewhere?" said Turley.

This roused Milly. She sat up, frowned and blinked away her sleepiness. "You really think——" she said.

"I really think!" said Turley sharply. "He gave me his solemn promise he'd have her home two hours ago."

Milly pulled off her covers, put her bare feet close together on the floor. "All right," she said. "I'm sorry. I'm awake now. I'm worried now."

"About time," said Turley. He turned his back to her, and he dramatized his responsible watch at the window by putting his big foot on the radiator.

"Do—do we just worry and wait?" said Milly.

"What do you suggest?" said Turley. "If you mean call the police to see if there's been an accident, I took care of that little detail while you were sawing wood."

"No accidents?" said Milly in a small, small voice.

"No accidents they know of," said Turley grimly.

Continued on page 115

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CHAMPAGNE AND GRACE NOTES

A-one and a-two add up to a "wunnerful" 25-year love affair for Lawrence Welk and his television audience.

by Bernice McGeehan

Watch him walk through an airport. Heads turn, there are startled, questioning looks, and then—as they see it really *is* the person they think it is—broad smiles, outstretched hands, and cries of welcome. "Hey, Lawrence, how are you! It's wonderful to see you!" It's as if they're greeting an old and very dear friend, and, in a way, they are. Lawrence Welk is friends with the whole country.

Lawrence still honors his own dictum: "If they can't hum it after we play it, it's not for us." He also has a talent for finding—and keeping—exceptional musicians like 8-year veteran Henry Cuesta (right) whom Welk calls "the man with the golden clarinet."

The affectionate rapport between Welk and his fans is amazing. Just recently he flew home from Florida where he had been competing in the Disney World Golf Tournament. He was tired, pleasantly so, and looking forward to a nice, relaxing flight. But no sooner were they safely airborne than the stewardess appeared with some slips of paper in her hand. "I'm sorry, Mr. Welk," she said, "but so many passengers spotted you getting on board—I wonder, would you mind giving them a few autographs?"

"Oh," said Lawrence, getting up immediately, "sure. I'll just go back and say hello, too."

And he does. Up one aisle and down the other he goes, signing autographs, shaking hands, laughing, joking, hugging a few babies, kissing a grandma or two, and listening attentively as passenger after passenger grabs his hand and pulls him close to say they never miss his show. "Why, thank you," he says—and means it—"thank you very much!"

It takes him perhaps half an hour to make the rounds, and when he reaches the door leading to his own section, he turns for a quick wave good-bye. To his astonishment, the whole group rises as one and tenders him a round of applause and cheers. "It's the first time," he said later, still looking a little dazzled, "that I ever got a standing ovation in the sky!"

One of the chief charms of this engaging man is his apparent wonder that even after 56 years of entertaining the American public, they still want to see him, touch him, get his autograph—and sometimes talk his arm off! "Doesn't it ever bug you?" I asked him. He grinned. "No, never. It would only bug me if they didn't!"

There doesn't seem to be much chance of that happening. On the contrary, people seem eager to express their appreciation, affection—even love—for this 76-year-old man who was able to transcend some of the most severe limitations ever laid on one human being and overcome them to achieve a super-stardom which now seems as firmly fixed as the evening star. Maybe it's because he's one of us—the farm boy who made good, the uneducated youngster who had enough moxie and drive to make it off the farm and into the rarefied atmosphere of stardom. Or maybe it's because he seems to personify all that is best in the American character, a man who made good by being good, someone to respect as well as admire. Whatever it is, Lawrence Welk seems to have forged an enduring bond with the American people, and this year he and his Musical Family are celebrating their silver anniversary on television, something never achieved by any musical show in history. That's 25 years of *consecutive* weekly broadcasts, one a week for 52 weeks a year. In a business where the life span of most shows is one to ten years—if they're lucky, that is—the Welk record is almost unbelievable.

He didn't start out with that particular goal in mind. "I just wanted to earn my living in music," he told me. "But I guess one thing kind of led to another." Indeed it did! From farm boy to small-time bandleader . . . to big-time bandleader . . . to radio . . . to television . . . to business tycoon—he's our own Horatio Alger come to life! In fact, if a scriptwriter were to recount the

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Tripping the light fantastic, stunning Mary Lou Metzger and Maestro Welk spin graceful arcs to the rolling credits at show's end. Versatile Mary Lou also sings, acts and does comedy routines.

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bare outlines of the Welk story, it would probably be rejected as pure Horatio Alger fantasy. Consider:

Young boy, son of immigrant parents, grows up on a remote farm in the wilds near Strasburg, North Dakota. The family is poor, and life is a daily struggle to feed the eight little Welks. Always a sickly child, agonizingly shy—the kind of child who hid behind a chair and had to be dragged out when company came—the youngster is stricken with a ruptured appendix at age 11. For seven weeks he hovers between life and death in a hospital and then spends a full year in convalescence at home. His education, which has been conducted up to that point by the Ursuline Sisters in the tiny parochial school in Strasburg, is summarily cut short, ending his formal education at the fourth grade. Because he grows up in a community composed almost entirely of German immigrants, the young man never learns to speak English until he leaves the farm at 21. And yet this shy, frail, uneducated, desperately poor and inarticulate youth grew up to become one of the best-known Americans in contemporary history and a man who confounded the experts by successfully riding the barracuda-infested waters of TV for over a quarter of a century. When you add to that some wide-ranging real estate holdings in Santa Monica and Escondido, six books, countless recordings, a healthy bank account and a warm and close family life, you have a success story even Horatio Alger would think twice about writing!

How did it all happen? What got him there? And what keeps him there? "His magic personality," said Bob Warren, instantly. Warren, who has announced the show for 25 years, adds, "I'm with him in the studio every week, and I see what he does to an audience. He mesmerizes them. They can't take their eyes off him!" Sam Lutz, his long-time personal manager, agrees that Lawrence has tremendous charisma, "and he always has had. But," added Sam, "he also has a total dedication to his craft, a great desire to please and an unusual ability to listen to others. And his word is his bond. He and I had a handshake agreement back in 1946—something very rare in this business—and it has led to a wonderful, 34-year friendship."

Don Fedderson, the highly successful TV producer ("My Three Sons," "The Millionaire," "Family Affair" and others), and the man who launched Welk into national television in 1955, now heads the syndication operation. "Lawrence," he said quietly, "has a God-given talent for making a living

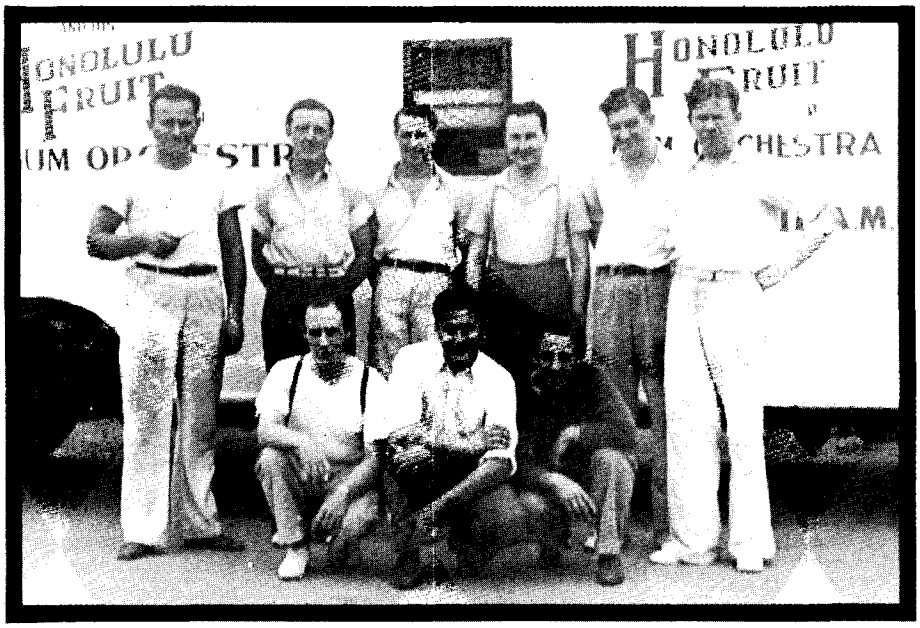
Champagne bubbles prove exhilarating not only to champagne lovers but to bubble-gummers as well. Minorities and recent immigrants, not able to grasp the idiom and laugh-machine humor of TV sit-coms, also swell the Welk audience.

room out of a concert hall of ten or twenty thousand people and making a television viewer feel as if he's the man next door. He's an American institution."

But his creative-production people have slightly different viewpoints. George Cates, for example, who's been his musical director since the Aragon Ballroom days on Lick Pier in Santa Monica back in the '40s, believes Welk's success is because he reflects almost exactly the musical tastes of the average American. "What he likes, they like. And also," adds Cates, thoughtfully, "Lawrence appeals to ethnic groups—Europeans, Mexicans, Puerto Ricans—newcomers to this country. They don't understand our situation comedies or sophisticated dramatic shows. But they *can* relate to his music; they feel comfortable with it. Anyone with a musical heritage of any nationality can relate to his music."

Jim Hobson, Welk's producer-director since the inception of the show, says it's Lawrence's "intuitive understanding. He just *knows* what's best for the show—and he's never wrong!"

All of them agree with Hobson that the show fills a deep-down



Somehow "Lawrence Welk and his Honolulu Fruit" didn't have just the right ring to it. Nor did the "Hotsy Totsy Boys" ring any clearer. So in 1939, amid the pomp and splendor of a Pittsburgh engagement at the William Penn Hotel, Lawrence christened his band's fluidic melodies once and for all "Champagne Music of Lawrence Welk."

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need in most of us—a need to recapture the happier, simpler days of our youth when everything seemed much brighter and better. The Welk show, the Welk music—light, clean, full of happy memories—recreates that time for us, touches a chord of nostalgia deep within. "That's not to say," added Hobson, "that Lawrence plays music only from the '30s and '40s. He plays all kinds—contemporary, Dixieland, light opera, even rock and roll." It's an eclectic mix of the best of rhythmic, melodic music. As Lawrence puts it, "if you can't hum it after we play it, then it's not for us!"

But it may have been his longtime make-up man, Rudy Horvatich, who put his finger on one of the major reasons Lawrence holds the affection of so many people. Dabbing a coat of light make-up on Welk's tanned face as he got him ready for the cameras, Horvatich said, quietly. "I think it's Mr. Welk's great concern for his fans. He's so good to them . . . always thinking of ways to please them. I've worked with every top star in the business and I've never seen anyone as considerate and—and as kind to his fans as Mr. Welk."

After ten years' close association with Welk, collaborating on his books, I'm inclined to agree. I've seen Lawrence under the most trying circumstances and have never once seen him the least bit short with any of his fans. In fact, just as I was preparing this article, we flew to Portland, Oregon, to autograph his new book, flying up and back in one day and, as usual, he was inundated with requests for autographs. Flying home, one youngster kept coming back again and again for yet another autograph. Far from being annoyed, Lawrence seemed intrigued, and he signed each time with his usual flourish. (He writes a large, flowing script, and the "L" in Lawrence looks very much like the signature on the treble clef, which somehow seems very fitting.) At any rate, after the tenth request, he finally asked the little boy, "How come you want so many of my autographs?" "Oh," said the child, innocently, "I'm selling them in the back of the plane for a dime." That sounds like a press agent's dream, but it actually happened. Lawrence nearly fell out of his seat he laughed so hard. "That little boy," he said, "will never go hungry."

His sense of humor is always near the surface, bubbling, irrepressible. And he loves to put people on. Just recently he came home from a luncheon where he was the honored guest and told his wife, Fern, that his speech was so bad the audience booed him. (Not true.) And he loves to tell stories on himself. "There was this lady who cut in on me at the Palladium one time. I had turned the baton over to Myron [Floren, his star accordionist] and gone down on the floor for a tag dance with the ladies. Well, most ladies are so gentle and polite, and they just tap you very lightly on the shoulder. But this lady—she was a little on the large side—she just came pushing through the crowd like this"—Lawrence demonstrates, making swimming motions with his arms—"and she didn't tap me, she slapped me so hard on the back I nearly fell down. Then she grabbed me the wrong way and started leading! I tried to get her straightened around, but it turned out she had never danced before and we just tramped all over each other's feet. Finally, she stopped and said, 'Mr. Welk, on television it looks like you're a much better dancer'!"

If others cite his humor or charm or charisma as reasons for his success, Lawrence himself takes a much more pragmatic view. "I think it's because it took the boys and me longer to make the big time than any other orchestra. By the time we made it, we had really paid our dues."

That's true. Nobody has paid more dues in this business than Lawrence, and he started paying them a long, long time ago, back on the farm in Strasburg, where the Welk family, children included, worked every day from dawn to dusk. "Well, actually, we worked only in the spring and summer and fall. In the wintertime, we had very few chores—and that's the time I liked best of all, because then we had music. My father played accordion, my mother sang, we all danced. Those were happy times.

"I had a recurrent dream in those years . . . so vivid I can still recall every detail today. In my dream, I was always standing in the center of a huge crowd—and they were smiling and applauding as I played my accordion."

For a small boy on a backwoods farm to dream such a dream might seem downright ludicrous. But Lawrence was obsessed by music—and so talented that he was playing tunes on the old family

Continued on page 84

What Horatio Alger would have given for a plot like this: A naive North Dakota farm boy hugging his accordion sets out to seek his fortune in the world of music. Some 1,300 shows later, that farm boy is a sophisticated orchestra leader on the threshold of his silver anniversary with an adoring TV audience.

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ROADWAY ROULETTE

With hubby taking a spin at the wheel, the wife's game plan calls for him to go directly into shock, do not pass a rest room and do not collect his wits until the trip is over.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Jared Lee

Husbands often become so self-centered they fail to recognize the many subtle ways in which their wives fill the void after the kids have flown the nest. I, in all modesty, am not one of them.

Most noticeable to me is the way my wife fills the void when we are traveling on one of those monotonous stretches of freeway.

I mean, without kids in the car, no more stopping at the first food exit after breakfast for something to munch on—anything to make stopping at the next two exits for drinks a necessity . . . and for a rest room at the following two exits even more vital—not to mention emergency stops should those exits lie more than 10 miles apart.

To quit all this fun cold, of course, can give a man withdrawal symptoms of the worst kind.

But my wife, bless her heart, has filled the gap. Through the subtle development of an inventory of highway games, she now takes my mind off the monotony of freeway travel completely.

The game she seems to favor—at least it usually comes first in her repertoire—is the one I call "Heart Attack." The rules go like this:

The car must be a minimum of 10 miles from starting point in heavy traffic, with the next exit a minimum of 10 miles ahead. She begins the game by suddenly clapping a hand to her forehead. She may at the same time mutter, "Oh, no," but this is optional.

As soon as she sees my heart fibrillating to the point of fluttering my necktie, she begins a frantic search of her pockets. Then a feverish inventory of her purse. Followed by a desperate ransacking of the glove compartment. And finally a last-hope check of the rear seat. If I have by this time pulled safely off onto the berm, she scores one point. If I have pulled off at a speed that sends the car plunging down an embankment, she is awarded three points. I rack up one point if the car is not totaled, three if we can both walk away.

In case of a tie, I win the game if I can guess just what the heck it is she forgot. I lost the last one by guessing it *had* to be the deed to the Taj Mahal. A packet of Kleenex was the correct answer.

Her second selection is usually a game involving the heater in winter, the air conditioner in summer. "Roastie Toastie," the heater contest, has proven the more exciting. My personal thermostat hovers around 17. My wife's hovers around three below. Thus the object here is for me to keep from stripping to the waist and for her to stay comfortable without wrapping up in a blanket.

The game usually doesn't begin until I get sleepy and open my window. Just a crack is plenty: At the first whiff of fresh air, she throws herself into the contest by turning the heater to High. I accidentally turn it off altogether while dusting the speedometer with the end of my necktie. She begins hugging herself and *brrr*ing every couple of miles. When this fails to win the game, she reaches into the back seat for her sweater, making a big to-do of getting into it, as if maybe her arms were already too numb to function properly. But they usually function well enough that when her contortions finally subside, I find the heater back on High.

After my glasses begin to fog, I have no choice but to roll my window all the way down. She counters by grabbing her hair with both hands, as if to keep it from being blown out by the roots. If I now roll the window back up, she wins. If I don't, and she can drape a scarf over her head and tie it under her chin in such a manner as to have passing motorists sympathizing over her case of mumps (or worse, fresh-air-fiend husband), I lose.

Games are often called on account of rain. Not hers. In fact, a few sprinkles of rain *make* one of

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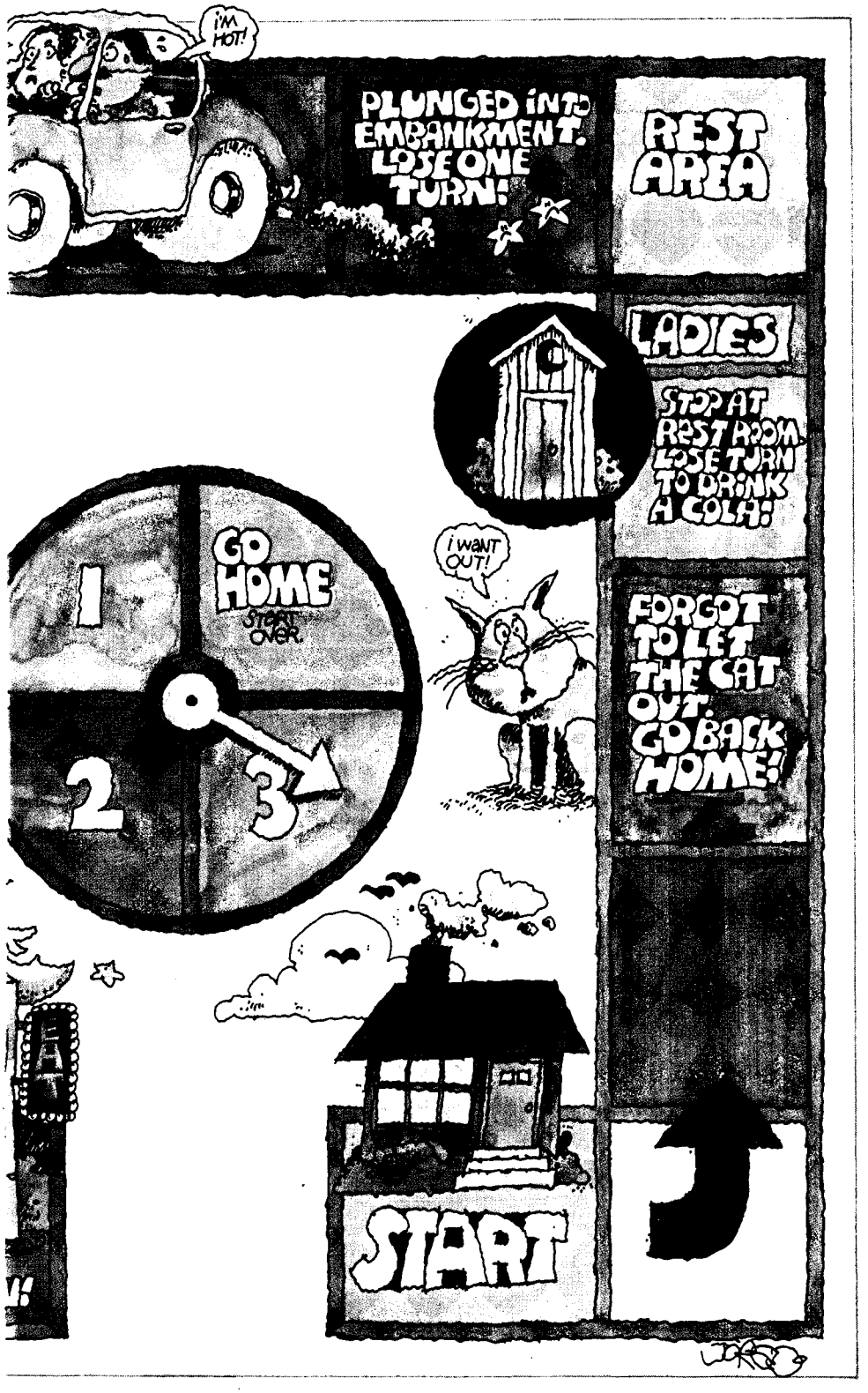
her more exciting contests. That's all it takes for an excuse to reach over and flip on the windshield wipers. The object here is to smear bugs completely across my line of vision. If she can smear them so thickly that I am forced to pull off the highway . . . (see scoring for Heart Attack game).

Some of these diversions—particularly the last one—are over before we know it. Her fun-filled "Why, Where and When to Stop," on the other hand, never fails to keep us entertained for hours.

She has, of course, several possibilities. If it isn't a restaurant it's a rest room. If not a rest room, a motel. If none of the three, it is what she calls "points of interest."



Our last point of interest, to give you an idea, was 55 miles off our route, cost $2.50 each for admission and consisted of a sick donkey, two goats, a garter snake, a bunch of mice and a row of empty cages bearing labels of Lion, Zebra, Aardvark, Polar Bear, Elephant and Wildebeest. For another buck each we were treated to the spectacle of the garter snake devouring a mouse, during which one of the goats seized the opportunity to run off with my wallet, which I had stashed in my hip pocket for safekeeping.

The thing that makes the What, Where and When game so lively is that I was born under the sign of the Camel. I can go for 500 miles without a drink. My wife, however, can't so much as see a Coke sign without her tongue swelling. We must, therefore, contest every possible source of potables and, of course, every possible source of relief: rest area, welcome center, service station, bush—you name it. As for games going overtime: I have seen ten women go into a rest room *after* my wife and watched all ten come out before she showed up. Whether she's overly polite, forgets the dime and has to crawl under, or is bothered with some sort of condition, I am never in the mood to inquire.

Our stomachs, being no better synchronized, provide her with yet another source of highway high jinks.

I am hungry at lunchtime. She isn't. The reason I am hungry: I'm so eager to get started on the day's games that I seldom bother with more than doughnuts and coffee for breakfast. She believes she can't play her best on less than a hearty meal of pancakes and sausage. And while I spend the forenoon working up an appetite at the wheel, she confines her activity to the manipulating of the instrument panel gadgets and short walks to relief areas.

"Don't mind me," she says, to open the game. "Just because I'm not hungry is no reason for you not to take this ideal driving time to pull off the highway and look around for a restaurant. At least I can come in and get warm" (or cool off, depending on the season).

Continued on page 113

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POLLING THE STARS

What's on the horizon for the 1980 presidential hopefuls—eclipse or meteoric success? Five astrologers' charts of the planets and stars confirm that only heaven knows.

Eugene Moore

With the 1980 presidential campaign already in full hue and cry, interest intensifies as to who will be nominated by each party. Challenges and counter-challenges are being hurled by all candidates as the pace quickens to a fever pitch. The old adage, "Timing is everything," applies to campaigning as it does to all human endeavors. But, whose "time" is it, and can the winners be forecasted?

Ecclesiastes 3:1-2 states, "For everything its season, and for every activity under heaven its time: a time to be born and a time to die; a time to plant and a time to uproot. . . ." Genesis 1:14 tells us, "And God said, let there be lights in the vault of heaven to separate day from night, and let them serve as signs both for festivals and for seasons and years. . . ." The moving, evolving universe mirrors these mysterious times and cycles in earthly events—as it is above, so it is below.

Thus, we do have means of forecasting human events, just as the Magi/wise men, or as in original texts, the astrologers/kings, could forecast when and where Jesus would be born and also knew to warn Joseph and Mary to flee the murderous intent of Herod. Our nativity charts are as individual as fingerprints, revealing the divine plan for each life. Astrology interprets these charts. It is not fatalistic but indicates the probable course of events, provided nothing is done to alter it. Constructive action can often escalate a favorable time into great achievement and forestall, or temper, adverse times. This is our "free will," without which life would be purposeless, we would be puppets on strings.

These times and events will show in a chart, although they can be misread, just as a doctor can misread x-rays, or a weather forecaster misinterpret weather fronts, overlooking something or not grasping its full significance. Forecasting life events can be accurate only if precise birth time is known. If the birth time is wrong, there will be forecasting errors. Birth data used in this article have been obtained from the best available sources.

President James Carter was born October 1, 1924, at 6:42 a.m. in Plains, Georgia. He has a Libra sun and the sign of Libra was rising on the eastern horizon at Plains at his birth time, making him a "double Libra." This is the sign of partnership and instinctive peacemakers, always striving to achieve balance. Such perpetual scale-balancing often leads to indecisiveness (a trait observable in both Carter and President Eisenhower, also a Libran). Once a decision is reached, they can act resolutely and can even declare war, if necessary, to achieve peace. It can be a grave mistake to misinterpret their delayed action or wavering as timidity. Carter's moon and Saturn in Scorpio give him a degree of incisiveness and a strong sense of re-

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sponsibility; he can care deeply about others. His Mercury opposing his Uranus can give him original concepts, though they could be impractical at times.

Carter's chart is powerfully aspected during this election year, as any candidate's chart will be, but it is not as favorable as it was four years ago. The convention time also is not as favorable as in 1976. He faces an uphill battle to keep his office another term. Stressful patterns have been building up throughout his administration and will continue to do so. Pluto now on his eastern horizon shows peril from mob violence and fanatics, as the Iran situation has demonstrated. His progressed chart indicates a new beginning of some sort in November, and he will have to contend with formidable opponents, some open and some hidden.

Senator Edward Kennedy, Carter's opponent, was born at 3:58 a.m., February 22, 1932, at Dorchester, Massachusetts. He has a Pisces sun and Virgo moon, and Capricorn rises on the eastern horizon. He has several unusual placements in his chart which can be troublesome for him. Natal Saturn falls below the horizon in the first sector of his chart and it has no major relationship to any of the other planets, sun or moon. Saturn here normally gives a strong sense of responsibility, especially in Capricorn, but when unaspected, as here, this sense operates spasmodically and erratically, comparable to a loose string on a ten-stringed instrument. His moon falls in the same celestial longitude as Neptune and they are directly opposite his sun, making it difficult for him to be analytical or objective about his own emotions and actions. It can lead to unrealistic thinking.

Kennedy's planets form a see-saw pattern which creates inner conflict. He also has fortunate configurations which denote luck, fame and charisma. Kennedy also has a transiting Pluto effect. It is making a very difficult aspect to his natal and progressed planetary positions. This is another crisis point in his life. He also must cope with fanaticism and violence.

Former governor John Connally was born at 2 a.m. on February 27, 1917, in Floresville, Texas. He has a Pisces sun and a Taurus moon, and Sagittarius rises. Mars exactly conjuct his sun illustrates his magnetic and forceful personality. His moon aspect to Saturn lends some conservatism and sense of responsibility, but his three Aquarius planets can often give a maverick effect, accounting for his astonishing switch in parties. He can be full of surprises and have highly original solutions. Blunt-spoken Sagittarius rising accounts for his tendency to call a spade a spade and his capability to zero into the heart of things. It also bestows competitiveness, magnanimity and compassion.

Connally's chart also has very strong aspects to his mid-heaven and horizon, indicating status change. During the convention and November election, he can be much more formidable than anticipated.

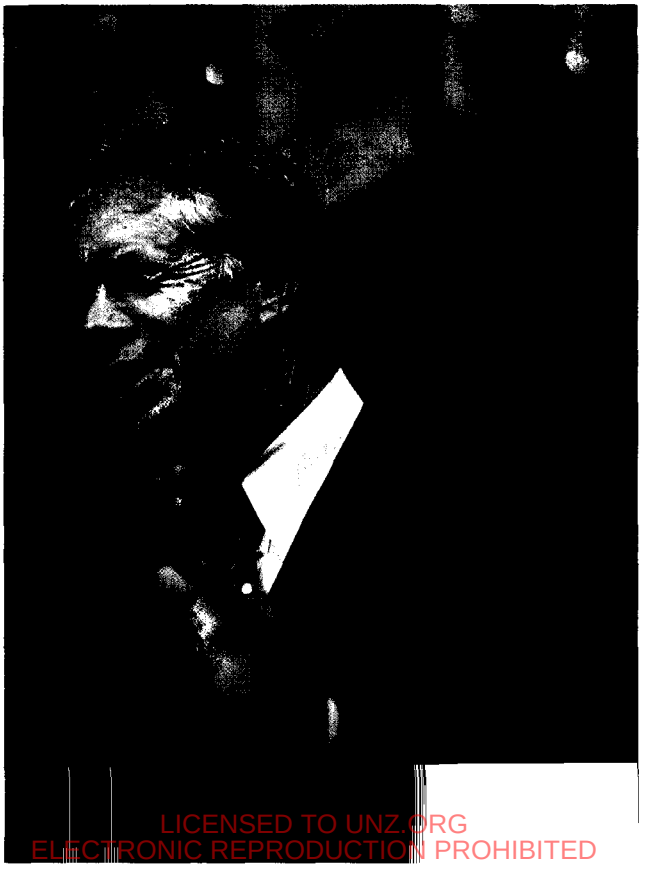
Republican candidate former governor Ronald Reagan was born on February 6, 1911, at 1:56 a.m. in Tampico, Illinois. He has an Aquarius sun and Taurus moon, and Scorpio rises, which combine to give him enormous stamina and youthful vitality. Five of his planets are in tenacious earth element signs, showing his deep conservatism. His Aquarius sun denotes advanced thinking, humanitarianism and innovative capability. He is endowed with keen financial acumen and charisma.

Reagan should benefit from the timing of the Republican convention in July. In 1968 and 1976, when he lost previous nominations, the conventions occurred in August, not as favorable a time for him. There are very helpful configurations in Reagan's chart now and his mid-heaven and rising degrees will be powerfully activated in November, indicative of a change in world status.

The United States chart indicates many problems ahead. Inflation will remain troublesome,

Piscean John Connally may be the biggest fish in the pond when Republicans go fishing in July. A mid-heaven Jupiter on Election Day indicates a strong current going his way.

As a double Libra, Jimmy Carter's peacemaking propensities have been heralded by the stars, but his planetary prospective is more down-to-earth. A hardy Jupiter will make his convention jovial, but at election time Neptune looms on the fringes—a sign of weakness.



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further atomic power problems and crippling strikes could occur, all reflecting in the stock market, but energy shortages will be the primary concern. There is grave indication of foreign entanglements, and another military police action is possible, similar to Vietnam or Korea. Oil shortages could compel such action to secure adequate supplies. There is potential for an unexpected, Iranian-type attack on our overseas military forces. April, May and June can be perilous months. These adverse foreign portents mark a low point for United States prestige and will have continuing repercussions, particularly in the political arena.

Thus, for the Democrats, the law of diminishing returns applies, as the administration faces its toughest year. The party in power always bears the brunt of blame for the country's woes. Foreign crises have escalated, and if Carter is unable to solve them, his reelection chances are slim.

Carter's chart indicates continuing peril, both politically and personally. After January 1, 1980, security precautions should be increased and his health guarded, as the physical drain can be seriously debilitating. His charisma and momentum of 1976 are dissipating and now resemble a sinking ship.

Kennedy's chart is also heavily afflicted; security must not be slackened. He shares planetary weaknesses similar to Carter's and lacks the formidable configurations his brother had in 1960. His charisma and credence have been repeatedly battered by his own actions, tending to overshadow his favorable traits.

There are so many unknowns at this time that there is no positive way of forecasting a winner now, but it appears neither Carter nor Kennedy can make it—they could be eliminated through the primaries, at the convention or by some incapacitating event. A compromise candidate is a possibility. As mentioned previously, constructive action can alter indications, while negative actions can decrease success. A "dark horse" could alter the election picture.

Both Republican candidates can run strongly during the convention and November election; both have much potential. At this time, Reagan appears to have the edge, but their individual efforts will be determining factors. The primaries can be crucial and a dark horse cannot be discounted. Republicans should regain the White House.

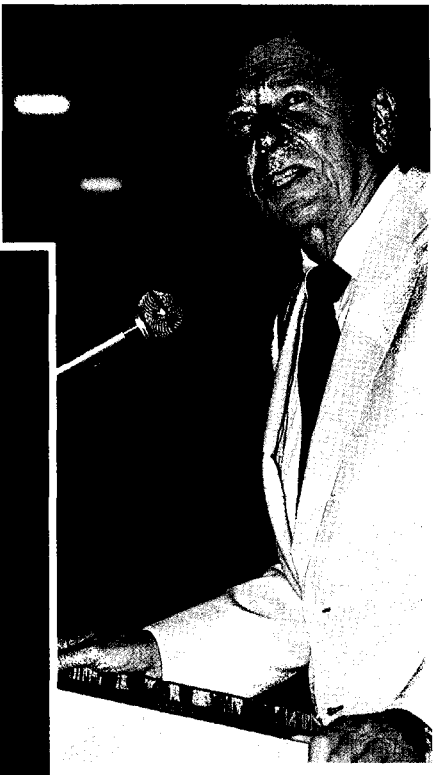
Nineteen eighty is shaping up as a year which will long be remembered. It is obvious great changes are ahead. How these changes will affect our future rests largely on both administration sagacity and public support. To paraphrase: Now is the time for all good citizens to come to the aid of their country.

Robert Hand

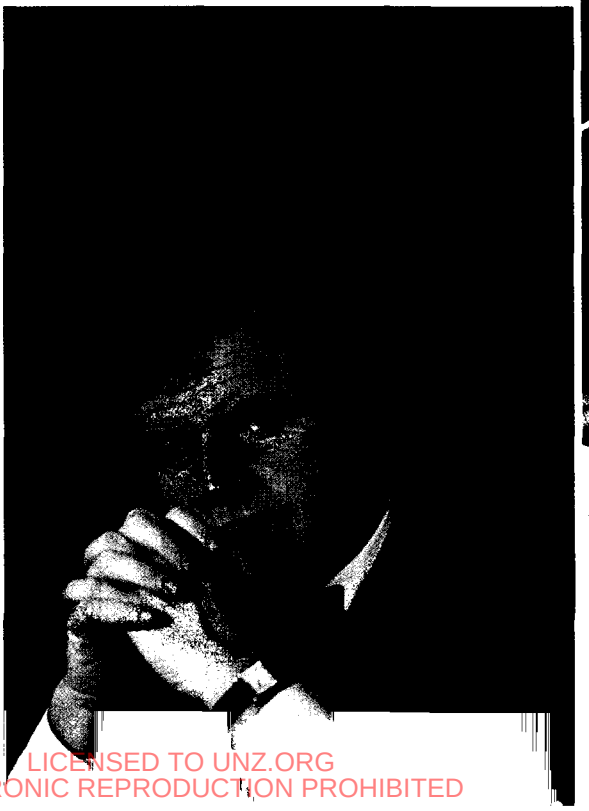
To do a proper job of calling an election an astrologer needs one thing badly: accurately timed horoscopes on all of the candidates. For those readers who are accustomed to the "horoscopes" that appear in the newspapers, it may come as something of a shock to realize that a real horoscope is an accurate, schematic map of the relation of every planet, the sun and the moon to the place of birth at the exact moment of birth. The date alone is not enough.

We are limiting this discussion to four candidates who appear to be front runners at this early date: Carter and Kennedy, the Democrats, and Connally and Reagan, the Republicans. Of these we have truly accurate birth data only for Kennedy! For Carter we have a birth time that is within an hour or so of correct—barely usable. For Connally and Reagan we have times that are in no way authenticated, and, even if correct, are clearly accurate only to within an hour or so. Everything that is said in this article is to be taken with the understanding that we are working with very deficient tools. An astrologer working with inaccurate birth data is like a carpenter using a rubber hammer.

Astrologers use several systems when predicting. The first of these is simply to compare the planets' po-



Long-burning and still bright, Ronald Reagan's stardom is sustained by an Aquarian sun and a Taurean moon, whose gifts are stamina and vitality. He'll benefit from the July convention when his signs are favorable. Helpful configurations indicate a change in his world status in November.



Kennedy's planets may give him the slip in 1980 unless he rides in on a pre-convention solar eclipse. A "lucky" aspect for fall shows he could outwit the stars as did brother John in 1960

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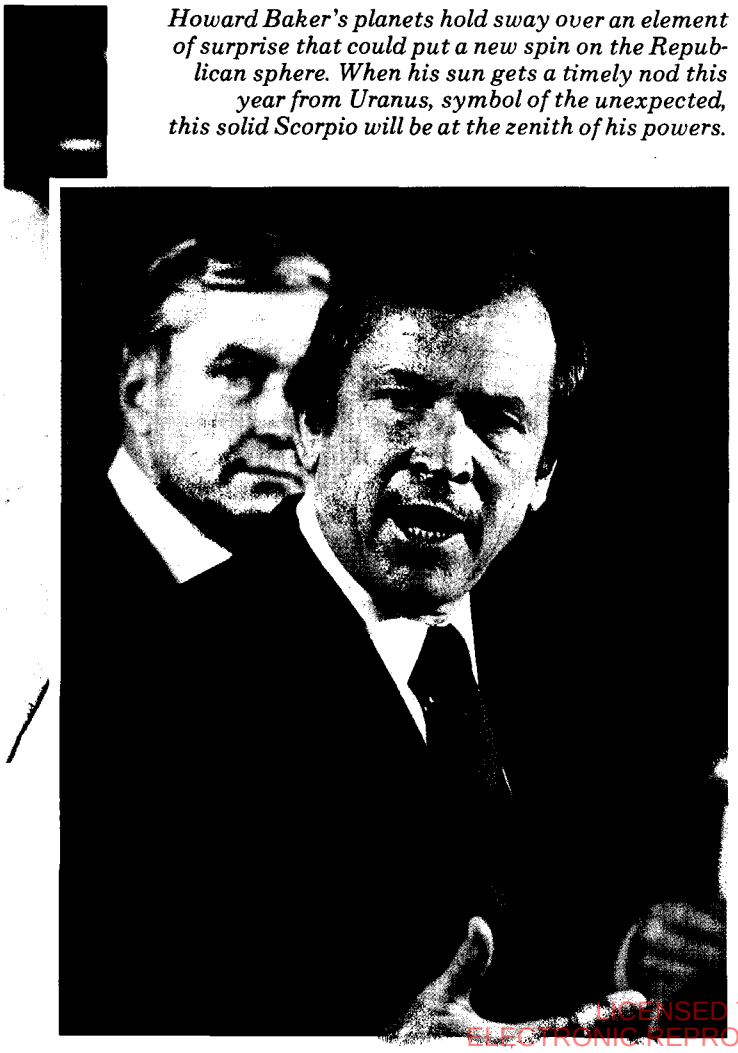
sitions on any given date to the positions in the birth horoscope. These are called transits. A second method is by moving the horoscope ahead one day of real time for each year of life. These are called progressions. Another method is to consider each degree of arc to be equivalent to some amount of time. These are called directions. I have used all three of these in my work. In addition I have used the points in the zodiac halfway between pairs of planets as well as the planets themselves. These are called midpoints.

I am currently a supporter of Kennedy, so that when I say that I do not think that Kennedy is going to be nominated, the reader will know that it is not because I am a Carter supporter or a Republican. His popularity will rise and fall several times between now and the convention, but by the time of the convention there will be very little energy leaning his way, astrologically speaking, whereas Carter has quite a bit going for him. It is in Kennedy's progressions that we find the greatest difficulty. At the time of the convention he will have a combination of Mercury, Pluto, Neptune, the midpoint of Mars and Saturn, the sun and Venus. Looking at each element we see Mercury representing communications, Pluto/power, Neptune/confusion, the sun/will, Venus/ability to attract people and the Mars-Saturn midpoint/blocked energies. In laymen's terms, Kennedy is trying to communicate, to convince people that he is the best candidate, and he is trying to make people like him. However, he will be misunderstood, people will not be clear about what he stands for, and his energies will be blocked. This is a combination of misunderstanding, confusion, frustration and struggle. Certainly this is not an easy combination to live with when trying to win votes. Early in his campaign, the Iranians claimed that Kennedy tried to establish contact with the Ayatollah Khomeini to negotiate the release of the hostages. At the same time, he made his comments about the Shah, for which he was widely criticized. This kind of confusion and poor timing in his campaign is not likely to stop soon. On Election Day there are very few indications concerning his chart and, in this case, no news is bad news.



Howard Baker's planets hold sway over an element of surprise that could put a new spin on the Republican sphere. When his sun gets a timely nod this year from Uranus, symbol of the unexpected, this solid Scorpio will be at the zenith of his powers.

Carter, by contrast, is in quite good shape for the convention. In his progressed horoscope we find Mars with Jupiter, which indicates fortunate actions and good timing. We also find Venus connected to the midpoint of the moon and Pluto, which indicates one who is liked by the masses. Among his directions we find the Sun connected to the midpoint of Venus and Jupiter, which is another indication of being well-liked. But the strongest indication is that the planet Jupiter, the best indicator of success in general but especially in politics, is tied to Jupiter in his birth chart by a 90-degree angle. This is a combination which should energize Carter to success and achievement.

However, by Election Day things will have changed significantly. The most severe indication is that in the progressed horoscope. Here we have Mars tied to Saturn in his natal chart, which in turn is tied to the midpoint of the sun and Mars. One of the best authorities in astrology, Reinhold Ebertin, states in his work, *Combinations of Stellar Influences* (Ebertin Verlag, Aalen, West Germany, 1972), this combination means "difficulties or obstacles in vocation or profession, defeat in a fight or contest. . . ."

In addition, near Election Day there is a combination forming of Mars with Neptune. This indicates weakness and inability to fight. It occurs near Carter's combination of Mercury and Uranus. This indicates that he will find it harder and harder to get his point across to the American people. If Carter wins the election, it will not be by a landslide. He will either be very close or will lose.

Turning to the Republican side, we enter the real bed of quicksand because of the birth time problem. At the time of the Republican convention, Reagan, whom most think to be in the lead now, does not seem to have much going for him. It is not so much that his chart is in bad shape as it is in no shape. However, if his birth time is considerably off, that could change the picture.

Connally, however, has excellent transits at the time of the convention, and could conceivably emerge the winner. But I do not have times on all of the other Republican candidates. Bush could be in contention. Connally's most outstanding combination involves Jupiter's midpoint with Pluto, the nodes of the moon (a significant point on the moon's orbit used by astrologers) and the first point of Aries. This combination is described by Ebertin as "joint aspiration, a relationship to the masses, political activity; a joint or shared success, far-reaching associations."

Near the time of the convention, Jupiter, the planet of success and achievement, crosses opposite his sun and Mars, a combination which makes a man's actions

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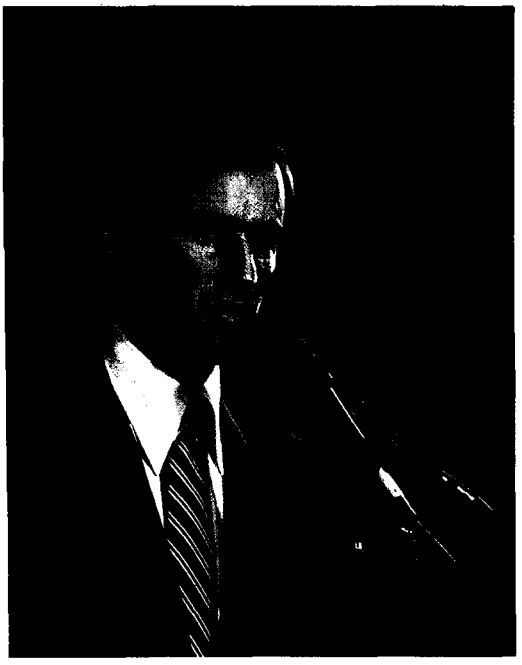
very effective and usually well timed.

If Connally is nominated, his chances on Election Day are also good. At that time he has Jupiter on the most elevated point in his chart, the mid-heaven, a point that has to do with career and success. However, if the birth time that I have received is not accurate, this would be completely thrown off.

So, from the data that I have received on these candidates, a Carter-Connally campaign looks possible, but that is without knowing much about Senator Baker, George Bush and Representative Anderson of Illinois.

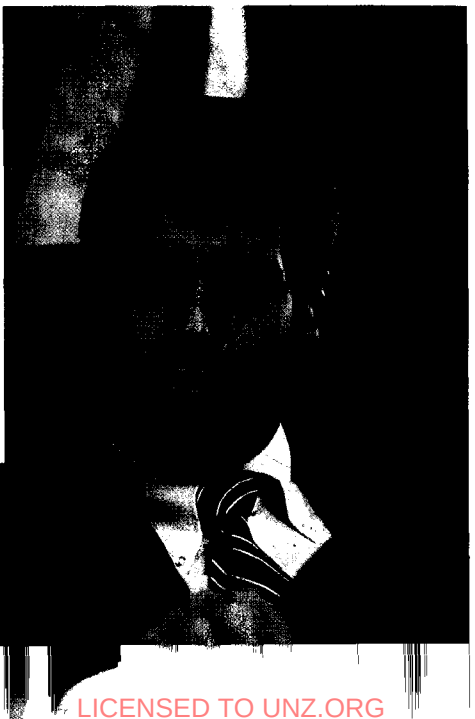
One factor could throw all of this off, aside from the birth time problem. In 1960, Kennedy was elected under very bad combinations—so bad, in fact, that most astrologers thought he would lose. As a result of his being elected to the presidency, he was assassinated. I am not forecasting that a president is about to be assassinated. However, if historical events turn sufficiently grim, as they appear to be doing at this time, then winning a presidential election is not likely to be a good thing for whomever does it. Under these circumstances, *difficult* astrological signs rather than *positive* indications would forecast the winning of an election.

Astrology really tells us most about psychological patterns in an individual's life. It shows events only insofar as they are the consequences of psychological patterns. The timing of an election is established by the Constitution, not by the will of the candidates. Thus the astrological indications can only show probabilities based on the psychological states of the individuals involved, not fated certainties.



Unlike other candidates, Jerry Brown will have to make do without the help of a single eclipse (sun, moon or planet), but a solid Aries, he'll ram through to the convention despite unfavorable aspects

Devoid of data on Phil Crane, a Scorpio from the house of Mars, astrologers can get no accurate fix. But charting a guess, it's possible this Republican stalwart could ride in as a dark horse if powerful aspects deadlock the top contenders.



Charles and Vivia Jayne

The dark clouds on the international horizon for 1980 are an important factor in the race for the presidency of the United States, for a crisis in the international situation can erupt into action in April as Mars resumes forward motion. Any such development can favor the incumbent in office and thus President Carter, who is a major contestant in the presidential race.

It is a curious thing but it is true that eclipses of the sun and moon have a way of picking out the important contenders for the presidency by occurring near their birthdays or six months away. Ronald Reagan was born February 6, 1911, so the solar eclipse of August 10, 1980, will oppose his natal sun. John Connally, another important Republican candidate, was born on February 27, 1917. The lunar eclipse, an appulse, of March 1, 1980, is virtually on his birthday. Currently the eclipses are taking place in the signs Aquarius (Reagan) and Pisces (Connally and Kennedy) and in the opposite signs, Leo and Virgo. Senator Kennedy was born on February 22, 1932, and he will be affected by the solar eclipse of August 22, 1979, and the lunar one of August 25, 1980, each one being six months from his birthday. The eclipses will have an effect on all three of these men.

On May 13 the sun will eclipse the planet Mercury, and on November 17, right after the election, the sun will eclipse Uranus. These rare planetary eclipses pick out Senator Howard Baker, who was born November 15, 1925. President Carter is somewhat different as the incumbent in office. He will have the two giant planets, Jupiter and Saturn, on his birth sun in Libra at the end of 1980, for he was born October 1, 1924. These two planets come together in this way every 20 years. Governor Brown of California, born April 7, 1938, is not picked out in this manner. Other astrological indications are such that he is not expected by us to be a nominee or to win, even if he were selected as a nominee by the Democrats. The other candidate, of many whom we tried to consider, was George Bush, that capable Republican who was born June 12, 1924. While no unusual planetary combination picks him out, this does not entirely rule him out. Our problem was that his family was unable to recall the time of day of his birth, which handicaps any astrologer.

We have, therefore, narrowed our choices to Baker, Connally and

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Reagan for the Republicans. They meet to select their nominee on July 14 in Detroit, Michigan. Which one is favored by the stars?

Ronald Reagan has been a major leader of the more conservative wing of the Republican party for many years and has a large following, therefore. Yet it is our opinion that he is not likely to win the nomination of his party. And we consider that if he did he would not be elected. For on the very day that the convention opens his progressed moon is in a difficult relationship to dour Saturn. The moon has much to do with the public and popularity. Indeed, on the day that the convention begins the moon is in Leo, the sign opposite Aquarius. This favors his opponents' more than his own interests.

If Reagan is not likely to win the nod from his party, what of John Connally? Of the three types of zodiacal signs one is termed the mutable—Gemini-Virgo-Sagittarius-Pisces. Connally has a heavy emphasis in those signs, his sun being in Pisces and his moon in Gemini. This emphasis on those signs that are so "mutable" accounts for his changeability, flexibility and versatility. After all, he was once a Democrat! He has helpful planetary influences that are aiding him in his bid for power which accounts, for one thing, for the heavy financial backing he has received from Big Business. He could be nominated. Whether or not he is elected under an excellent Jupiter will depend on who his opponent is.

Senator Howard Baker has excellent planetary influences that can boost him. We are sure that 1980 will be a year of truly major changes for him. For Uranus, planet of the new and unexpected, is crossing his sun during 1980. This can make him an entity that the solons of the party miscalculate. As a Scorpio he is a man of much depth and determination. He could be the best contender that they could put in the ring against the Democratic hopeful.

It seems probable to us that the contest at the convention of the Democrats, which opens in New York on August 11, will lie between Carter and Kennedy. And the struggle between them is likely to be a close one as both have good planetary factors working for them. The convention opens the day after a solar eclipse, an indication that it will be memorable. The moon is in Leo, as it will be for the Republicans, and then enters the sign Virgo opposite Senator Kennedy's sun in Pisces, which is better for his rivals than it is for him.

We give the edge at the convention to President Carter. In addition, we find that he would do better in the election of November 4 than Kennedy would. If Kennedy were to run against Baker he would lose, and he might even do so were his opponent that other Pisces, Connally.

Each year one casts a horoscope for the return of the sun on one's birthday. This solar return chart of Kennedy is a very stressful one and is more so than is the case for Carter, thus auguring better for the President than his popular rival. Therefore, it is our view that Carter stands the best chance of winning over his opponent on Election Day as compared with any other Democrat. He is the sole candidate in either party who has the moon crossing his sun on the day of the election, which favors his interests.

Katherine DeJersey

Possibly the most significant presidential election of this century is right ahead, and it is hoped that the voting public will consider the serious nature of world events likely to occur in the next 20 years. Consideration of the likelihood of a serious confrontation with foreign powers and continuance of economic problems should be uppermost in the minds of everyone who goes to the polls to vote. For the public to turn a national election into a popularity contest would be unforgivable.

It is a time of stress, and the tension will be reflected at the polls November 4. There may be a sudden switch of loyalties and a real struggle between the aspirants. After careful study of the planetary positions at the time of birth and their progression to the present for each potential candidate, it appears the Republicans could make a comeback.

Ford's chart is favored for the Republican convention and again on Election Day. Baker has very fine indications for success this fall, and even better in 1984. There's little doubt he will play a more important role as the nation faces serious problems in the mid-'80s.

Although we have no charts for Mr. Bush and Mr. Crane, both could be strong. Of the four potential candidates—Carter, Kennedy, Reagan and Connally—the two most dynamic appear to be Kennedy and Connally. True, Carter could be nominated, but could he win the election? Kennedy's chart shows the same kinds of problems ahead that are on schedule for the United States, especially in May-June 1983 and 1984. Connally's blueprint points to similar problems at the same time. Surely they are both going to be very active in the national scene at that time.

Bad omens for the next four years in U.S. foreign affairs may demand a double-duty Gemini of longevity and diplomatic skill such as George Bush, but his astral attributes remain uncharted.

It will probably be Connally versus Kennedy in November. Barring the strong possibility of another Republican candidate coming to the fore and taking over, it will be a real struggle between these two, with Kennedy pulling ahead on November 4. This is the way it looks now. An experienced astrologer prefers to wait until the nominees have been selected before

Continued on page 90

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ROSALYNN CARTER: THE PRESIDENT'S PARTNER

America's First Lady fills the role of presidential helpmate with charm and dignity.

by Landrum R. Bolling

There she was, a thin, pretty slip of a woman from Plains, Georgia, crowded into a corner of an ornate reception room of a converted mansion at the corner of Park Avenue and 68th Street, ready to deliver an international affairs lecture to New York's Eastern Establishment. Her host group, the Council on Foreign Relations, of course, does not claim that title, but it doesn't reject it either. At its frequent briefing sessions on world affairs, typically held in the late afternoon, there come together a remarkable array of Wall Street bankers, international lawyers, editors, television news commentators, a sprinkling of Ivy League academics, retired diplomats and officers and directors of some of the major multinational corporations. As if by right, the Council expects to be visited each year by a parade of prime ministers and foreign secretaries, an occasional king or president, plus numerous ambassadors and to hear them talk about the world or regional problems in which they are involved.

Don't be fooled by Mrs. Carter's soft deep-South accent, gentle demeanor and girlish modesty. This apparent innocence masks a sharp mind and a sophisticated understanding of the job facing her.

But never before, so far as anyone could remember, had the Council on Foreign Relations invited an American president's wife to address its members. Rosalynn Smith Carter was the first.

Earlier in the day she had conferred with Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim of the United Nations; the next morning she would be interviewed on NBC's "Today Show." Her topic with each audience: the plight of the Cambodian refugees, whose miserable camps on the Thai border she had recently visited.

After a gracious introduction by Father Theodore Hesburgh, president of the University of Notre Dame, chairman of the board of the Rockefeller Foundation and veteran presidential adviser on refugees and many other problems, Rosalynn Carter began to speak. Her voice was soft and there was a trace of shyness, but she was clearly not intimidated by this sophisticated and internationally knowledgeable audience.

She opened with a brief reference to the crisis of the American embassy hostages held in Teheran, then entering its second month.

"These have been trying days for all of us," she said, "and I can assure you that nothing so occupies the mind of the President as does Iran."

She said she was "proud" of the restraint of the American people, angry as we all are over the terrible behavior of the Iranian militants, but she was confident that the patience being shown by the American people and by the administration would bring the safe release of the hostages.

"In spite of Iran," she declared, "we are moving forward with other important matters—and one of these is the problem of the refugees of Southeast Asia."

Then, for the next half hour, she talked easily and simply about her personal experience in visiting the hungry, the sick and the dying in the camps. "No way to describe what I saw . . . the most distressing situation I have ever seen . . . I held in my arms little children that were nothing but skin and bones . . . too weak to have any control over their arms and legs . . . impossible to believe such things can happen."

Why had she gone? The President had asked her to, and on five days notice she, plus a team of experts, went. When they returned they reported to the President and to the governmental officers responsible for handling American assistance.

What had she personally been

Continued on page 68

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NELLIE CONNALLY: WHATEVER HAPPENS, SHE'LL WIN

The wife of presidential candidate John B. Connally views the frantic days ahead with grace and serenity.

by Frederic A. Birmingham

The double front doors of the main house of the Connally Picosa Ranch in Floresville, Texas, do not have either a bell or a knocker to announce visitors.

You rap on them with your knuckles.

It is the morning after a Thanksgiving gathering of the Connally clan—cool and brisk, with a wind blowing clean across Texas for a bracer—and you hesitate a little to break the holiday spell.

The lady who answers the tattoo on the door does not hesitate at all. She is fresh as a daisy and her radiant smile says it all: Welcome.

Texas is proud of her and it is easy to see why immediately. Nellie Connally happens to be a grandmother (there were 15 at the Thanksgiving family table, two in high chairs), but she also happens to have a kind of girlish vivacity about her which is irresistible.

A strong woman behind a stalwart man is a tough combination to beat. Mark Connally once called his mother "a super wife and a super mother"—great praise, since being one or the other is difficult enough.

Nellie, who wants you to call her that, is dressed this morning in a very sporting safari suit with epaulettes on the shoulders, the skirt reaching to the top of high brown boots, undecorated but plainly elegant, and a broad leather belt sparkling with a pattern of coins from many lands. She wears a finely designed lapel pin which she explains is the "logo" of the Santa Gertrudis cattle they raise on the ranch, a jewel shaped in the head of a prize bull.

My readers are far too polite to ask openly, but the question hovers out there in the atmosphere, and it deserves an answer: Yes, Nellie Connally has a smashing figure.

The whole ensemble (ladies like to hear about these things) leaves Nellie perfectly attired for a ramble around the ranch or polite conversation over a spot of tea.

It turns out to be coffee, upstairs in John's study, after we have waded through a passel of youngsters of all ages and Nellie has somehow managed to make introductions and keep us moving in zigzag patterns around happy clusters of humanity populating the huge living room with the cathedral ceiling. There is a formal sitting room for "occasions," but quite clearly the family prefers the great room with its massive fireplace, black granite floor and banks of paintings depicting the Southwest landscape the "Governor" so loves.

We relax in the Governor's study, and it is clear why he finds this a favorite place to relax and think and escape some of the hurry-schmurry which goes on around the rest of the big ranch house pretty much all of the time.

As Nellie Connally sits there comfortably in a big chair, sipping her coffee and awaiting with utter *sang-froid* the inevitable silly questions which surface in such an interview, we really must pause for a moment to set this stage for you, now also a visitor.

Floresville is John Connally's birthplace and here he comes to relax, reflect, and renew his energies by the hard work attendant upon running a 9,000-acre ranch teeming with prize cattle, quarter horses and an assortment of dogs, headed by a rangy Rhodesian Ridgeback, which joyfully chases the visitor's car in the hopes of finding him timid enough to be worth a good bite, or at least a fling at one to keep him in his place as a stranger.

Floresville is named after Francisco Flores de Abreyo, a Mexican cattle baron who established the first hacienda in the area. It is a town of 4,000 people, and every one of them seems to love living there and will tell you so at the drop of a 10-gallon hat. Its people are 50 percent Anglo-Saxon and 50 percent Latin. Some of the oldsters still call the Governor "Johnnie," after the

Continued on page 69

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continued from page 66

able to accomplish?

She had expressed directly to the Thai leaders in Bangkok the appreciation and understanding of the President for their compassion, generosity and courage in letting in so many thousands of the refugees and for struggling along, with assistance from other governments and international organizations, to handle the problems produced by the enormous influx of refugees. "We must give the Thais our full understanding and support," she said.

Because of the simple fact that she is the American president's wife, her visit attracted expanded attention from the media and the public, in the United States and abroad, to the needs of the Cambodians, and thus has helped to stimulate private contributions and public action in support of the refugees.

During a refueling stop in Tokyo on the flight back, she had telephoned the Japanese foreign minister ("whom I happened to know") to tell him about the need of the refugees for more assistance.

She did not dwell on it, but clearly her vivid impressions conveyed directly to the President gave him more of an up-close feel of that tragic situation than he could have received in any other way short of going himself.

Raising a young daughter and traveling extensively as first lady place severe demands on Mrs. Carter's time. In allocating her time and energies away from home, Rosalynn manages to combine vigorous campaigning for her husband and support for volunteer, non-governmental programs.

Jimmy Carter is, of course, not the first president to use his wife as an extra set of eyes and ears to learn more about conditions in which he is interested. However poor the marital relationship was between F.D.R. and Eleanor Roosevelt, she obviously was an influential source of information for the President in those critical years of 1933 to 1945. But, it is also pretty clear that Rosalynn Carter is a working partner to her presidential husband in a fuller sense than any other first lady who ever lived in the White House. You got only hints of that in her Council on Foreign Relations speech.

She had been thoroughly briefed by responsible officials. She was accompanied by Victor Palmieri, coordinator of the refugee program, to whom she referred a couple of times for facts about which she was uncertain. Yet she knew what the administration's policies were and how to present them persuasively.

In the question period she fielded every topic thrown at her with competence and grace. When she didn't know the answer, she said so, a mark of self-confidence many so-called experts don't always have.

The next day Murray Kempton, hard-bitten columnist for the *New York Post,* devoted his piece to her performance and said she "spoke movingly to an audience that by now can be brought to tears by no vicissitudes except those of the dollar." He worried that she might be "too decent and too innocent," but also wrote that "she possesses the one great quality that sophistication invariably loses, which is the indignation of violated innocence."

To some who heard her that day, however, it seemed that her mellow deep-South accent, her gentle manner and her almost schoolgirl modesty did not quite mask a tough mind and a pretty sophisticated understanding of exactly what she was doing.

She wound up her report on the Cambodian refugees with a plea for more volunteer contributions to help the refugees, for broader understanding and support of the U.S. role in providing assistance and for increased pressure on other

Continued on page 88

Intimate White House luncheons in the family's private dining room are Rosalynn's secret weapon. The author (to Mrs. Carter's left) enjoys her hospitality while taking part in a discussion on how to encourage greater volunteer efforts to deal with community problems. Mental health, inner city youth and the care of the aged are among her chief concerns—in addition to total support for Jimmy all the way.

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continued from page 67

years when he was a kid in patched pants running errands around town after he had finished the chores on the family's small farm. He chats back with them in Spanish and English, mixing it up as the situation may require.

The town has the look of a John Wayne western, with the sidewalks covered in front of many of the stores to protect the citizens from rain or sun which can come down on you in Texas-sized intensity. The natives all say "howdy" to a stranger even just in passing encounters. This is all southeast of San Antonio, which is surely one of the most beguiling cities in America, with its Spanish motifs and its Venice-like river.

Then ten more miles out of Floresville along the Independence Trail, with identifying markers of a brawny arm brandishing a Winchester rifle, to get to the Connally spread, past other ranches set down in this rolling country of oak clusters, fields stretching to the horizon, eroded canyons, mesquite to clutch at you as you ride or walk through it, and cactus clinging to fences and adding wicked needles to the barbed wire.

The Connally ranch house is maybe half a mile in from the main road along a dirt road which has a tendency to become a rock pile every so often, a no-kiddin' kind of road. The Ridgeback and a mongrel buddy escort you to the house, where the eye catches a swimming pool, tennis court and guest house out back, a gigantic piece of rock sculpture out front which turns out to be a Nellie creation, and a trap-shooting setup out front whenever the Governor gets an itchy trigger finger. There's no sign of the working acres of the ranch here except for the bulk of the enormous Santa Gertrudis cattle, bred by crossing the Brahman strain from India with the Texas Shorthorn (they recently sold one bull at auction for $35,000), lending their formidable shapes to the horizon.

The main house sits amidst about 3,500 acres. And from the Governor's study the land rolls out, green with the coastal Bermuda grass John Connally brought to this brown terrain of Texas and now sells to his neighbors. As far as the eye can see is his. His big desk in the middle of the study is the one he brought with him after his third term as Governor. Overhead is a magnificently antlered staghead. Underfoot is an even more superb trophy, a Tasmanian lion skin which captures the floor. The room is packed with memorabilia from the Governor's world travels. Conveniently at hand is a clutch of beautifully tooled rifles in a vertical stand. John Connally has refused the protection of government Secret Service men, which he is entitled to, as a needless waste of the taxpayers' money, so there are no lurking guardians to be seen. But you get the idea that the rifles will do the job, if needed.

"How can you stand being 'just the governor's wife' and having no identity of your own?" asked a reporter.

"My answer to that," said Nellie, eyes flashing, "is that being identified as Governor Connally's wife is the greatest thing that could happen to me in my entire life."

Big country. And there sits Nellie. High cheekbones. Gray-green eyes. "Like a cat's," she says. No make-up needed. Hair full and naturally curly.

The first question is always the hardest. Best to start with the heart. Once upon a time the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arno Brill of Austin, Texas, a girl by the name of Idanell Brill, attended the University of Texas at the same time as did a handsome young character from Floresville by the name of John Connally.

"What was your dream at that time, Nellie?"

She laughs easily at herself.

Continued on page 90

Although she could, Nellie doesn't do much solo campaigning for John—they feel more comfortable working as a team. Her knack of knowing when to participate in his life and when to hold back has proved successful both personally and professionally. She is not a political wife who would have the country wondering who was running things, she or her husband, observed one of her sons.

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LOOK WHO'S RUNNING FOR FIRST LADY...

Watch for the candidates' other running mates—
their wives—to set a lively pace in this year's political race.

by William Barry Furlong

By and large, the women who aspire to occupy the White House for the next four years—entering on the arm of a man—are far more interesting than their mates. They have personalities which are subtle, complex, sometimes tormenting—to themselves more than others—and they have a sense of personal style that transcends the clichés-of-image that burden the men.

Consider that among these women there are:

- Two who are confessed alcoholics;
- A rock-and-roll singer who has not gotten around to formalizing her relationship with a presidential candidate by taking the marriage vows;
- A former film actress who met her husband—a very conservative candidate—at a time when she was thought, by some, to be sympathetic to the communists in Hollywood;
- An outspoken woman who has observed: "Oh, it's very easy to raise teen-agers these days. All you do is make sure you put birth-control pills in their cereal."

The job that one of these women will be thrown into has no precedent outside of itself. Consider that the first lady must run a 123-room house and keep it spotlessly clean though thousands of strangers will be streaming through it almost every day. She will have to be able to run a domestic staff of 90 persons, all of whom must adjust to exceptional working conditions: At certain times every day, bomb-hunting dogs are run through the White House to see if any of those strangers left something a little explosive to be remembered by. (The White House has one man whose sole duty is to clean and polish the crystal chandeliers and to get the fingerprints off the windows. All the antique furniture is polished every day—with lemon oil, not wax. And some of the rugs are vacuumed up to six times a day: Mrs. Eisehower got so upset at seeing footprints in the deeply piled rugs that she ordered the staff to back out of a room at night, on their hands and knees if necessary, to brush out all the footprints they'd made after turning off all the lights at night.)

With all those rooms, the first lady must recognize there's still a shortage of storage space. (For a long while, the logs for the 28 fireplaces in the White House were stored in what was originally intended to be the president's bomb shelter.) She must plan the family's clothing carefully, if only for a few days in advance: Historically, there has been so little closet space in the president's quarters on the second floor of the White House that most of the seasonal and seldom-worn items must be stored away on the third and fourth floors. (There were no walk-in closets in the president's quarters for the first 152 years of the existence of the White House, at least until the remodeling of the building was finished in 1952.) She must also help plan menus with an eye to extraordinary costs, not only for the receptions (where coffee and finger sandwiches are written off at a total cost of $12 a cup), and state dinners (with costs exceeding $60 a plate), but for her own family: The president, like any of us, must pay for the food that he and his family eat. (President Carter found himself paying for as many as 30 to 36 meals a day whenever all of his children, his mother, his

Will Rosalynn continue in her role as White Housewife for the next four years? The man in her life would like nothing better. But the Carters aren't overlooking several hopefuls currently auditioning. Could it be that her stage presence will keep the understudy waiting in the wings?

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in-laws and his grandson were in the White House, and he quickly began looking around for cost-cutting systems. He might have taken lessons from Mamie Eisenhower: She worked so hard at saving and using leftovers and at finding bargains in the newspaper grocery ads that she managed to get her family's personal food budget in the White House—aside from functions of state—down to $25 a week. But then, of course, her husband managed to keep inflation so thoroughly under control that it wasn't wiping out *any*body's food budget.)

And with all this, the first lady must cope with her personal problems. Jackie Kennedy had a husband who "entertained" a number of other women whenever she left town; she had to persuade people to believe that she didn't know it. Betty Ford gradually began to succumb to drugs and to alcohol. Mrs. William McKinley lost the two most important men in her life—her husband and her brother—to murderers and, even during her White House years, suffered from epilepsy. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt suggested that she found her supreme fulfillment in her work, yet we know now that the greatest passion of her White House years was another woman, to whom she wrote five and six and seven terribly passionate letters a day.

Beyond all this, there is another burden for each woman who wants to enter the White House: Her mate becomes married to his job—and to his supposed destiny. The woman in his life often becomes an appendage, something he needs to display, not something he needs to have. As his time, his attention and his energy are consumed by politics, the importance—and the self-esteem—of the women of his life are reduced.

Think of the problems faced by Joy Baker: She is the daughter of one politician—Senator Everett Dirksen of Illinois, for a long time the minority leader of the Senate—and she is the wife of another politician—Senator Howard Baker of Tennessee, currently the minority leader and a candidate for the GOP nomination for president. Her father—who harbored very real presidential and vice presidential ambitions for himself—bowed to the attention demands of his wife, if not his daughter. His wife would simply spend one day of every week completely and totally in bed; she expected others to wait on her hand and foot on that day. Joy could not—as a young girl—quite duplicate that for grabbing the attention of her father. But she did get an unexpected attention from her husband-to-be the first time they met. It was on an occasion when he caught her smoking a cigar in the back seat of a car with his younger sister. He was so outraged that he accused Joy of corrupting his sister and, she says, dragged her out of the car and threw her into a rose bush. Ten weeks later, he'd gotten to know her so well—if largely through his sisters—that he turned up suddenly in Washington to apologize and to ask for her hand in marriage.

At that time, Joy did not know she was going to be passed from one politician to another—from one man aching to be president to another. Her father had been elected to the Senate in 1950—though he'd first been elected to Congress in 1932—and her husband was elected to the Senate in 1966. Joy's life promptly became complicated by their mutual obsession—politics—and by the occasional struggles between father and husband. In Baker's first term, they split on an issue dear to Senator Dirksen: the older man's efforts to overthrow the U.S. Supreme Court's decision on one-man one-vote. Though a Republican like Dirksen, young Baker not only stood up to his father-in-law but led the parliamentary maneuvering which defeated Dirksen (who had not only learned the innards of congressional manuevering since his first election to Congress some 35 years earlier but had shared in the control of it from the time he'd become minority leader ten years earlier). The difficulty was not in these differences alone so much as in the life-long frustration of trying to establish herself as a woman-worthy-of-attention when the men in her life had politics on their minds. "Politics nullified my personality," she once said. "I always felt I was sort of an appendage."

She compensated by turning to alcohol. Heavily. Compulsively. For years and years. "Howard went through hell during that time," one friend has said. "When he was out of town, he was always worried that she might pass out with a cigarette in her hand and set the house on fire. Or go out drunk and have an accident in the car." His was the problem

The "stars" at night are big and bright and growing brighter, not only in Texas but across the country. Adding the twinkle is Nellie, effervescent running mate of John Connally. And that twinkle is here to stay, whether home on the range or starring center stage at the White House.

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of every person whose spouse drinks too much: "He never knew what he was coming home to."

Then one day in 1976, Joy quit. Pretty much on her own. Her children helped enormously. They were old enough to be away at school, and instead of spending their summers tending to their own desires they came home to make a gift of their attention to their mother. It worked: Joy has not been troubled by alcohol since.

The normal difficulties of being the woman-of-*the*-man is not just that he's more interested in politics; it's that his political associates are spectacularly not interested in her. Simply put, they want her to stay out of their lives and their work. Arthur Finkelstein, a pollster for right-wing Republicans, has one all-important rule—he never accepts a phone call from the wife of a candidate. "The ideal candidate," echoes Mark Shields, a consultant for Democratic candidates, "is a man whose wife has disappeared on a trip up the Amazon."

This attitude is particularly hard on a woman if she happens to be bright and personable and honest and outspoken—like Keke Anderson, the wife of GOP presidential candidate John Anderson. Last spring she was at a trade fair in Chicago, and Anderson's staffers came away muttering about the candor of her performance—which was enough to attract voters and repel staffers. "She called one of the candidates speaking at the same function a crook," says one staffer. "She called Reagan a nut and Phil Crane a Fascist"—and she wasn't quite so complimentary to a long-deposed GOP governor of Illinois because he once had a chance to appoint her husband to the U.S. Senate and he made an absolutely disgraceful choice of a political hack instead. In short, politicians look on her assets as a human as being a total liability. Her problem, says one, is that she cares so much about the man that she married. "She thinks John is the greatest, and while that's wonderful in a wife, she gets into arguments trying to defend him against every charge that's made. And you just can't be that thin-skinned."

When the women aren't being put down by the professional politicians, they are being exploited in one way or another. Mrs. Carter is, in this campaign, clearly being used as a symbol—that Jimmy Carter has something that his rivals for the Democratic nomination may lack—a wife who is devoted to him and his work. Indeed, Rosalynn Carter is being used to suggest, by her very appearance on the campaign trail, the problems that Ted Kennedy has had with women in much of his life. But Joan Kennedy is also a symbol. The Kennedy staffers hope that her campaign relationship with the Senator will demonstrate that Ted Kennedy does have an interest in women other than as a sex target. The fact that he is "right" on every public issue—in the minds of some people in the women's movement—somehow has not obscured the suspicion, even among them, that Ted's interest in women pretty much begins and ends with sex. They note that at no time in his 17 years in the Senate did he have a woman high on his staff or in his inner policy-making councils (while Jimmy Carter has appointed more women to high positions in government and in the White House than any other president). In fact, they discovered to their enormous chagrin that the best-paid women on Senator Kennedy's staff were earning only about one-third of what the best-paid men were earning (taking the five best-paid in each category, it came out to roughly $60,000 on the average for the men and $22,000 on the average for the women). His difficulty is said by some to be that he cannot see the human dimensions of the woman he's with. That's why—say certain of his critics—he drove his wife Joan to alcoholism. And why he drove Mary Jo Kopechne to her death. Joan's function this year is to symbolize to the public that—whatever his past performance—Senator Kennedy now has a perception of women that goes beyond his sexual needs.

Co-starring with this presidential hopeful would not be a new role for Nancy Reagan. She has shared the limelight in Ronald's movies, shaped the philosophy of his politics. So whatever scenario fortune may choose to submit, Nancy Reagan is well rehearsed to play her part.

In time, Joan Kennedy may turn out to be—in her way—the biggest success of this campaign year. For she has done more than make a comeback from alcoholism. She has shown how a woman in her 40s—burdened by a philandering husband, by a disastrous illness to her son, by the temptations of alcohol, and by intense public scrutiny—can pull herself together and fashion a life that gives her a sense of fulfillment.

It is all the more impressive when you consider how complex her problem was. For Joan Kennedy is one of those extraordinarily beautiful women—the most beauti-

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ful decoration that any of the Kennedy boys gathered, according to friends and family—who was afflicted with a very vulnerable self-esteem. She was always a shy person. In high school she rarely dated, and even after she married Ted she sometimes felt that her younger sister, Candy—who was, she felt, more popular, more beautiful, and the "special" girl in her family—should have married him.

Everything came together to accentuate the fragile self-esteem. Washington and its ambience—as a place of low standards and high self-esteem—was terribly destructive. Her problem was that of any political wife—that of learning to put aside the high standards and glowing values that were developed in "outside America" and becoming exposed to the low, vicious, backstabbing nonperformance of Washington. It is not just that poor quality permeates government; it is that poor quality permeates everything in Washington. It is that gap in values—not just the mindless stupidities of the federal government—that separates "Washington" from the rest of the country.

Consider the impact on a woman's value system when she sees the man she loves prosper joyously in this atmosphere, and be celebrated and even cherished in Washington for having reached the top of this rather sordid society. After all, when Joan Kennedy first settled in Washington, one of her brothers-in-law was president, the other was attorney general, and her own husband was a senator. When she sees those she loves and admires succeeding in a place of such poor values, a woman of low self-esteem is likely to say: "What's wrong with me?" Instead of saying: "What's wrong with them?" Or, "What's wrong with this phony city?"

That feeling of inadequacy is likely to be reinforced when a woman has a series of miscarriages upon entering a family which prides itself for being as fecund as rabbits. All the more so when her mate goes on to make so public and persistent a point of having a series of "romances" with other women. "People ask whether the stories about Ted and his 'girls' hurt my feelings," Joan said to a friend a couple of years ago. "Of course they hurt my feelings. They went to the core of my self-esteem."

One common way to escape the feeling of battered self-esteem is through alcohol. ("I found out alcohol could sedate me," said Joan. "So I didn't care as much. And things didn't hurt so much.") The fascinating thing is that Joan responded to tests of her being and her values by giving up alcohol. On one occasion she quit drinking for three months when she was asked to play Mozart with a symphony orchestra; she has a vast affection for music as possessing an eternal value, and she knew that she could not perform up to her own standards unless her mind was completely clear. On another occasion she gave up drinking when she learned that her son, Teddy Jr., then 12 years old, had cancer and had to have a leg amputated. But when the moment of the test passed and she sank back into the day-to-day morass of Washington, she went back to drinking.

In time, Joan realized that she had to change permanently—that she had to give up alcohol altogether. She tried several medical approaches and they helped. She also came to realize that she would have to change the style, tone and amplitude of her life in order to give it order and fulfillment. That meant moving away from Washington and its corrosive demands on the mind and spirit. That meant moving away from Teddy because he wouldn't move away from Washington. So she moved to Boston—where, after all, the Kennedys have their roots and he could logically come to visit—and she plunged into her great cerebral love: music. She sought a graduate degree in music and she got a job teaching it. She also joined Alcoholics Anonymous and arranged to get psychiatric counseling at least once a week. And finally, she concentrated on re-establishing her standards and her personal self-esteem. The whole approach worked: In May she will get her graduate degree in music and in June she will have passed her third year without alcohol.

She is strong enough within herself to campaign with Ted Kennedy—she started in December—and to live with him in the White House if he wins. She is not out to punish him or to deny him a political success for

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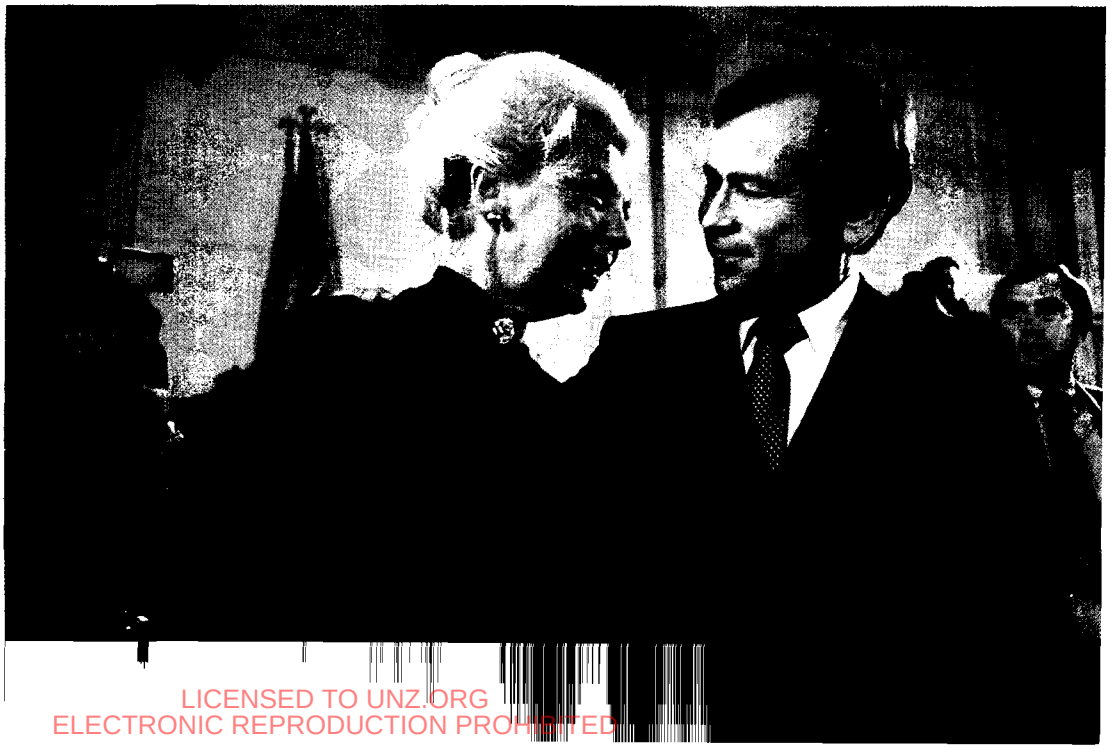
Her father (Senator Everett Dirksen) harbored presidential aspirations, her husband (Senator Howard Baker) is a presidential candidate, and Joy Baker, not to be upstaged, is striving to establish herself as a woman worthy of attention. The role of first lady would complete the task nicely.



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his past activities. She is more interested in the positive than the negative aspects of her life; she is still focusing on giving order and balance and fulfillment to her own life rather than denial to another's life. ("He couldn't run without me and he wouldn't.") If she does enter the White House, she would not revert to the past but would go forward: She would seek to teach music personally to young children as a way of seeking further personal fulfillment.

She also knows that the lady living in the White House is insulated from the deplorable standards of the community outside. The First Lady does not respond to other's standards; she sets her own standards. It will be a test of Joan Kennedy, of course, but she has always responded well to tests of a certain kind. The fact is that it will be a test for any woman. Indeed, it might be as severe a test—albeit in an entirely different way—for Nancy Reagan. For she will face a flourishing antagonism, a screeching demand that she change certain of her standards. For the word is already out: She is a very reserved, almost patrician lady who does not care too much for politics or politicians. "I did say that I wished he [Ronald Reagan, her husband] would get out of politics," she admitted not long ago. "And I meant it." But she has come to accept a need, perhaps a destiny for Ronald Reagan.

Nancy Reagan will face a common problem: She is seen through two prisms—one based on human standards, the other based on political ones. The human dimension suggests that she is a warm and devoted woman with a marvelous sense of humor. Not everybody sees her that way. Other people feel she is cold and aloof and a social climber. "Nancy's like an electric light bulb," says one friend, a politician. "She's either on or off. When she's on, she's incandescent. She can charm the smallest birds from the tallest trees. But she doesn't turn it on casually."

Because she doesn't, she is seen with a particular prejudice by the political community. She is, in fact, a perfectly coiffed, somewhat petite woman—she wears a size 6 dress—who has an aristocratic manner and an ill-concealed disdain for politicians and all their works and all their pomps. When her husband was governor of California, she seemed less pleased to stay in Sacramento than—in the view of the capital's politicos—flee to her "tony" friends in Los Angeles. Certain politicians would like very much to separate Nancy from her husband and use her only as an occasional symbol, in the classic tactic of disposing of wives-of-candidates. That isn't going to work with the Reagans; they are far closer than politicians could ever anticipate.

"Any time," says Reagan, "something happens, the first thing that comes to my mind is how I'm going to tell her about it." Indeed, some politicians suspect that their first concern should not be how they're going to get Nancy out of the way but whether she is going to get them out of the way. One reporter remembers being in Governor Reagan's office when Nancy phoned to say that she just heard California's finance director take a slightly different position on a public issue when speaking in Los Angeles than Reagan did in a statement in Sacramento. She apparently felt that the office holder was insubordinate and should be fired immediately. Reagan, who does know a little more about the nitty-gritty of politics than does Nancy—though he doesn't care for it much more—knew that it was not insubordination; it was incompetence: Nobody had worked it out so that the statements were the same. Thus Reagan was able to dissuade her from her intent, but he did not erase the impression that she could reshape the Cabinet of her husband if she so desired.

While her husband George is pointing for the White House, Barbara Bush's needlework can wait. But should he succeed in adding the title of president to his many illustrious credits, it may well be due in part to her stepping from behind the scenes to work for second billing.

The fact is that Nancy Reagan may—however much she dislikes politicians—have been the central influence on Ronald Reagan's choice of political philosophy. For she was an extreme conservative long before he was; her stepfather, Dr. Loyal Davis, was as celebrated in Chicago for his wealth and his right-wing politics as he was for his medical skills. It wasn't so easy being an extreme conservative in Nancy's youth; it was far more chic to be a Roosevelt liberal—a New Dealer. That's what Ronald Reagan was. He was a "bleeding heart liberal," a "real hemophiliac," by his own description. He worked hard at his liberalism. He rose to become head of the actors' labor union, the Screen Actors Guild, and he joined every possible liberal organization from the American Veterans Committee to the United

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World Federalists (which advocated a form of world government) to the Hollywood Independent Committee of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions (which he, among others, concluded was dominated by communists). After many years of membership and activity in left-wing organizations, he resigned from most of them (though not from his labor union, of course) because he felt they had strayed from his concepts of Americanism. There was never any doubt that Reagan himself was strongly anti-communist, even when he considered himself a strenuous liberal.

Interestingly, it was his know-how in some of these organizations that got him together with Nancy. Reagan had been married once—to Jane Wyman in 1940. They had two children and were divorced in 1948. Miss Wyman said it was because he was devoting so much attention to his duties at the Screen Actors Guild. Three or four years later, Reagan got a call from a Hollywood director named Mervyn LeRoy, not to get Reagan into a film but to enlist Reagan's help as president of the Screen Actors Guild. LeRoy had a friend—a young actress—with a particular kind of problem. She was a very conservative young woman who kept getting mail from extreme left-wing organizations and who found herself mentioned in a Hollywood newspaper on a list of people who had—she was to say later—"rather exotic political feelings." The Hollywood witch hunts were over at the time, though Hollywood didn't know it. But the nation was sliding deep into the McCarthy fear era, in which anybody's career or life might be destroyed by an accusation—however false—that one was a communist or a communist sympathizer. This young woman, said LeRoy, was an actress under contract to MGM; one assertion that she was a communist or a communist sympathizer—even though the assertion was false—would doom her career forever. It would do her no good to plead that she was indeed a conservative; the mere fact that she was on left-wing mailing lists and that her name was printed in public as being associated with left-wingers would convict her; she would be guilty by association. Mervyn LeRoy asked: Could Reagan check to see if there was anything at the offices of the Screen Actors Guild that would suggest how she got on these lists? Was it possible that somebody was trying to frame her? That would be no defense in a public hearing against a red-hunting Joe McCarthy; he knew all there was to know about frame-ups. But at least it would give her a place to start in trying to defend herself.

Reagan did as LeRoy asked. He went through the files and found absolutely nothing to link Nancy Davis with these left-wing organizations. Indeed, he found that her name might have been confused with that of another woman. He passed his findings on to Mervyn LeRoy. The latter thanked him and asked one more favor: "Take her to dinner and tell her yourself."

In retrospect, there has been some suggestion that there was more than one concern behind this matter. It may not have been just the menace of communism that moved Nancy Davis but the threat of single blessedhood. Nancy has never quite conceded the point but she admits that the prospect of having somebody call Ronald Reagan to get him involved with her and her problems "was a dandy idea." In any case, he did take her to dinner. They began dating. And they were married in March 1952. They have two children and they continued to share many interests in common: Nancy Davis co-starred with Ronald Reagan in the last movie he ever made—*Hellcats of the Navy* in 1956.

But the eventual change was in Ronnie, not Nancy. He adopted Nancy's political and economic philosophy. It took a while, but he gradually gave up his liberal interests. Ten years after he married Nancy, he gave up his registration in the Democratic party. That was in 1962. In 1964, he supported Goldwater for president and made a memorable appearance at the Republican National Convention. And in 1966, he was running as a Republican and winning: He became the governor of California. Since then, he has become the most stirring symbol of the extreme right wing in America. And *that's* where Nancy came from—long, long before Ronald Reagan ever thought of it.

The intriguing thing is that personality so often

Continued on page 87

How would a devout homebody like Joan Kennedy react if "home" suddenly became the White House? To please her leading man, could she mask her feelings and play the part of first lady so well that no one would suspect her dreams still lay in the fulfillment of her personal life?

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The Rare Larry Bird

If you think bird watching is dull, you have never spotted the colorful Larry in his habitat—the wilds of the round-ball arena.

by Bob Ryan

Photography by Dan Deem

"What am I doing here?" Aloft in the first-class section of a DC-10 heading home to Boston after another Celtics triumph, Larry Bird pondered the question. "Luck," he decided. "You've got to be lucky. You take all the practice and work you put into it, and then you think of how easily you could tear up your knee or break your leg. It's nothing but luck. Being here at all is nothing but luck."

There is, of course, more to the success story of this 23-year-old athletic phenomenon than mere good fortune. Basic good health is a prerequisite to the well-being of any prospective athlete. The difference between Larry Bird and the average athlete is vast, however, and it has a lot to do with skill and instinct, and only parenthetically something to do with luck. The fact is that Larry Bird was given a set of tools and he has developed them fully. That he is currently the highest paid rookie in the history of American professional sports is no accident.

Everything came together last season for Larry Bird, a 6-foot 9-inch kid from French Lick, Indiana, via Terre Haute and Indiana State University. He had turned down a chance to turn professional following his junior year at the school, preferring instead to relax and enjoy his senior year of college. Others had been similarly tempted in the preceding decade and had been unable to resist the lure of instant wealth. Some people told Bird that he was foolish, that were he to injure himself, a multimillion-dollar career would be lost.

Bird won his gamble. He had a sensational year, being named College Player of the Year by every reputable agency. His Indiana State team won its first 33 games before losing in the national finals to Michigan State University and its own charismatic star, Earvin "Magic" Johnson. Despite, or perhaps because of, his refusal to grant interviews of any nature, Bird became the most publicized college player since Bill Walton. His price tag tripled as a result, forcing the Boston Celtics, who had drafted him as a so-called "junior eligible" in 1978, to pay him something in the neighborhood of $650,000 a year for the next six years.

All this attention had been showered on a classic product of small-town America, a shy, introverted kid who was self-conscious about his "ain't"-laden vocabulary, a kid who was additionally burdened with personal problems. A teenage marriage had failed. His father had committed suicide. He had given serious thought four years before to not attending college at all. And then, in the late spring of 1979, Larry Bird was to find himself a national celebrity. Many who knew him doubted that the individual named Larry Bird could stand up to the inevitable scrutiny that the player named Larry Bird would generate.

But by early December of 1979

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Larry Bird would be talking about "looking forward to getting back to Boston more and more after each road trip." He would have kind words for the local press, which he thought was very professional. Partly due to the counsel of his agent, Bob Woolf (whose backyard abuts Bird's in suburban Newton, Massachusetts), and partly due to astute handling by Celtics' president Red Auerbach, who kept management requests to a minimum, Bird was being eased into the world of celebrity. He was being allowed to find out exactly what being Larry Bird would mean to his daily life—at his own pace. He had acquired the understanding that can come only with experience, and he was beginning to like the city of Boston, which is a long way from French Lick, geographically and socially.

It would not be completely correct to say that there had never been any doubts about his ability. Some observers felt that he was too slow, too landlocked—in effect, "too white"—to succeed in what they felt was essentially a black man's league. Nobody had gone so far as to suggest that he could not compete in the National Basketball Association, but some simply felt he could not stand out, that the competition would be too much for his particular physical characteristics.

What these well-intentioned critics had underestimated was Bird's competitiveness. And what they had failed to understand was the basic nature of basketball. Year after year, players with singular talent, players who are mind-boggling runners, jumpers and shooters, fail to achieve success. Teams well stocked with so-called "raw" talents don't necessarily win ball games. Only teams with what is now referred to as "chemistry" prevail, and that is because the game of basketball seems to reject excessive individual effort.

Larry will earn a tidy nest egg of $3,900,000 over the next six years, but it was really coach Red Auerbach's soft-sell approach to recruiting that enticed the Bird into the Celtics' cage; and action-hungry fans paid his first year's salary at the gate.

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There are still five men on the team and only one ball. It is a fluid game of transitions from defense to offense, and vice versa. Over the long haul, anyone with a spirit of self-sacrifice who is attuned to the nuances of team play can survive. If one of these individuals happens to stand 6-feet-9, is a very good shooter, is very tough and is extremely competitive, his name is Larry Bird, and the true aficionados fall immediately in love with him. He will not merely survive; he will excel.

Confidence, when mixed with arrogance, adds up to cockiness, and that invariably leads to trouble with a capital "T." Bird avoids that trap. He believes in his own ability, but he is exceedingly modest, preferring to dwell on team concepts. In fact, this was the root of his press problems last year.

Bird had maintained a shaky relationship with the media during his first two years on the Indiana State varsity, but early in his senior year he made a decision. He explained: "The reporters were coming in after the game and all they wanted to do was talk to me. They were ignoring my teammates. Some of them didn't mind, but others did, and I knew we'd be heading for trouble. We had a good team, and I didn't want to do anything to mess up our season, so I decided that if I didn't talk to anybody, the reporters would have to talk to the others. I figured I could take the heat."

And so it was done. As Indiana State won victory after victory, rising to the top of both the coaches' and writers' polls, Bird would grant no interviews with the printed press. He would go on camera and he would occasionally talk to radio people, but he didn't talk at all to the printed media. When the NCAA tournament time came in Salt Lake City, he handled large group gatherings in a for-

Averaging about as many points on the board as the number 33 he sports on his shirt, the ambidextrous Bird is not only a phenomenal shooter, but also a great rebounder; his show-stopping back-handed pass is legend and he regularly leads his team in assists.

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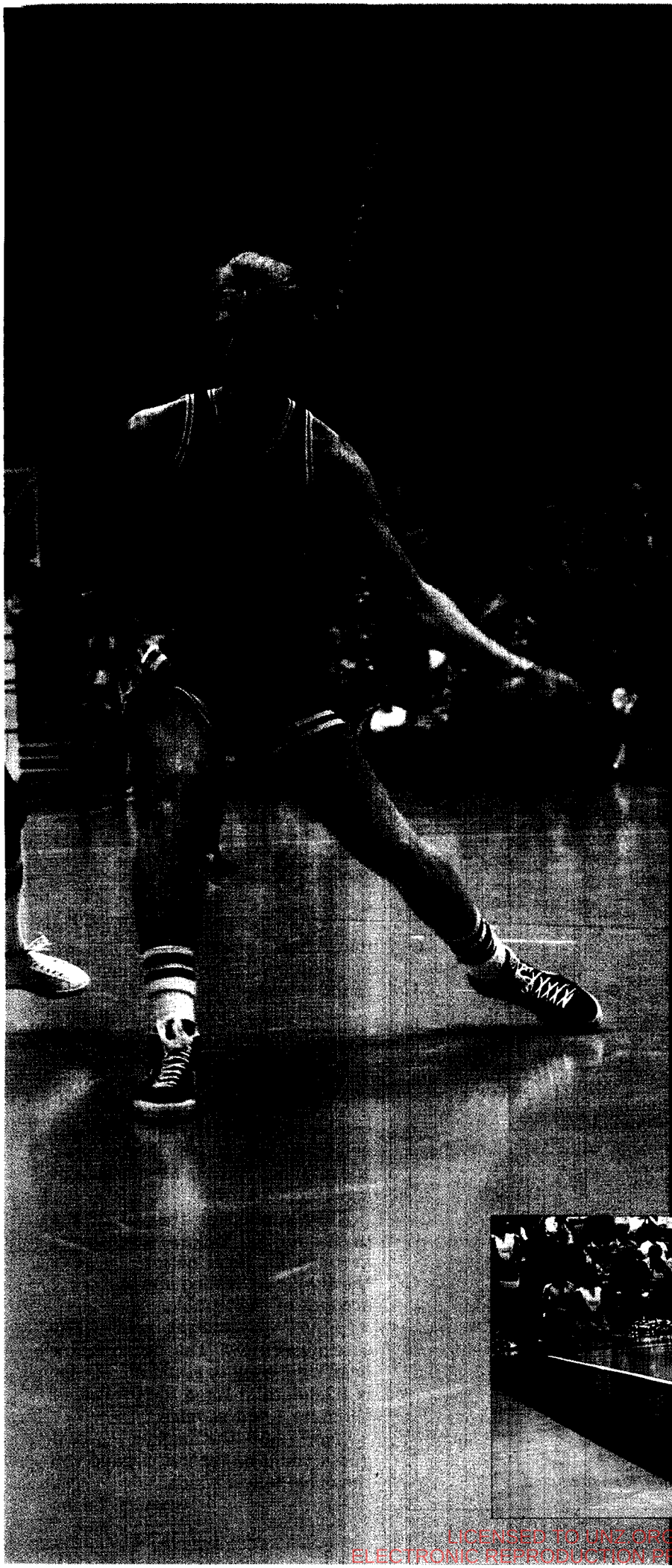
malized atmosphere, but otherwise maintained the locker room embargo to the end. This hardly fostered his image as either a "good guy" or as a "mature" young adult, but it accomplished its objective, which was to promote the victory chances of the Indiana State basketball team. Nobody will ever convince Larry Bird that he did not do the right thing.

If Bird harbors a latent antipathy toward the printed press, at least as represented by newspapermen, it has thus far gone undetected. He has the knack of analyzing games, and he has revealed himself to be brutally honest in the realm of self-evaluation. He doesn't believe in excuses, a primary example being the fact that he eschewed placing the blame for some early-season shooting problems on a broken right index finger. The finger was mangled last spring in a softball accident, and to date, it has been operated on twice in order to restore its old flexibility. The result is a misshapen appendage which still has something far less than 100 percent flexibility. Further surgery remains a possibility when this season is over. "Something's got to be done," Bird says. "I can't really bend it enough."

He played the eight-game exhibition season with the finger taped to the middle finger to keep it out of a

Continued on page 91



Exasperated opponents find guarding the six-foot nine-inch Bird an ordeal: He takes to the air with the frequency of one of his namesakes. But what goes up must come down, and Larry tends to spend a portion of each game with his back to the floor.

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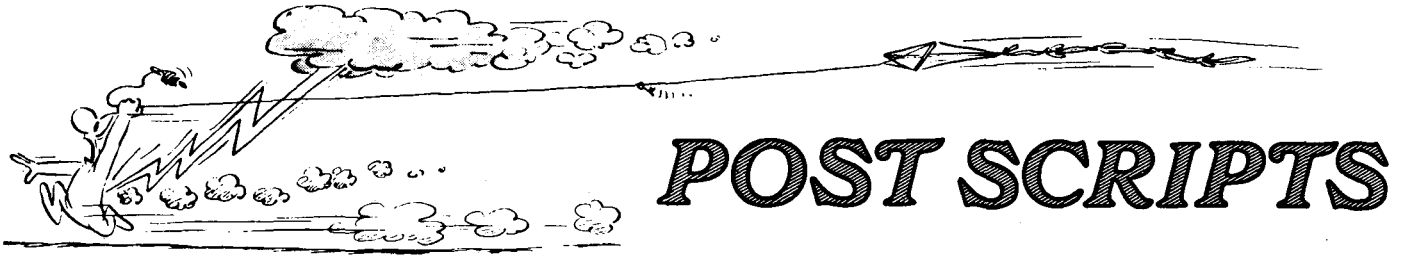


POST SCRIPTS

Sign of the Times

Notice on bulletin board at a service club: "Procrastination offers remarkable, little-known advantages. More on this later."

—Herm Albright

Hard to Swallow

The minister grinned sympathetically at his wife's little grimace when she tasted the homemade but almost inedible pie received from a well-meaning parishioner. Carrying the offending pastry to the kitchen, he regretfully consigned it to the garbage pail. He then sat down and composed a thank-you note which was gracious and yet truthful:

"Dear Mrs. Smith: Thank you so much for your kindness and thoughtfulness, and let me assure you that pies like yours never last long at our house."

—Kenneth E. Hall

A Shaggy Rary Story

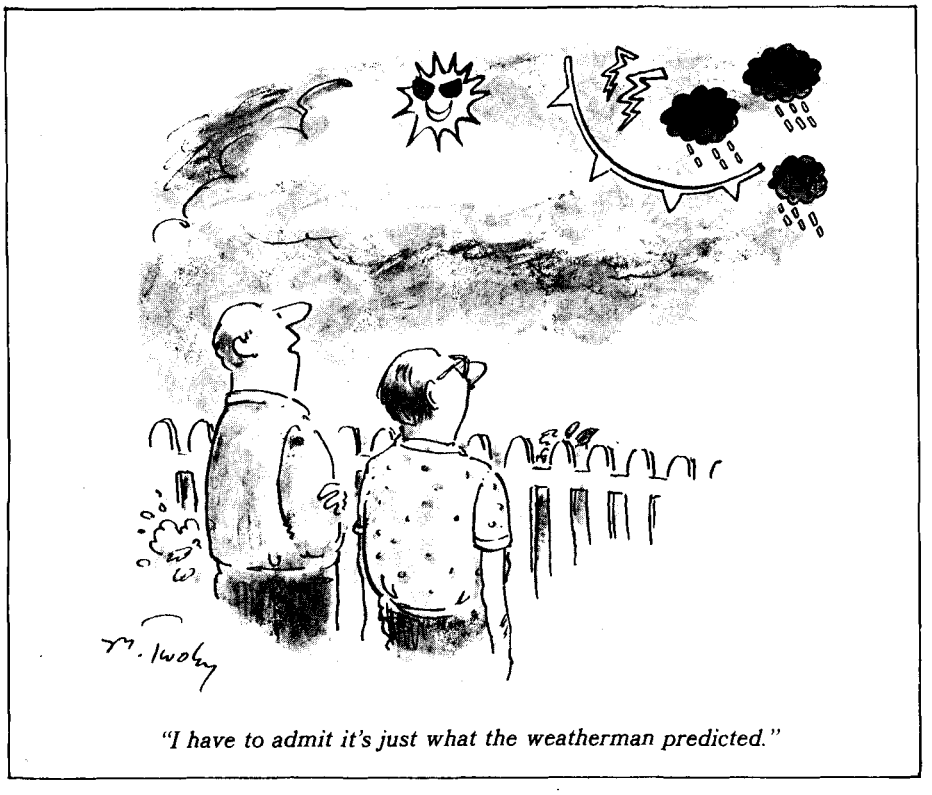
The householder bought a rary, the cutest little ball of fur he had ever seen. The animal grew and grew until its basement quarters would no longer contain it. The rary was transferred to the backyard.

Soon, the rary's size made it imperative that he be offered to a zoo. At first, zoo personnel considered themselves fortunate to have the only rary in captivity.

However, the animal became mammoth, and the zoo director regretfully decided the Grand Canyon was the only environment to support a rary. After serious transportation problems, the animal arrived at the canyon's edge, and his keepers prepared to tip him into the chasm.

Looking down, the rary exclaimed, "It's a long, long way to tip a rary!"

—Ruth Gash Taylor



"I have to admit it's just what the weatherman predicted."

Costly Return

A woman came out of her back door to see her husband pushing a lawn mower down their driveway toward the storage shed. "I'm really glad to see the neighbors returned our lawn mower before they moved," she remarked. "They certainly kept it long enough."

"Our lawn mower?" ejaculated her husband. "I just bought it at their garage sale."

—Rose Sands

Pew Debut

In his search for a church he could feel comfortable attending, a man happened into a small one just as the congregation began to recite:

"We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done. . . ."

With a sign of contentment, the man found a place to sit. "The Lord be praised," he said. "At last I've found my kind of people."

—Samuel Stannard

Ground Rules

A shrewd and thrifty farmer got into a boundary dispute with his neighbor. The battle waxed from warm to hot and the farmer sought legal aid.

After stipulating that there was to be no fee unless there were grounds for legal action, he gave the lawyer a detailed and elaborate account of the trouble.

"Fine," the lawyer said. "The case is airtight. The other fellow hasn't got a leg to stand on. My fee is $2,000, and for a $500 retainer I'll start a suit at once."

"No," said the farmer. "No, I guess you'd better not. I gave you the other fellow's side."

—Henry E. Leabo

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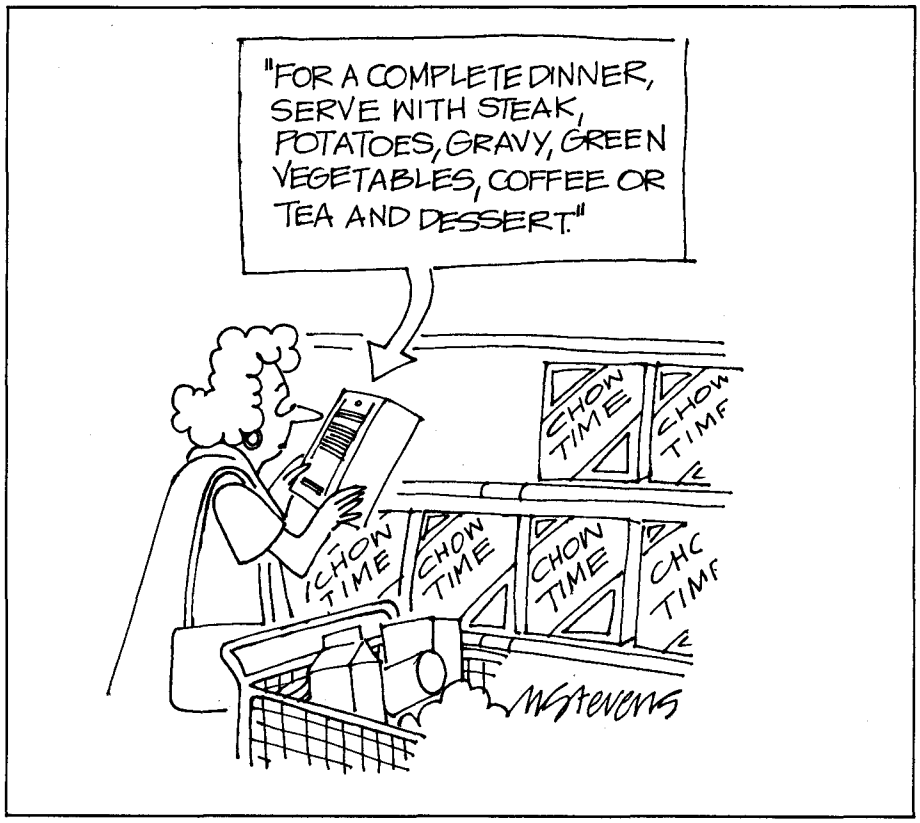


Scriptural Offerings

Most folks keep the family skeleton hidden in the closet, but last year while returning from an auto trip the Joneses were forced by bad weather to spend Halloween at a motel. When their young one wailed because he couldn't celebrate, his mother cut out a face in a shopping bag, slipped it over his head and told him to trick-or-treat the motel guests.

Thirty minutes later he returned with 11 Gideon Bibles.

—Joseph C. Salak

Undercover Agents

A traveling salesman arose early after spending his first night at a run-down hotel in a small town. He walked to the desk and said, "I'm checking out."

"What's the matter, didn't you sleep well?" asked the clerk.

"No."

"What kept you awake?"

"I found a dead bed-bug on the sheet."

"And that kept you up all night?"

"Yes," said the guest. "All his friends and relations came to the funeral."

—Morris Bender

Counterpoint

"I insured my voice for $200,000," announced the diva.

"Oh," responded a rival prima donna, "and what did you do with the money?"

—Dorothea Kent

Collection Selection

When she was awakened in the early morning by the din of the garbage collectors, the housewife remembered that she had forgotten to put out the trash cans the night before.

With her hair bunched in curlers, her face greasy with cold cream, and wearing a frowzy robe, she leaned out her bedroom window and sleepily called to the men below, "Am I too late for the garbage?"

"No, ma'am," replied one of the workers. "Hop right in."

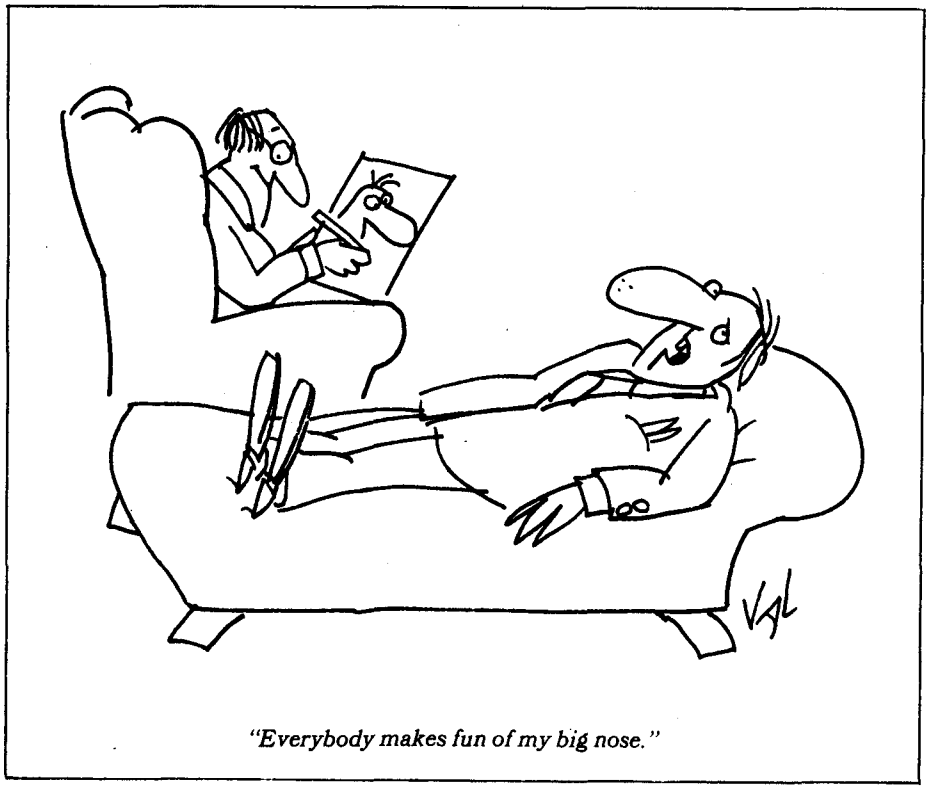
—Lucille Boyce

Off the Cuff

A man sauntered up to a Las Vegas dice table and put down $1,000. He shook the dice and threw them, but as he did so a third cube fell from his shirt sleeve. The unruffled croupier merely handed back two of the dice and dropped the third in his pocket. "Roll 'em again, partner," he smiled. "Your point is 17."

—Lane Olinghouse

Heard any good ones lately? Why not share them with us. The Post pays $15-$25 for humor used in our Post Scripts page. Please include self-addressed stamped envelope with submissions.



"Everybody makes fun of my big nose."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Are We Suicidal About Energy?

It's been almost a year now since the Three Mile Island nuclear power plant emergency. The dust has settled enough to make a final comment on the disaster. Scientists agree that no personnel were directly harmed by the accident. A lot of people were badly frightened by the publicity. Consequently, some real psychological damage may have occurred. The major casualty is the nuclear power industry itself. Unbeknownst to most of the nation, the nuclear power industry in America has almost been destroyed.

The ranting and raving of the factions against nuclear power continue. There is a peculiar lack of informed debate. There are respectable studies available which conclude that, even taking into account the mining of nuclear fuel and the disposal of waste, nuclear power is still the safest form of energy known. A recent study by the Canadian government found that if all factors are considered, nuclear power is six times safer than solar systems and 15 times safer than wind systems. Some nuclear advocates complain that "we don't have a Jane Fonda or Ralph Nader." This must be true; it's hard to find a nuclear advocate. If articulate ones exist they are keeping their presence well hidden.

There's an explanation. Even the anti-nuke forces don't seem to perceive clearly who the opposition is. It's not "big industry." American industry has had a belly full of nuclear power. No major company ever made a substantial profit in the domestic nuclear power industry. Future investments are dead as a doornail. Some utility companies will protect their investments by completing plants nearly finished. Even for some of these, the costly conversion to conventional fuels is being considered. Interest in ordering new plants is negligible.

Nuclear power has always been America's "government solution." Indeed, the federal government over the past decades put heavy pressure on industry to get *into* the nuclear business. If anyone is to champion nuclear power there must be a strong lead from the federal government. The Department of Energy is all but silent on the subject.

The United States' overseas trading partners are confused. Until recently America completely dominated the industry—including replacement uranium fuel. Reactor safety equipment was built to American standards. In 1972 the U.S. had 91 percent of the free world's nuclear power market. The figure now stands at about 25 percent and is going down. Our friends abroad have concluded they must have nuclear power. They no longer see America as a reliable source; so they are going their own ways.

Despite the optimistic studies on reactor safety, we feel that even the nuclear safety picture is deteriorating. To say the least, the glamour of the nuclear industry is gone. It won't continue to get top-notch engineers and physicists from colleges. Recently, two young nuclear plant employees were convicted of purposely sabotaging a reactor core. There are rumors of other acts of sabotage. The demonstrations, very nearly violent, taking place at many of our nuclear sites must be considered a safety hazard. Sooner or later some of those people are bound to get hurt.

America cannot do without the contribution of nuclear power to our energy supplies. No arrangements have been made to replace this substantial segment of our electrical power generating capacity. Yet, the American nuclear industry is dead, brought down by a very effective protest movement. No one seems to care much, and the government seems powerless to act. That's the bottom line. We will keep you informed. ✖

"Say 'oil.'"

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Success

continued from page 39

were in a state of starvation and had failed to progress. At that time Governor Bradford, in Plymouth, said, "From now on, each shall be rewarded in relationship to what he or she does," and in the next year and from that year forward America has never been hungry. Fascinating?

As Governor Bradford pointed out, during the previous year, when everybody ate even if they didn't work, he was amazed how many were tired and sick or had to stay home with the children. But the next year, when they were rewarded in relationship to what they produced, the women took their children into the fields, and those who were sick suddenly found themselves well because they would be rewarded in relation to what they did.

The harvest that year was the beginning of our period of great thanksgiving because of abundance. It was all because of a simple shift to rewarding people for what they did instead of permitting them to live off the efforts of others.

Then America moved forward, and we said, "We will build a greater nation" and "Go west, young man." Achievements were heaped upon achievements as we were challenged to greater levels of accomplishment.

So, America moved forward as a free society to become a major force in the world because all of its people were free. That is why we became the greatest of all nations.

I have watched our churches. When young ministers or individual laypeople decide to start a new church, they devote all of their efforts to the concept of building their local church, and they share their faith and they welcome people, and virtually all of their energies are expended in welcoming the new; and they grow and prosper and become a great force.

Building by being builders—many people have improved themselves and found fulfillment in their lives. But something funny happens on the way to building a business or an organization or a

Continued on page 99

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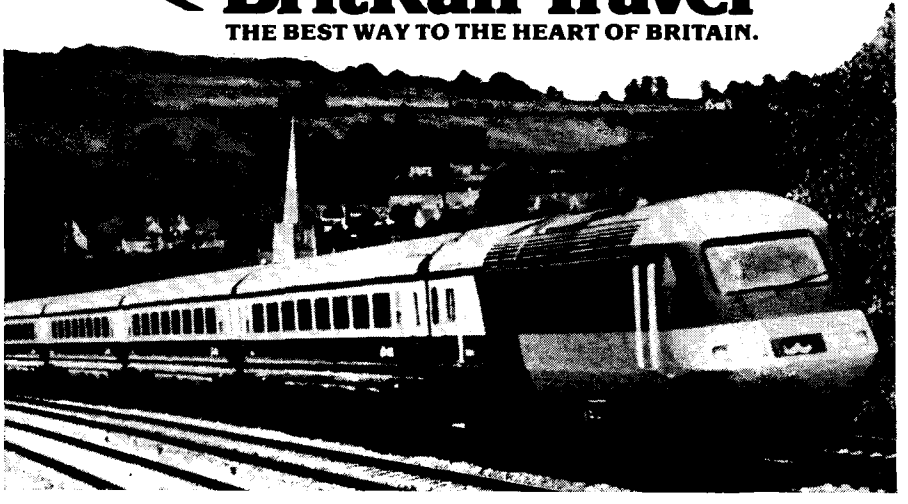

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Lawrence Welk

continued from page 55

pump organ when he was only three. As he grew older, he learned to play his father Ludwig's accordion, which the elder Welk had brought from Odessa, Russia, when he immigrated to this country with his young wife, Christina. By his early teens, he was playing for every barn dance and birthday party he could find in the neighborhood. And when he was 15, he made up his mind to get off the farm and into music. "I was absolutely determined," he says today.

And so on March 11, 1924, in spite of his father's adamant opposition, Lawrence left home ready to follow his dream. He had managed to talk his father into buying him a $400 accordion on his 17th birthday with the promise that he'd stay on the farm until he was 21 and turn over everything he earned to the family. Now, his promise fulfilled to the letter, he shook hands with his father, kissed his mother good-bye and set off to conquer the world equipped with his accordion, high hopes and three one-dollar bills pinned inside his jacket.

He ran into trouble immediately. His English was so bad he had trouble making himself understood, and he was so naive he had never even heard of divorce.

But if he was naive, he was also beginning to exhibit the genius for salesmanship and showmanship he still exhibits today. Sometimes he'd try to get himself hired by the local theater in some small town. If he got turned down, he'd say, "Well, why don't you charge a nickel extra, and that will be my pay." If that didn't work, he'd throw in the clincher: "How about if you and I split the extra nickel, 50-50?" Almost always that worked! Or if he was hungry, he'd offer to play "dinner music" at the local coffee and hamburger joint. He got along.

After a few rocky months, he was hired by a then-famous band, Lincoln Boulds' Chicagoans. "Mr. Boulds told me over and over what a wonderful accordionist I was and raised my salary constantly. The only trouble was, he kept forgetting to pay me." After six months of this, young Mr. Welk decided to put his own band together.

By 1928, Welk and his little four-piece band found a place for themselves at WNAX in Yankton, South Dakota. The timing was perfect. Radio was just beginning to grow—and Welk grew with it. In a few months, Welk's novelty orchestra was the most popular one for 400 miles around, and they played ballroom dates constantly. He met and married a beautiful young student nurse named Fern Renner, and in spite of the crash of '29, played enough dances and radio broadcasts to keep his young bride well fed. Life was wonderful.

But in 1931, something happened which affected him so deeply it threatened to end his career. He and his band, grown to six pieces, were playing a dance in a small town. At the end of the evening, one of the fellows came to Welk and told him that the entire band was leaving. "But why?" cried Lawrence. "We're doing pretty good. Why would you want to leave?" The musician, red-faced and embarrassed, tried to evade the question, but finally, goaded beyond endurance, he cried, "We're leaving because you're the one who's holding us back! You bounce around the stage like a hick . . . you can't talk good English—you're not even a good musician!"

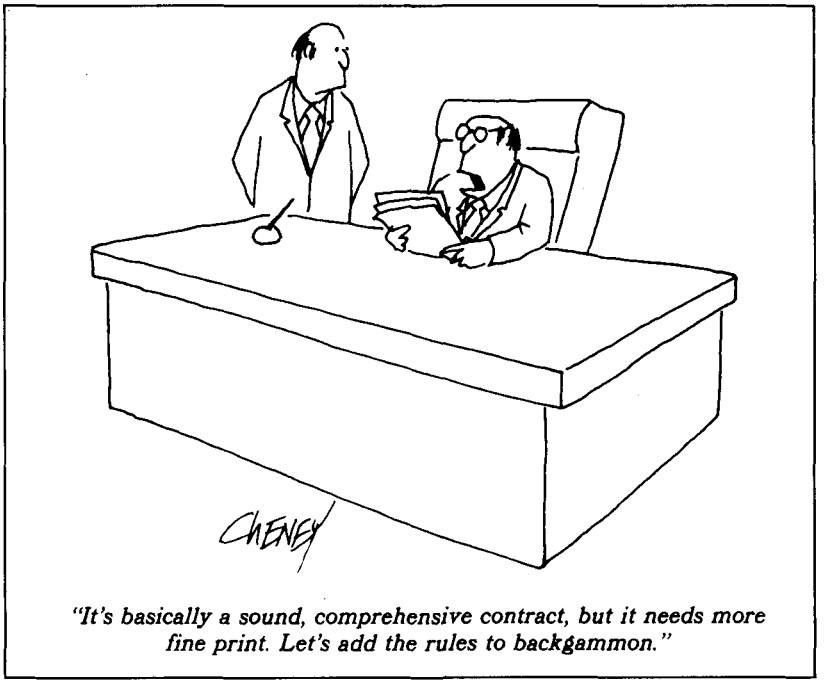
Welk was nearly destroyed by the incident. Not only was his personality being held up to ridicule, but his musicianship, the thing on which he'd based his life. He felt his future was over, and for three days he languished in this small hotel bedroom, wondering whether to give up or not. After awhile, his natural optimism began to come back. He pulled himself together, hired some temporary musicians to fulfill his already existing engagement, and began the long, slow climb back.

"Today," he said, "I can look back and be glad that happened. Up to that time I had believed everybody and trusted everyone. But that taught me to put my full faith only in God. Love people, yes, hope for the best, *expect* the best—but understand that human nature is human nature, and all of us hurt each other at times without really intending to."

The experience marked a turning point. "When Fern married me, I was determined to give her the best life possible. Now, with a new band, I worked day and night to improve it."

It paid off. The band grew from six pieces to eight to ten to sixteen. By 1939, they had landed a spot playing at the William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh—proof positive that they were edging into the world of the big bands. By 1940, they began a ten-year tenure at the Trianon Ballroom in Chicago, with national recognition as the Miller High Life musical ambassador on radio. But at the end of the '40s, it all began to crumble again. Big bands were collapsing, ballrooms were out, television was in. Floundering, wondering what to do, Lawrence took the band back on the road. It was when they were performing at the old Aragon Ballroom in Los Angeles that all the years of one-night stands, all the embarrassments and disappointments suffered in earlier times and all the painstakingly learned lessons of 30 years came together: Lawrence and television shook hands. KTLA, a local station, televised the band on opening night, roaming the ancient ballroom, picking up the dancers, catching Lawrence's by-play with the musicians. "I didn't think too much about it," says Lawrence, "but the next day I went out to play golf and at least 20 people came up to say they'd seen us on TV the night before and would be coming down to the ballroom. I had a sudden feeling that this was 'it,' and I went home and told Fern, 'I think we've made the right move.' "

He was right. Overnight the band was a local sensation. A few years later the Dodge Motor Company, which had



"It's basically a sound, comprehensive contract, but it needs more fine print. Let's add the rules to backgammon."

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sponsored them locally, put them on the air as a summer replacement, and they became a nationwide sensation. By the end of the 13-week run, their ratings had jumped from 7.2 into the high 20s, and the band began its long-running love affair with America.

That was 25 years ago. Today, the band is still riding high with 228 syndicated stations in this country and 38 in Canada and ratings, at this writing, among the highest in their history. Their concert tours are sold out. The gleaming white buildings of the Lawrence Welk Plaza, a block-long complex of business offices and apartment buildings overlooking the sea at Santa Monica, and the rapidly expanding Welk Country Club Village near Escondido, California—another complex of motels, restaurants, mobile homes and a golf course—all attest to the success of the band. Lawrence long ago achieved financial security and could certainly retire to a life of golf and sleep-late mornings if he wanted to. But he doesn't. He seems just as energetic now as when he was first starting out. If he's not taping a show or writing a book or competing in a golf tournament, then he's on the road, and he's apt to turn up anywhere—in the tiny town of Macksville, Kansas, where he surprised and delighted the local school kids by arriving early one morning to play his accordion for them; in Nashville, Tennessee, where he surprised some more natives—and himself—by attending a rock concert; in New York, where he appeared on the "Good Morning America" show, plugging his newest book, *This I Believe.*

But when he's home—he's home! He and Fern live very quietly in a spacious house overlooking the sea in Santa Monica. Fern cooks the simple food his nervous stomach requires and makes sure he gets the vitamins and minerals he needs. At night they read or watch TV on the giant-sized screen the orchestra presented Lawrence on his 75th birthday.

They watch all kinds of shows, news particularly, but Saturday nights are reserved for the Welk show. "I enjoy it, but at the same time I learn from it. I'm always looking for ways to make it better."

Lawrence truly loves to develop talent—"It's one of my greatest joys"—and he especially loves to find someone in whom nobody else has any faith and nurture them into stardom on the show, something he has done many times.

Music has been his life, and always will be. But something else has claimed his attention in the past decade, and when he talks about it you see another side of this complex man, the serious side, the committed side that lies at the roots of his true character.

"This is a wonderful country," he says, quietly, "so wonderful. Nowhere else in the world could a man like myself—no education, no training, nothing—build such a beautiful life. I am just so grateful! Every morning when I wake up, I look out the windows at all this beauty around us—and I just can't thank God enough.

"I want to give back some of what I've received to our country, and I can't think of a better way to do it than share the system that has worked so well for us all these years. I'm convinced that it's the reason for our success. I mean it! It's kept us on top when all the other bands faded away, and it's kept us together and growing year after year."

When Lawrence explains his system, his eyes deepen and darken, his voice gets urgent. "Our system is a 'family' system. We share—just as my brothers and sisters and I did, back on the farm. We are held together by a common purpose—no contracts, no legal ties. We stay together because we *want* to stay together, as a family does. And we take youngsters into our organization and train them as a family would, too, and when they become full-fledged members of the band, then we share our profits with them."

The one big roadblock, as Welk sees it, is the child labor law. "The most im-

Continued on page 87

Why Sally Struthers helps support someone else's child.

There are so many children in this world whose parents are too poor, too ill to give them the basic needs of life.

Innocent children with little hope of a better tomorrow.

Unless someone else, outside the family, can help.

Sally Struthers did. She became a sponsor through Christian Children's Fund.

Four years ago, Marites was an eight-year-old little girl who had to go to work just to survive.

Now, because Sally helped, Marites is going to school.

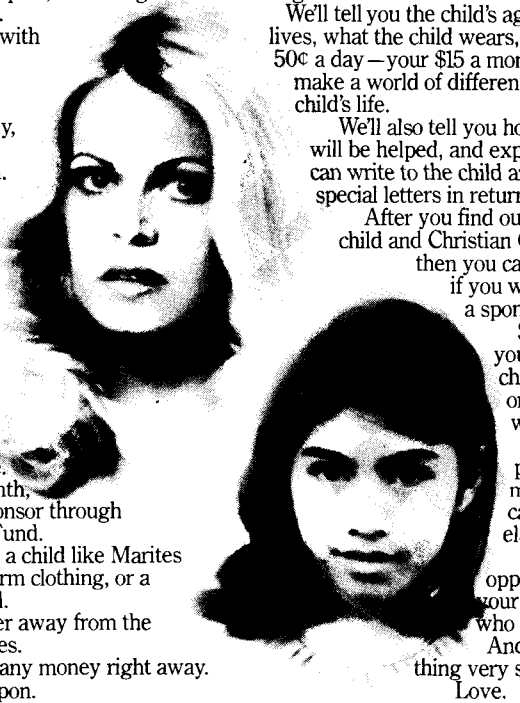
And she has hope.

For just $15 a month, you can become a sponsor through Christian Children's Fund.

You can help give a child like Marites nourishing meals, warm clothing, or a chance to go to school.

Without taking her away from the family she dearly loves.

You needn't send any money right away. Just send the coupon.



We'll send you a child's picture and background information.

We'll tell you the child's age, how the child lives, what the child wears, and how your 50¢ a day—your $15 a month—can help make a world of difference in this poor child's life.

We'll also tell you how the child will be helped, and explain how you can write to the child and receive very special letters in return.

After you find out about the child and Christian Children's Fund, then you can decide if you want to become a sponsor.

Simply send in your first monthly check or money order for $15 within 10 days.

Or return the photo and other materials so we can ask someone else to help.

Take this opportunity to open your heart to a child who needs you.

And receive something very special in return.

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☐ I want to learn more about the child assigned to me. If I accept the child, I'll send my first sponsorship payment of $15 within 10 days. Or I'll return the photograph and other material so you can ask someone else to help.

☐ I prefer to send my first payment now, and I enclose my first monthly payment of $15.

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Can you name this photo?

...contest: $100 to the author of the winning caption for this photo. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or up to five lines of limerick. $100 will also be awarded to the photographer, amateur or professional, whose submitted photo is published in next month's contest. (Black and white photos are preferred. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.) Send entries to Photo Contest, SatEvePost Editorial Offices, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. All eligible caption entries must be received by March 3, 1980.

Our congratulations and a check for $100 to to Fritz VonderHeiden of Camp Hill, Pennsylvania, for the winning entry in our December photo caption contest.

Poor hippos—so homely of face,
Their figures an utter disgrace;
It must have been dark
Or dim at the ark,
When Noah allowed them a space.

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Lawrence Welk

continued from page 85

portant time in a child's life is from babyhood to the age of 18. Children should be using those years to develop their talents and skills. But we have laws telling them they can't work to develop themselves! I just thank God that I grew up at a time and in a place where there was freedom to develop your potential, with nobody around to stop you. I'd like to give those gifts back to our young people today."

Lawrence Welk sits quietly, dreaming his dream just as he did 60 years ago when he was a small boy on the farm, and then he says softly, "I'm proud of our orchestra, grateful and happy that we've been able to make music for America for all these years, and I want to go right on doing it.

"But if I could get the door open just a little for our young people, if I could help restore to this country some of the strength and moral courage we used to have, the freedom we must have to survive—then I would feel my life had been truly useful."

First Ladies

continued from page 75

overwhelms politics—at least among the women. As the wife-of-an-extreme-conservative, Nancy Reagan projects the cool, aloof patrician image. Arlene Crane, wife of extremely conservative candidate Phil Crane, is a vivacious, outgoing, bursting-with-opinions woman ("I'm even gutsier than Betty Ford") who seems to be wooing half the world (on behalf of her husband) and making war with the other half. (One of her targets: her neighbors in a suburb of Washington—"rotten and full of busybodies." They had her arrested recently when the Cranes' pet dog bit a neighbor's child.)

Arlene is a mother of eight—and the author of the "raising teen-agers" philosophy cited earlier—who is not going to be quelled by Washington, its pretensions, or its opinions. She turned out to be much stronger than women in Washington were supposed to be. Indeed, she seemed at times to be more driven and gregarious than her husband. "It is almost as if she can carry his political load," says one acquaintance.

Naturally the politicians reacted to Arlene's personality like quail to the sound of buckshot. *She* became the issue of the campaign. A newspaper publisher in New England published stories about the sex and drinking life of Arlene and Phil Crane—without hard documentation, of course. Then Arlene was accused of being the reason that Crane's top strategists all resigned from his presidential campaign. One of those strategists was pollster Arthur Finkelstein, who—as we have seen—does not take phone calls from candidates' wives. That does not set well with a personality such as Arlene's. She called Phil's top campaign workers "punks," and she was accused of mounting an attempt to overthrow one of them and getting the rest to go along with her.

The astonishing thing is that—considering the outspokenness of Arlene Crane—some women who might be in the White House have flourished in relative anonymity. Here is a political parlor game that is terribly revealing about the multiplicity of candidates in the current campaign. Name this woman: She has been married to the same man for 34 years, she has lived in 17 cities and 28 different homes, she was only the third woman ever to be permitted to visit Tibet, and her husband has already held three of the most critical jobs in the high levels of government: ambassador to the U.N., head of the U.S. liaison office in China, and director of Central Intelligence ("He didn't share too much of that [CIA] job with me, says the woman, "because I can't keep a secret.") Her name is Barbara Bush and she is the wife of George Bush, one of the GOP candidates for the nomination.

There are those who see a parallel between the Bush campaign and Jimmy Carter's campaign in 1976. It placed emphasis on the Iowa caucuses, for example, and on the New Hampshire primary. And it was designed to allow the candidate and his wife to campaign separately—reaching perhaps twice as many people and generating more media interest—instead of traveling as a "coosome twosome." (On her campaign travels, Barbara Bush works on her needlepoint.) "I won't sit in on Cabinet meetings," she says, "and I'm not sure I would be asked." But one of her husband's most important campaign aides says that last summer she sat in on "every substantial briefing we had for the candidate"—listening and "doing her needlepoint. Actually, she didn't say much, but when she did—when she looked up from her needlepoint—she had very pointed remarks. Some with humor. Some with a touch of sarcasm. But I don't think anybody came away from those ses-

Continued on following page

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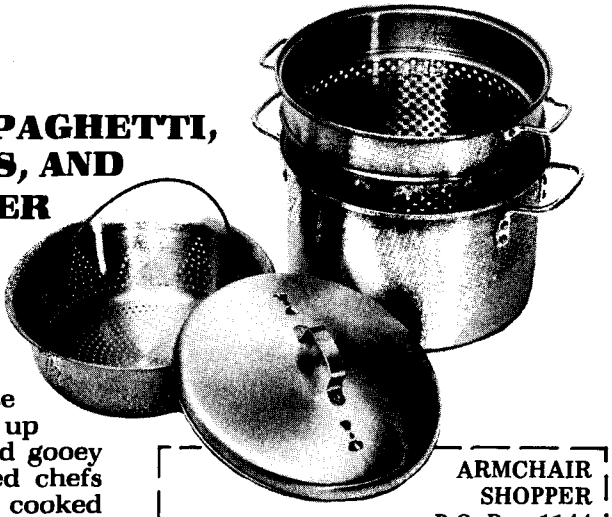

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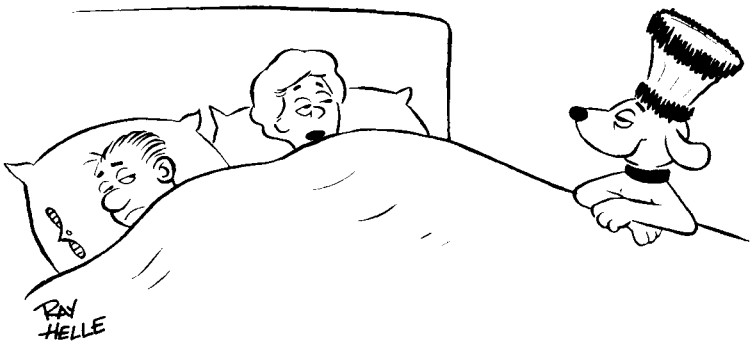
sions without a great deal of respect for her and for what she contributed."

One of the most significant recent developments of the "female" relationship is how it has changed in recent years. For a long time, it was thought that a presidential candidate could not have been involved in a divorce. After he'd been divorced, Adlai Stevenson got the nomination, but—though few media people ever realized it—he was not the first to do so. James M.Cox, the Democratic candidate in 1920, was not only divorced but remarried. Today marital irregularities are far more common and much more accepted. Senator Bob Dole, the Republican candidate for vice president in 1976 and a candidate for the GOP nomination for the presidency in 1980, married a young woman who cared for him medically and emotionally while he was wrapped in plaster casts from his wounds in World War II. She went on to support him while he went through college and law school and she campaigned with him to get him into the Senate. But once he was there, he became more absorbed in politics and in "destiny." The Doles went through a somewhat difficult divorce in the early 1970s and Bob later remarried. His second wife, Elizabeth, was a commissioner at the Federal Trade Commission, so he did not really lose a wife in the legal proceedings so much as gain a second income. (Elizabeth has since left the FTC and is now working on Dole's campaign.) The point is that divorce is no longer a bar to getting into the White House. After all, Ronald Reagan was also divorced and remarried. And Jerry Ford is married to a divorcee.

There is a question of whether *not* being married is a drawback. The Republicans had a bachelor candidate—Larry Pressler, the senator from South Dakota. So did the Democrats—in a way. Governor Jerry Brown of California is single, but he has carried on a romance on an international scale with rock-and-roll singer Linda Ronstadt. ("He was just getting experience in foreign affairs," says one sarcastic staffer for a rival candidate for the Democratic nomination.) As it developed, Governor Brown was as elusive on the issue of whether he'd marry his rock-and-roll star before he moved into the White House as he was on most other issues. But he clearly made another decision about the women in his life: He didn't have his rock-and-roll singer campaigning for him across America, but he did have his mother making appearances for him. Perhaps to prove he had other feminine resources.

The fact is that his mother is a fascinating woman. But so are all the other women who might enter the White House next year on the arm of *the* successful candidate. For if there is anything to be learned from the long, trying, sometimes wacky, sometimes ugly process of this particular election campaign, it is that the women who are involved are far more interesting than the men. ✱



"Are you sure you locked the liquor cabinet?"

Rosalynn Carter

continued from page 68

governments to do more of their share.

"This is a world problem," she emphasized. "We will not succeed if it is treated as just an American project."

Finally, she shrewdly used the occasion to throw out some challenging reminders about world hunger in general. She had met recently with the World Hunger Commission and quoted from reports that indicate that 40 percent of the people in the developing countries do not have enough to eat and that one-eighth of the people of the whole world are malnourished. The hunger crisis, she warned, will hit us full force within the next 20 years.

"We must get ready to deal with the world hunger problem—now," she pleaded, "and not wait until the last hour as we did with the energy crisis."

Flying back to Washington, she took time off from going through the papers in her brief case to reflect on the remarkable role she has come to play in Jimmy Carter's life and presidential career.

"I know," she mused, "that some people criticize me and think I am too active and too involved, but I don't make decisions. I don't make any government policies. When Jimmy invites me to sit in on a meeting, I am there to inform myself about what our government is doing and why. I am not there to advise.

"I can't possibly know all the issues, but the more I can learn about them the better able I am to discuss them when people ask me questions or pass on information to me, which they do all the time.

"And, anyway, if you had your choice between sitting in a corner and listening to a Cabinet meeting or staying over in the White House and serving tea, wouldn't you prefer to listen to the Cabinet meeting? Not that I don't serve plenty of tea, as it is."

In allocating her time and energies, Rosalynn gives high priority to volunteer, nongovernmental programs and projects scattered across the country. "Community associations," she says, "are terribly important to meet human needs. Government agencies simply can't do it all."

The issues which have most engaged her interests in working with grassroots organizations have been mental health, the care of the elderly, inner city youth and the rights of women.

"I have pushed to get the Equal Rights Amendment passed, working with various woman's organizations, and I have worked to get more women into responsible government jobs and into other good positions in our society."

Asked about the criticism of some women activists and of Teddy Kennedy that Jimmy Carter has not done enough for women, she bristles. She is fiercely loyal to her husband and his policies and actions. She insists that President Carter has done more to recognize and advance women in highly responsible positions than any other president in our history. And she

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thinks criticism from Teddy Kennedy, of all people, is ludicrous, given his notorious record of passing over women for influential, policy-forming positions in his own staff. She doesn't want to talk about Teddy Kennedy, but her feelings are pretty evident.

Rosalynn's concern for volunteer organizations goes back to her years in the governor's mansion in Atlanta when she became involved in mental health problems and in efforts to help privately supported and volunteer initiatives to benefit troubled, disadvantaged children in the inner city schools. One of these, called Cities in Schools, started in Atlanta, now has branches functioning in Indianapolis, New York, Washington, Oakland and Houston. She continues to give it warm support.

She realizes that there are limits to what she can accomplish in advancing the various social concerns that interest her and that she faces problems and criticism in picking and choosing what she will spend time on. "It is a difficult thing to set priorities," she says, "but I do know that because of my position—not necessarily because of me—if I get interested it can help."

In the international field, it is clear that the Carter family has a special feeling for Latin America. She and Jimmy once took the three boys, before Amy was born, and spent a vacation driving around Mexico as tourists. Later she visited Brazil, Argentina and Costa Rica. "We have good friends in Atlanta who are from Guatemala. Once, when Jimmy was governor, I went down there just to visit my Guatemala friends. I love the Latin American people and I have been trying to learn the language for years. I took two quarters of Spanish when I was in college, and Jimmy really worked at learning Spanish at the Naval Academy. We are still working at it, and I love to speak Spanish when I have the opportunity."

One of the somewhat controversial actions by President Carter early in his term was to send Rosalynn on a state visit to several South American countries as his special emissary. Some Latin American specialists expressed dismay: The Latinos, with their *macho* complexes and their suspicion of Uncle Sam, anyway, would resent this well-intended but misguided gesture by a new President who ought to take his neighbors to the south seriously enough to do his own in-person fence-mending. Rosalynn went anyway.

She remembers that there was a certain awkwardness and skepticism when she arrived in each Latin American capital but says that she found her hosts changing their minds as she pro-

Continued on following page

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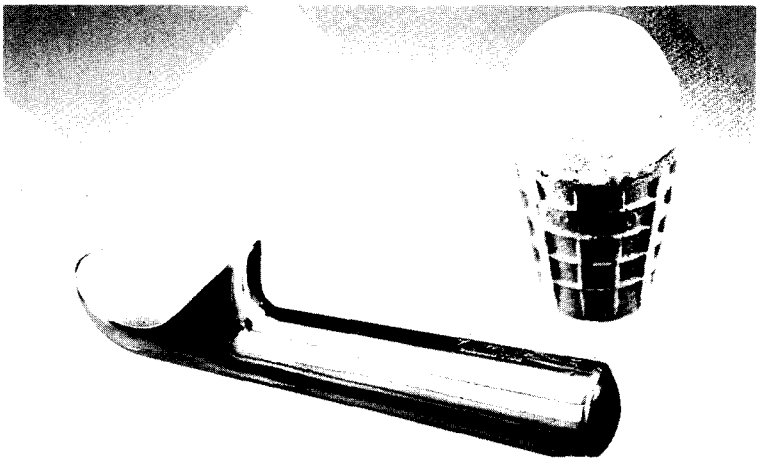

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ceeded with her visit.

"I would try in the first few minutes of conversation," she recalls, "to give them an authoritative overview of U.S. policy toward Latin America. I had been thoroughly briefed, and Jimmy had already made three speeches on Latin America which I knew well. It became clear to them that the President was not brushing them off by a social visit from me. They could see that I was bringing them serious and friendly messages and they knew I would take back to Jimmy their ideas and report them acccurately. They gave me a really warm reception. We made some good friends and have stayed in touch."

Obviously, Rosalynn enjoys a great deal about her job. What hasn't she liked?

"Living with all the security arrangements is hard," she replies. "But our family had to get used to that when Jimmy was governor. Now we more or less take it for granted. We try to ignore the presence of secret service people who are around us, which, I am sure, is what they want."

Despite that and other constant reminders of their public position, and the responsibilities and restrictions that go with it, Rosalynn insists that they live a remarkably normal kind of family life. As she sees it:

"When we go upstairs to our family quarters in the White House, we are going into what we have tried to make into a home and where we can live as a family. We have our family meals together. Sometimes Amy brings a friend in from school. The boys and their families come and go. We look at television and read. Jimmy often settles down during an evening to read a book. He, of course, interests himself in what all the children are doing. He has always been a strong father, as his father was before him. I don't know that he has ever spanked Amy, but she knows what he expects of her and she respects him. Firmness and love is what all children need, and we have tried to supply both. Aside from those hectic years when Jimmy was running for governor and was away so much and the burden of disciplining the children fell mostly on me, Jimmy has been a real father to our children—and he still is."

Polling the Stars

continued from page 63

trying to predict the winner. There are too many possibilities in this very crucial year.

The stars incline, they do not impel. The electromagnetic fields to which life on earth responds are constantly changing, and to track them all this far ahead is virtually impossible. Born October 1, 1924, at approximately 6 a.m. in Plains, Georgia, Mr. Carter has the sun in Libra and the moon in Scorpio. Libra is called the peacemaker and is known for its sense of fairness and the ability to see both sides of a point of view. Carter's moon in Scorpio reveals the depth and intensity of the feelings buried inside him, which inhibit and slow down action. The chart indicates a new beginning in January 1981.

"Stop howling, Sarah, we're almost there. Next time don't wait until you're too weak to take your vitamins!"

Eclipses have an effect upon our lives. Just before the election, on October 23, 1976, a solar eclipse joined Saturn in Mr. Carter's chart, warning of bitter disappointment in his term of office. A lunar eclipse in April 1977 set up another disappointment and then still another in October 1978, when Carter struggled with the Israel-Egypt talks, which later bogged down. In March 1979 he experienced antagonism from the public when another eclipse troubled Mars in his chart. There was loss of popularity again in August. Another eclipse in February 1980 will prove crucial for him, and another in August of this year. But in January 1981, he will make a new beginning!

Two men competing for the highest office in the land could not be more different. Ted Kennedy was born on February 22, 1932, just past the full moon, which set up his self-justification motivation, as though he's impelled to prove himself—to himself and to the world around him. There is the psychological need to project himself into the world and let it know there's a good reason for his being aboard. His drive to accomplishment is derived more from his personal needs than from the need to please, which motivates Jimmy Carter.

A solar eclipse will hit Kennedy's chart the day before the Democratic convention. And a lunar eclipse later in August, the same one which will hit Mr. Carter, will affect Kennedy's chart. It more than likely will *stop* one man and *start* the other. Kennedy has "lucky" aspects during the fall of 1980 and also in January 1981. Nineteen eighty-two, 1983 and 1984 will be some of the most challenging and difficult years of his lifetime.

The Republicans present us with another pair of men who are worlds apart.

Ronald Reagan, an Aquarian with his moon in Taurus, is fixed in his temperament, inflexible in his views and quietly self-willed. He's a very private man, one who needs constant reassurance, with all his apparent poise. The solar eclipse in February 1980 will tell the story. It's very touch-and-go.

Mr. Connally, born February 27, 1917, in Texas at around 2 a.m., is the Piscean who changed his mind and suddenly decided to swim in the opposite direction. Resourceful, intuitive and flexible, Connally's an adroit politician with a keen sense of timing. His chart indicates he'd be likely to side-step confrontations with charm and humor.

Which kind of man should we elect to guide us through the next few years?

P.S. The vice president will be *very* important this time . . . let's be selective.

Nellie Connally

continued from page 69

"The ordinary," says Nellie. "I'm afraid it was only as far as living in a vine-covered cottage surrounded by flowers with someone I loved dearly."

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"Now you're in a vine-covered ranch house, more or less. Things haven't changed that much, really. You met John when you were both members of an undergraduate theatre group. . . . He's a pretty handsome man today. What was he like then?"

That image must have flicked across her mind.

Nellie has a very mobile face. Just now her expression reveals that she fell in love just about on sight, and she's still unwaveringly in love with him.

"He was *something*. We were both stage-struck. I think I had it in my mind that someday I might be a famous thespian. But things worked out differently, of course."

In addition to their mutual interest in the campus Curtain Club, John and Nellie were generally regarded as naturals for a romantic interest. He was the dashing president of the Students Association, elected after a runaway campaign, and she was idolized as the bearer of the title, "Sweetheart of the University." Their love affair was idyllic. They were married on December 21, 1940. Their love affair is still idyllic.

"John came from a farming background. How about yours? You were Idanell Brill, weren't you? Hence the 'Nellie'?"

"Yes. My father was a leather merchant. He's now passed away, but not very long ago. We have a wonderful remembrance of him. Among the things he made were the holsters for the Texas Rangers. And here was this auction advertising that they had one of the famous 'Brill' holsters for sale! John got right on the phone and it was ours."

Nellie looks so happy at the thought that the next question is obvious.

"Family means a lot to you, doesn't it?"

"More than that. It means everything to me. You know how many years John has been in public life.* All that time I have seen as my duty to back him up as wife and mother and to keep the family behind him so that he can be at his very best at all times. That has been my contribution to his career as I have seen it."

(It is interesting to note that in another conversation with Mark M. Connally, their 27-year-old son, now president of the First City National Bank in Floresville, Mark reflected that at no time did he and his brother and little sister feel that his father's busy public life ever stood in the way of John Connally's devotion to his family. "Mom and Dad were always there, every time, when we needed them. They never once let us down," says Mark. He seems to rank that among his father's greatest accomplishments and, when you think of it, he's right.)

Thinking about this family angle, Nellie laughs merrily at a conversation she had with a lady journalist when John was the governor of Texas.

Apropos of Nellie's inclination to support her husband by keeping him happy and loved rather than by inching into his political affairs, this reporter asked: "How can you stand being 'just the governor's wife' and having no identity of your own?"

"My answer to that," says Nellie, eyes flashing, "is that being identified as Governor Connally's wife is the greatest thing that could happen to me in my entire life."

The chitchat moves easily from there to the religious life of the Connallys.

"We are Methodists, and we believe in God and have brought up our children to do the same," Nellie says.

She has an affinity for the literal truth, it seems. "You won't see us in the very front pew every Sunday these days, perhaps. But our hearts and thoughts are there just the same."

By now, the subject comes around to the main topic—politics.

I phrase it as gently as possible.

"If Governor Connally were to be nominated by the Republican party at the forthcoming convention, and then went on to become elected as president of the United States, how do you think you would enjoy the view from Harry Truman's balcony porch on the White House?"

Nellie's eyes twinkle.

"*When* he wins the nomination and *when* he wins the election. . . ." she corrects the question. Her smile takes all of the edge away from the quip.

Bravo. That's the spirit.

"Seriously," Nellie goes on, "my husband has never gone into anything without the expectation of winning. He won every time he ran for office, but he's also been appointed to most of his positions on the basis of his abilities rather than on his popularity. He and I have talked over this coming election in all of its phases, and I can assure you that if John could feel in his heart that there were a candidate in either party more fitted than he for the presidency and could serve the nation better, both of us would throw all of our support and energies behind that man. But it just doesn't seem to be the case.

Continued on following page

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My husband has always been guided by this strong sense of duty. As you know, he's not at all the typical oil-rich Texan. He started as a poor farm boy and all the money has been made through his work as a lawyer and in raising cattle. It hasn't been that easy for him, as some people may think."

Nellie's mood becomes sombre. Without any doubt the shadow of that terrible day in Dallas has fallen across her thoughts. It was then that she and her husband were sitting in the jump seats of the presidential limousine when the murderous gunfire broke out, aimed at President John F. Kennedy, sitting with his wife Jackie in the back seat of the car. We remember what happened then. But only Nellie knows the searing experience of seeing a bullet crash into the right side of John's back, blast a way through his innards, emerge from his chest in a hole as large as a tennis ball, and continue on through his wrist and into his leg.

The fact is, that day Nellie saved her husband's life. She pulled him over in her lap and leaned over him "to keep them from hurting him any more." By God's good grace, as she did this, his right arm was folded against his body and forcibly covered the gaping wound in his chest, stanching the flow of blood. Otherwise, he would have died during the 100-mile-an-hour race to the hospital. As it was, both Nellie and Jackie sat in the waiting room while both the President and the Governor underwent emergency surgery in a desperate attempt to save their lives. As we know, only John Connally survived, and that was chiefly due to Nellie's using her body to shield him. His last words in that terrible moment were not of himself but of her. "Someone take care of Nellie," said John Connally, as he lapsed into the dark of unconsciousness. It was a trial of love, a trial by terror and blood.

Having survived that awful, historic moment, both Nellie and John may well feel that the rest of his life is his on velvet, a gift of the gods, as it were, and perhaps part of a destiny which is preordained to take him to the White House.

Whatever, it has not changed Nellie one iota. Friends have been quoted as saying that she has a marvelous sense of knowing when she should participate in his life and when not to, and always does the right thing even when that consists of doing precisely nothing. They always talk out his major decisions, but Nellie always keeps her voice low. "She provides an added dimension to his life which has meant a great deal to him," says Connally's friend Robert Strauss.

Today, gazing out over the rolling Picosa fields, Nellie muses: "I know very well that if I really insisted upon it, and asked John not to run for the presidency, he probably would withdraw. But we both feel that his duty to run is clear. He always has stood up for what he believes in and stated where he stands, and then let the cards and votes fall where they may. If he loses—and, as I said, he never has—he's perfectly prepared to lose on his honest beliefs."

We sit silently for a moment.

"John may become president. Or, if not, he will have more time for himself and his family. Either way, whatever happens, I win."

There is an aura of quiet serenity about her as Nellie says this. She has a strong philosophy to carry her through. "I never look back. I concern myself with the present, and even more with the future. So does John. His obligation in running for top office is a deep-seated concern for the future; he wants to do what he can to make things better for the generation to come."

She has been holding her coffee cup in strong, steady hands. Now, she takes a final sip.

I think of Mark Connally's face when he spoke of her to me.

"My mother is a great lady."

She will be happy to know that he said that.

And he was right. ✱

*Editor's Note: He started his political career while still an undergraduate as a "campus coordinator" for an obscure congressional candidate, one Lyndon B. Johnson, who later invited the talented youngster to Washington to be his secretary. Later on he ran for governor of Texas and served three times, winning by great pluralities. During World War II he served as a combat officer with the U.S. Navy, emerging as a Lt. Commander. That gave him his sea legs when he was later appointed secretary of the Navy by John Kennedy. President Nixon made him his secretary of the treasury. John B. Connally also represented his country on many official missions in all parts of the world and acquired a vast background in international affairs as a result.

Larry Bird

continued from page 79

position in which it could get jammed. He removed the tape in mid-November and then had to readjust his shooting technique. But had he never been queried on the matter, nothing would ever have been said. Only he knows how aggravating it was to play with such a handicap, and he is keeping the feeling to himself.

Handling the press came easier to Bird than many thought it would, but one area which came even easier is the matter of getting along with his teammates. If there is one undeniable fact concerning Larry Bird, it is that he has always been a model teammate, both on and off the floor. He naturally relates to fellow athletes and to teams as such. It's that simple.

"I think it's very important that teams get along," he says. "That's one thing I was a little worried about when I came to Boston. I was hoping the guys would get along. I had heard some things about last year's club [a sad 29-53 team torn by dissension], but everything has been great."

His reputation as a good teammate had preceded him, so the veterans—none of them earning anything close to his salary and therefore potentially resentful—gave him the benefit of the doubt. He has fit well into the kidding, army barracks-type atmosphere of the 1979-80 Celtics. About the only complaint anyone has had about having Larry Bird around is a desire

Continued on page 111

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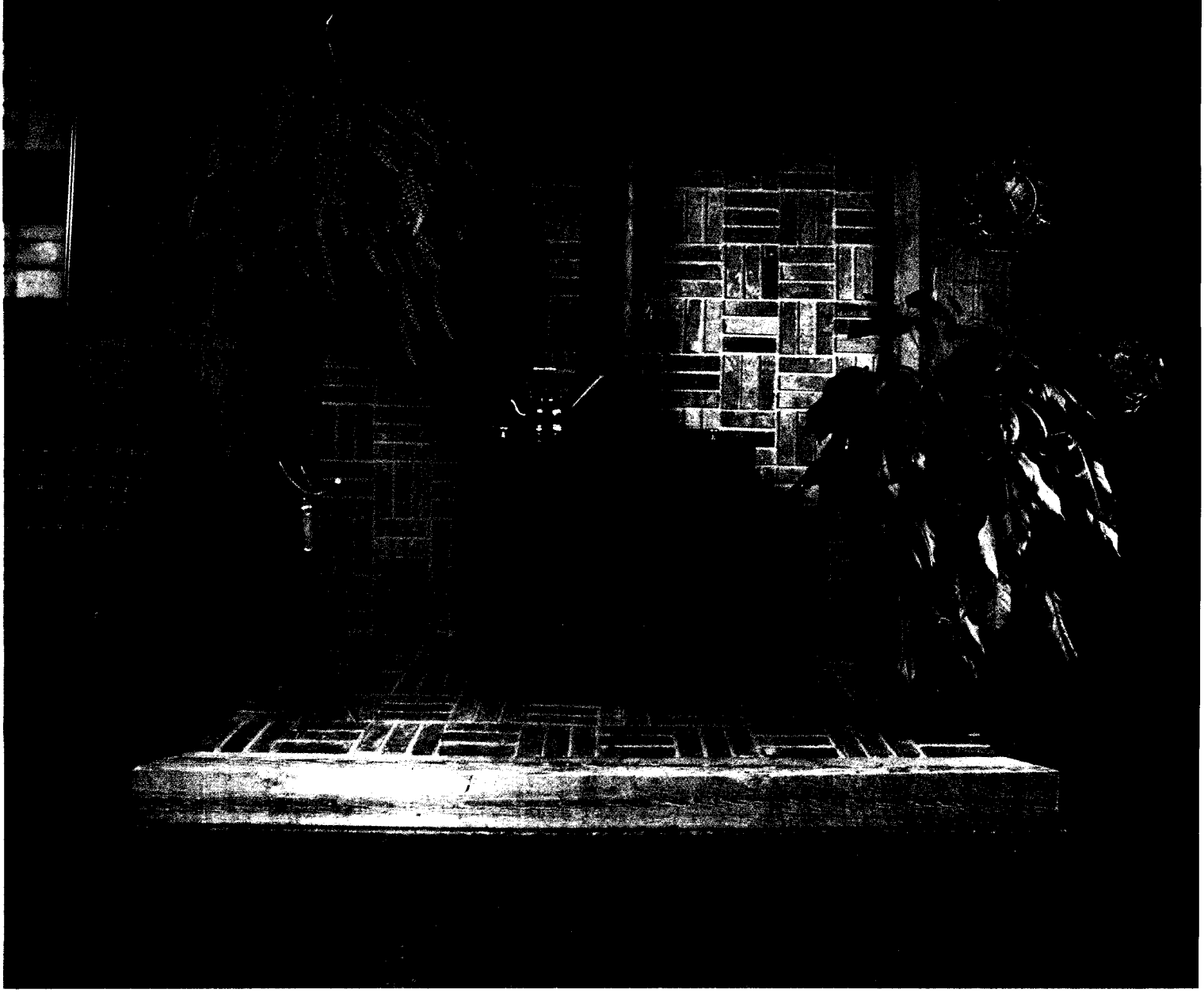

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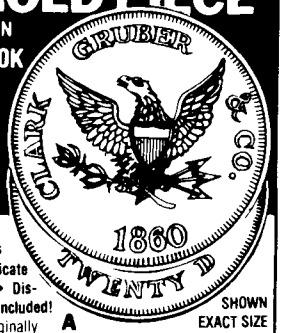

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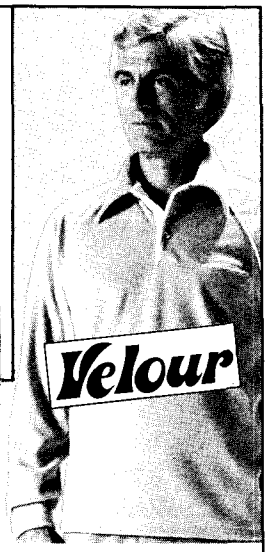

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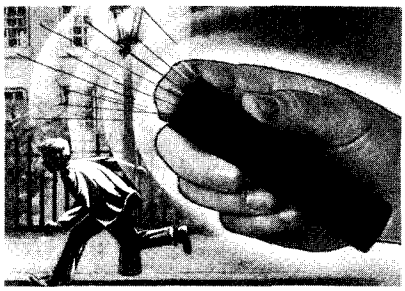

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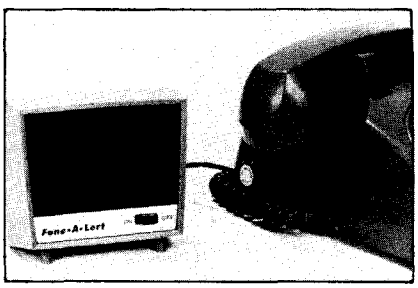

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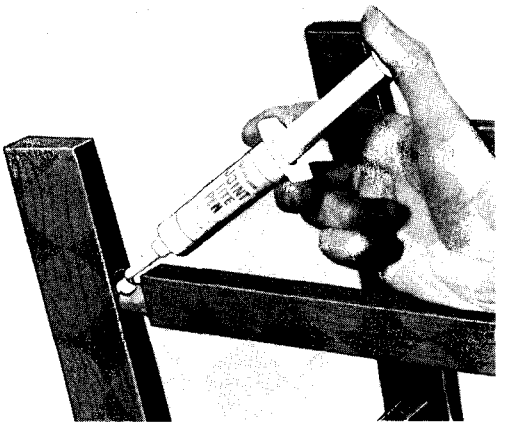

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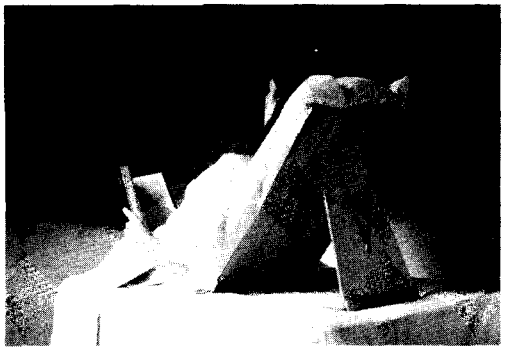

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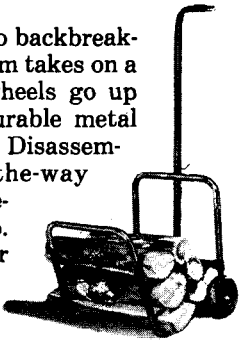

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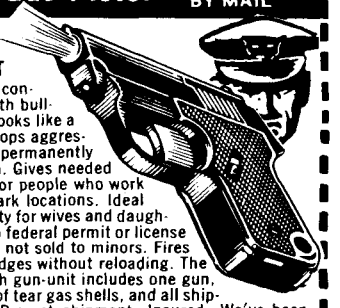

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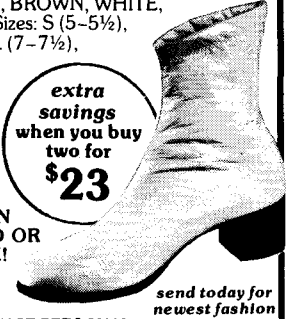

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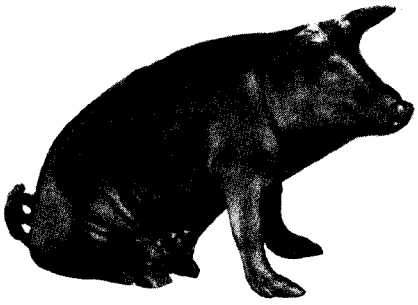

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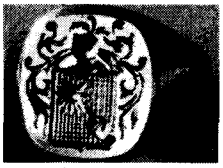

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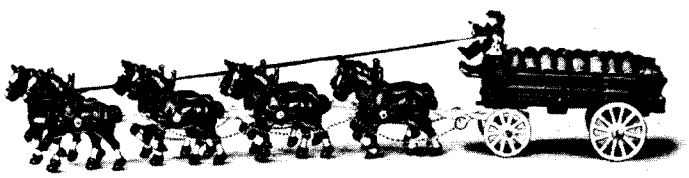

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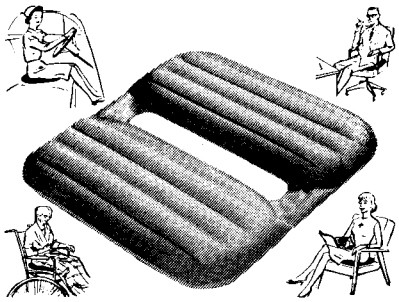

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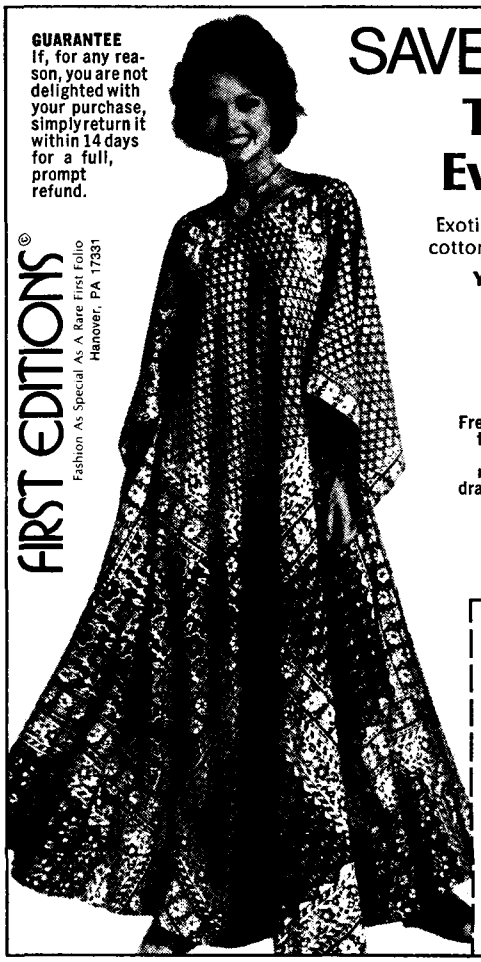

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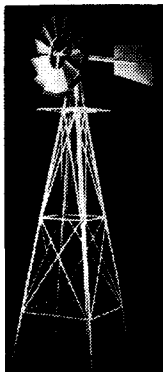

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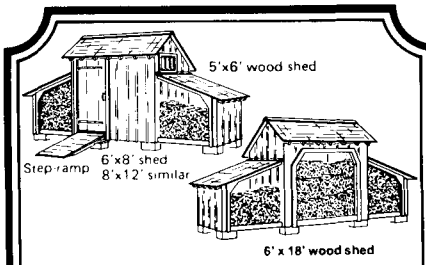

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Success

continued from page 83

church or a government. And that is Stage Two. Stage Two is the management stage. It is when we learn to manage the enterprise we have built. We must now elect officers. We must get involved in politics.

As we built a nation, we needed representatives in our government. In the earliest stages this was something that the man did when he wasn't farming: He went and served his country. We moved from a nation of believers and builders into one whose citizens devoted their energies not to being builders but to managing what was built.

There were local officials and state officials and county officials and national officials who oversaw the affairs of the nation—a worthy goal and an important one.

I see ministers or priests who build successful churches who get busy managing the parish or the denomination or the church, and they are so busy managing it they no longer have time to reach out and share with the unchurched, because "we must take care of the flock." The next thing you know, all of the discussions revolve around things like, Will the choir have robes or not? Will we have seats or will we have pews in our church? Will we have an organ or will the piano do? Will it be an electronic organ or a chord organ or a pipe organ? Will the minister get a car or won't he get a car? Will he have an expense account or won't he have an expense account? Will we have air conditioning or won't we have air conditioning? How are we going to handle the janitor? Who is going to keep the robes clean? Who is going to buy the soap, and where are they going to buy the soap? We have to make sure the collections are taken and properly stowed. We need a safe. We need a checking account, a deposit account.

All of this is part of management. But we get so busy managing the church, the church levels out and fails to progress.

When President Ford, who comes from Grand Rapids, took office, I stopped by to visit him, taking ten minutes to humor him a little bit. He needed a little relaxation once in a while! His people would say, "Everybody is bellyaching all day long. Why don't you just go in there and chat about the old times; give him a little break in his day."

So at that time we did. "Hey, Ford, are you in Stage Three?" He says, "What do you mean, am I in Stage Three?" Well, I started giving him this little speech, and so I will show you where I think America is now—in Stage Three.

Stage Three is a result of Stage Two: It's a defensive posture for the failure to grow. You see, once you were a builder and had fulfilled dreams and people were concurring. Then you had to manage all of that. You stopped growing. Now you have to defend a non-growth policy.

That is what our men in government do, and that is what Barry Bosworth of the Office of Wage and Price Control said recently, "You must settle for less." What he is really saying to you is, "Since we don't know how to get it going any more, we are going to sell you on accepting the poor job we are doing."

You are going to have to tell your kids they can't progress. All throughout our lives we have said to our children, "You can do better, you can do more. There are challenges throughout the world, there are hunger problems which are solvable. Go do it." Now we say, "No, settle down, kid."

We have a defensive posture. We are in a holding pattern. We ride through this difficult period—we set into motion a whole string of defensive actions.

The government politicians and bureaucrats talk to us about the energy problem. "We must allocate energy." So, we created the Department of Energy under James Schlesinger.

The dear energy man would become the chief manager of the rationing process and President Carter would make headlines, trying to be the first to knock the oil companies, put them down, make them look bad. That is a defensive posture.

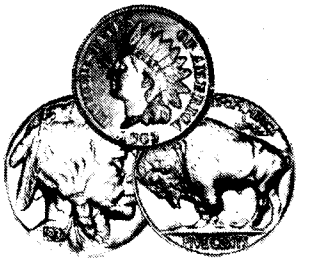
Instead of being deliverers—building and reaching out to make a greater America and thus being able to help the people all over the world—we begin to set up a syndrome of backing down and defending our non-growth policy with all kinds of rationale.

We say, "Oh, we can't let those oil companies get all those windfall profits. We are going to have to keep those boys under control." The fascinating part of that, of course, is that if you took all the windfall profits after Uncle takes half—they split off the top 50-50—most of the windfall falls on Washington. The balance gets spread around the industry.

However, the so-called windfall profits of $2.5 or $3 billion are one-fourth of what it takes to run the Department of Energy, which has an annual budget in excess of $11 billion.

So it takes $11 billion to run the rationing system, and the energy department doesn't find any oil at all.

Continued on page 124



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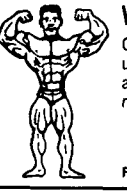

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FOOD

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How many men can say their wives' cooking helps them climb mountains? This gourmet can. Thanks to his wife's ingenuity in the kitchen, a heart attack didn't take him from the dining table to the operating table.

by Harold Prince

"You've had a heart attack."

My wife was with me in the doctor's office when we received the verdict.

"Tests show," he went on, "that the arteries carrying blood to your heart are clogged. Walking a single city block could be dangerous, perhaps even fatal."

We were shocked, numb. What was I to do?

"The only way to save your life," my doctor advised, "is surgery. I'll arrange for it at once."

I hated the idea of an operation, but I was ready to clutch at any straw. I agreed. But there was no room in our hospital, and I had to wait.

Weeks passed. The shock and numbness finally wore off. I was able to think clearly again.

"Isn't there some alternative to surgery?" I asked my doctor.

"You could change your life style for the time being," he said. "To begin with, cut down on your salt."

That was a clue. I'm a writer, and back in the late '60s I had ghosted an important book on heart attacks. I remembered that a radical change in diet had been known to help victims of coronaries.

The diet that seemed to work best had been invented by Dr. Norman Jolliffe while he was director of the New York City Bureau of Nutrition. Among a group of 400 "human guinea pigs," his Prudent Diet had reduced the rate of coronary by an impressive 500 percent.

The idea of the Prudent Diet is to reduce weight and keep it off, lower blood pressure and eliminate or severely restrict all nutriments which could contribute to the so-called degenerative diseases.

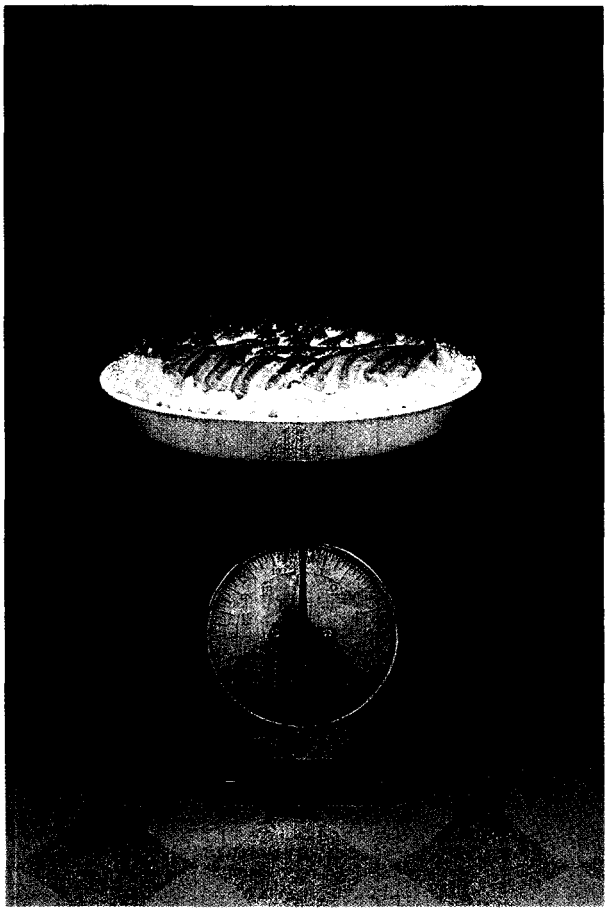
These include atherosclerosis (artery blockage), diabetes, hypertension (high blood pressure), obesity and heart attack.

It's a diet that works, but it's an austere one. It forbids the consumption of salt, sugar, butter, eggs, cream, mayonnaise, ketchup, ordinary margarines, bacon, tongue, smoked fish, most meats, cold cuts, patés, almost all nuts, cakes, pies, most breads, ice cream—and everything else that makes eating a peak experience.

Have you ever tasted any commercial food made without salt? Or any made without sugar? Or any made without butter, margarine, synthetic shortenings or egg yolks? I tried to imagine what food made without all those ingredients would taste like, and I shuddered.

To make matters worse, I had been a lifetime gourmet. I had dined habitually in the great restaurants of Paris, London, Rome, San Francisco and New York. At home, my wife Francine, a superb chef, had duplicated the three-star dishes of world-famous cuisines in her kitchen every day. And here I was facing a spartan diet which was not only tasteless but was monotonous as well.

But to stay alive, it was surgery or that ugh!-ly diet, and I chose the diet.



A healthy diet need not be a gourmet's nightmare. Diners unaware of this pineapple chiffon pie's secret rate it as the finest they've tasted, little suspecting it was assembled without butter, sugar or salt.

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For the next few months, Francine cooked my new kind of food for me, and what had been our regular kind of food for herself. Sharing the same dishes with someone you love is an intimate act and one of life's greatest joys. But now as we sat across the table, she with her food and me with mine, we felt as if we were miles apart. It was depressing.

So was the food. My diet had been concocted by clinicians, not cooks, and it tasted like something that had come out of a laboratory. Every meal became a kind of torture. Francine could see by the look on my face as I forced down each forkful that I couldn't stay on that diet much longer. Yet my life depended on a diet low in cholesterol and fat, especially saturated fat, and devoid of all sugar and salt.

After his heart attack, Harold Prince's doctor gave him a choice: bypass surgery or a complete change in life style and diet. His wife Francine came to the rescue with recipes that he believes saved him from surgery and from a lifetime of tasteless meals. Now trimmer than before, he's in perfect health.

I faced the most crucial problem of my life. I solved it like a man: I handed it over to my wife. "Help! Make this drab food delicious, interesting and varied."

I didn't make it easy for her. I gave her a stringent weekly menu that consisted of fish twice a week—and I hated fish; chicken twice a week—without rich sauces; meat twice a week—very lean, which meant not very tender or tasty; and at other times, vegetables, grains, rice, salt-free whole wheat pasta and salads without fattening dressings. To top it all, I insisted on desserts without sugar.

She faced what her friends and relatives called an impossible task. "Tell him not to be so conscious of food," one of them counseled her. "Food's not important. He'll get used to his diet."

But she knew I never would, and with much love and devotion, she set about to see if she could create enjoyable dishes eliminating, or minimizing, all four potentially harmful nutrients: fat/saturated fat, cholesterol, sugar and salt. No one had ever done it before. Could she do it?

"If you love what you're doing, and you love the person you're doing it for, you can't fail," she comforted me. "So don't worry."

She started with simple dishes such as roast chicken, stews, grillings, fish and vegetables. When the recipe called for salt, she used herbs. She replaced butter and margarine with low-saturated oils. Cream and whole milk gave way to no-fat milk and low-fat yogurt. Fruit juices, chopped dried fruits and occasionally small amounts of honey made sugar unnecessary.

She was on the right track. She could tell by the gusto with which I devoured my meals. Her own taste buds shared my delight. We were eating the same dishes at mealtime once more, and we were close together again. The depression was gone.

I began to improve. I walked farther and farther every day. One mile. Two. More. My energy and vitality were returning. There was no pain. My weight was ideal and rock-steady. I felt better, and I looked it and acted it.

That encouraged Francine. There wasn't a day that her mind wasn't on another new recipe, another new flavor, another new surprise. It lifted my spirits, which is very important to anybody fighting his way back to health—or to anybody wanting to stay healthy.

She introduced two outstanding firsts into diet cooking. One is an array of low-calorie breads and rolls made without sugar, salt or butter, which one eminent food critic has since called "sensational." The other is an extensive use of wine. Why no one ever thought of this before baffles me. Wine adds only about 3 calories per serving and just 3 grams of carbohydrates, 4 milligrams of sodium and no fat or cholesterol. But it does add enormously to the flavor of the dishes.

We realized that Francine had invented a gourmet cuisine for people of all ages on any kind of restricted diet: low-calorie, low-fat, low-saturated fat, low-cholesterol, low-carbohydrate and low-sodium (salt). Even more significantly, we found her new cuisine of health was for people not on any diet, but who desired to safeguard their precious health while satisfying their demanding palates.

She had achieved a stunning breakthrough in diet cuisines. A bit more than five years ago, I was warned I might not survive a stroll down the block. Last year, I climbed a mountain.

But the biggest mountain was the one Francine conquered—a mountain of day-by-day "impossible" tasks as she strove to create a gourmet cuisine with none of the ingredients that raise food to culinary heights. She did it with her love. And her love saved my life.

Apple Juice Rye Bread

(2 loaves)

This bread is a delight to make. You'll fall in love with oh-so-easy-to-knead dough, and you'll be entranced by the aromatic fragrance of toasted coriander. Three risings make exceptionally fine textured loaves, and apple juice gives them a subtle sweetness.

2 tablespoons dry yeast or
2 premeasured packages
1-1/4 cups warm water (105 to 115 degrees F.)
1 cup apple juice, no sugar added
1/4 cup nonfat dry milk
1/2 cup gluten flour
2-1/2 cups rye flour

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3-1/2 to 4 cups unbleached flour
1 tablespoon corn oil, plus 1/2 teaspoon for oiling bowl
2 tablespoons coriander seeds, toasted, finely crushed
1 tablespoon poppy seeds
1 tablespoon buckwheat honey
Grated peel of 1/2 navel orange
2 tablespoons white corn meal to sprinkle on baking sheet

Combine rye flour with 2 cups of the unbleached flour, milk and poppy and coriander seeds.

In a large bowl, dissolve yeast and honey in 1/4 cup warm water, blending with fork. Let stand for 5 minutes.

Heat apple juice, remaining water, orange peel and oil in saucepan until warm (105 to 115 degrees F.). Pour into dissolved yeast mixture and stir. Add flour mixture and beat with wooden spoon until all flour is absorbed. Add gluten flour and 1-1/2 of the cups of unbleached flour, beating well. When mixture becomes too difficult to handle with spoon, scoop up and turn onto lightly floured board. Knead until smooth and elastic, adding balance of flour if necessary.

Shape into ball and drop into lightly oiled bowl. Cover with plastic wrap and let rise at room temperature (70 to 80 degrees F.) until doubled in bulk (about 1 hour). Punch down to original size and knead briefly in bowl. Let rise again, covered, until doubled in bulk (about 40 minutes).

Punch dough down and shape into ball. Cut in half. Shape into 2 round smooth loaves. Sprinkle jelly roll pan with corn meal and place each loaf in opposite corners of pan. Brush with water. Cover with waxed paper and let rise until doubled in bulk.

Bake in preheated 375-degree F. oven for 45 minutes. Bread is fully baked when tapping bottom with knuckles produces a hollow sound. Brush again with water. Place on rack and cool thoroughly before slicing.

Steak Pizzaiola
(6 servings)

Start with one of the leanest of all beef cuts, sirloin, brush with a light garlic marinade and grill to perfection—that's my version of one of the most delectable of Italian dishes. Serve with a risotto and endive and arrugula salad, and you'll think you're in a trattoria in Rome.

1 sirloin steak including filet, sliced 1" thick, about 3 pounds, well trimmed
1 large shallot, minced
2 large cloves garlic, finely minced
1 tablespoon corn oil
1/2 teaspoon dried thyme leaves, crushed
1 tablespoon freshly chopped parsley
5 dashes cayenne pepper
1/2 teaspoon wine vinegar
1/8 teaspoon salt-free soy sauce

Let steak stand at room temperature for 30 minutes before broiling. Wipe dry with paper toweling. Combine remaining ingredients in a small bowl and blend well. This is the marinade.

Preheat broiler. Brush half marinade over one side of steak. Place under broiler 1-1/2" from flame and broil for 7 minutes. Turn and spread balance of marinade over second side. Broil another 7 minutes. Turn again, basting with marinade, and broil for 5 minutes on each side. The steak will be medium rare. Serve immediately.

Baked Striped Bass Steaks
(4 servings)

The strong, firm, meaty flesh of this incomparable fish is caressed by tangy herbs and shallots and cosseted by wine, making a dish of fantastic succulence and flavor. Truly, a four-star experience.

2 striped bass steaks cut from large fish, 1-1/2 pounds, each steak cut in half along length of bone
3 cloves garlic, finely minced
3 shallots, finely minced
2 tablespoons freshly chopped parsley
Juice of 1/2 lime
1/2 teaspoon dried thyme leaves, crushed
4 dashes cayenne pepper
1/3 cup dry vermouth or red wine (try it both ways—either makes a delicious dish)

Wipe fish dry with paper toweling. Rub lime juice into fish on both sides. Sprinkle with thyme and cayenne.

Line shallow baking dish with aluminum foil. Sprinkle half of parsley into pan. Strew half of garlic and shallots over parsley. Lay fish on top of herb-shallot mixture. Sprinkle balance of herbs and shallots over fish. Cover with aluminum foil. Bake in preheated 400-degree F. oven for 12 minutes.

Remove from oven and pour wine over fish. Recover and bake for 12 minutes. Serve immediately with pan juices spooned over fish.

Honeydew Melon Sherbet

Can you imagine the pure fruit essence of honeydew melon captured in a frozen dessert almost as light as a meringue? If you can't, dip into the after-meal treat that follows and enjoy new heights of taste-consciousness. And you don't need an ice cream machine to make it!

2-1/2 cups puréed ripe honeydew melon (about 3/4 of an average-size melon) plus honeydew balls for garnish
2 tablespoons honey
Juice of one lemon
Grated rind of 1/2 lemon
3 egg whites

Cut and dice honeydew. Purée in blender. Pour into mixing bowl. Add lemon juice and rind and blend with whisk. Add honey and blend again.

Beat egg whites until firm but without dry peaks forming. Whisk 1/3 of egg whites into the puréed melon; then fold in the balance. Pour into 9" x 5" loaf pan that has been rinsed in cold water and dried. Cover with aluminum foil and place in freezer compartment of refrigerator.

Remove from freezer after 45 minutes. At this point, top has started to solidify and the bottom has become watery. Fold bottom over top with wooden spoon until most of the liquid is absorbed. Return to freezer, covered.

Repeat the freezing, stirring and folding process twice more. After 3 hours, remove from freezer and, using wire whisk or portable mixing machine, beat until smooth. At this point the dessert will look and taste like sherbet. Return to freezer, covered.

Sherbet will be fully ripened in flavor about 5 hours from starting time. Remove from freezer 20 minutes before serving if you prefer a softer consistency. Serve in parfait

Continued on page 128

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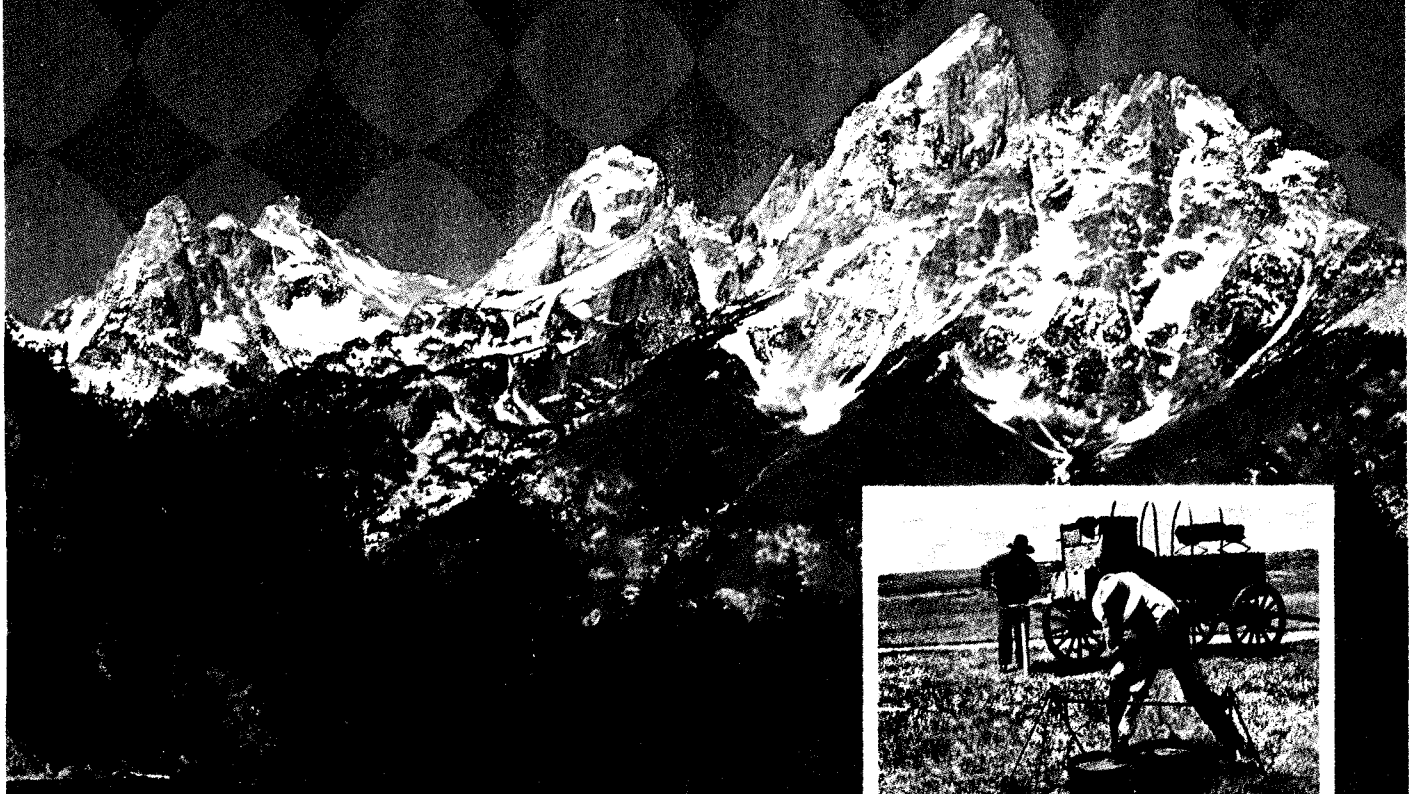
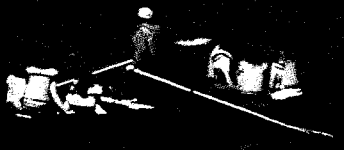
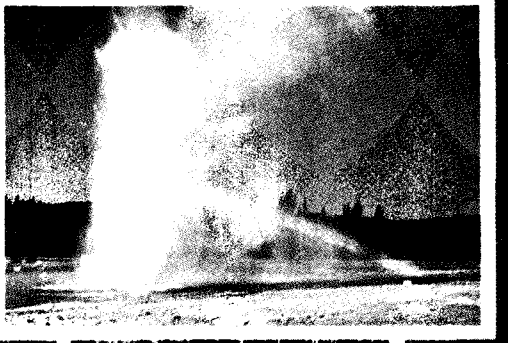
wyoming







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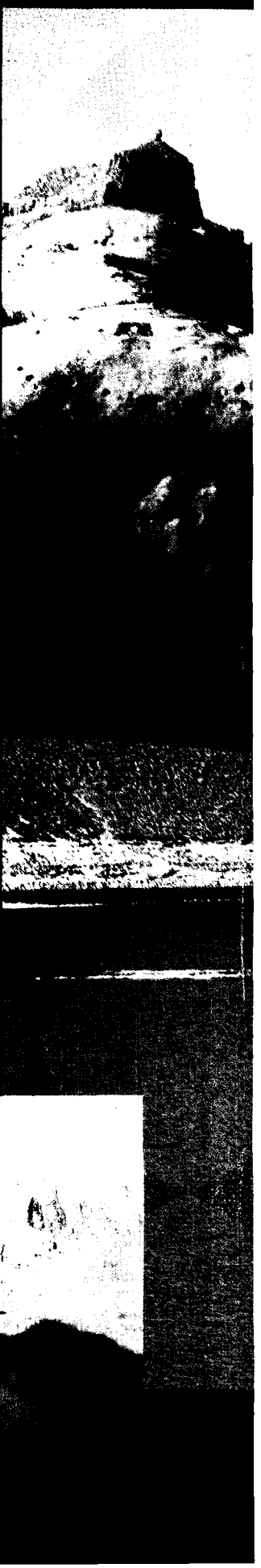

At Lake Powell the rushing Colorado pauses in serene reflection, pooling the resources of man and nature.

Photography by C.J. Burkhart

he silence is all around, wrapped in darkness and surrounded with mystery. No creatures are heard rustling and scurrying in the night or howling plaintive, lonely calls. No wind is whispering softly as it caresses the leaves on trees or roaring thunderously in anger as it tears them loose and sends them swirling away. There is no lapping of water against the walls of sandstone cliffs worn alternately smooth and ragged by nature's ravishes or against the sides of volcanic-rock islands protruding from the water's depths. There is only stillness, quiet, peace and the beauty of Lake Powell waiting to be discovered by the dawn.

Mention Lake Powell to most Americans and they do not know what it is or where it is. That is not surprising because the lake is only 16 years old, but it is a body of lucent water that stretches 186 miles northeast from the Glen Canyon Dam at Page, Arizona, to a point in Utah just below the juncture of Highway 95 and the Colorado River. It has 1,900 miles of shoreline and 91 side canyons, and its 27 million acre-feet of cool crystallinity are fed from the runoff of snow-covered Wyoming, Utah and Colorado mountains. It is one of the largest man-made lakes in North America, vying only with Lake Mead, whose approximately 29 million acre-feet of water are held back by Hoover Dam.

Formed by the waters of the Colorado River, Lake Powell is a haven of peace, quiet and solitude. It's an escape from the world, a place for rest and recreation surrounded by some of the most beautiful scenery on earth. It is an azure jewel in a free-form setting and it is the perfect spot for a vacation.

Much debate preceded authorization for construction of the dam in 1956 because it was feared the rising water would not only cover some of the historic locations on the Colorado River but would also destroy the beauty of Glen Canyon. But the stated purpose for building it was to create a reservoir to store water, control floods and sediment, conserve fish and wildlife, create recreational areas and produce electrical energy.

There is no doubt that a few historic locations—like the spot where

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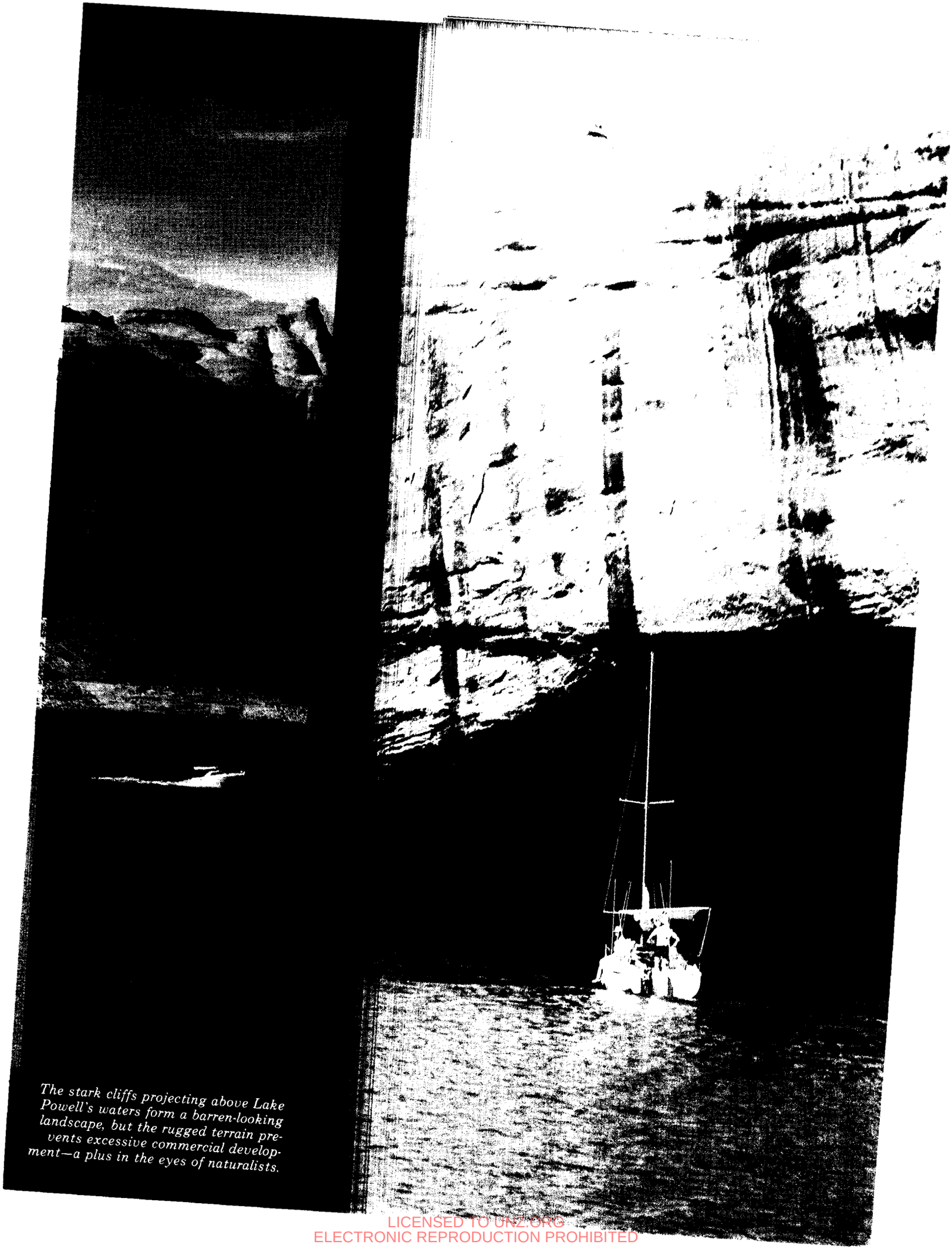

The stark cliffs projecting above Lake Powell's waters form a barren-looking landscape, but the rugged terrain prevents excessive commercial development—a plus in the eyes of naturalists.

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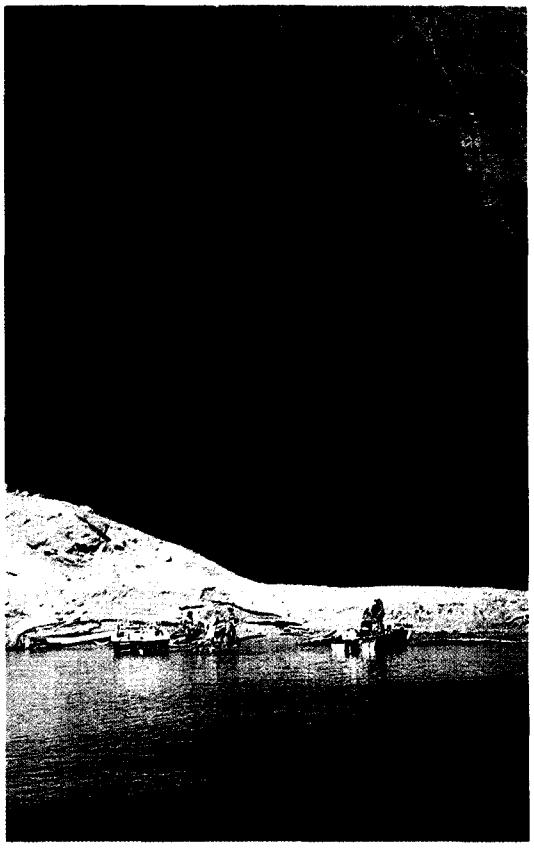
Padres Dominguez and Escalante in 1776 finally succeeded in crossing the Colorado River—are indeed under water, but the area created can be enjoyed by more people than the canyon alone ever could accommodate. In addition, the bright blue water of the lake has added a contrast to the brick-red canyon walls that greatly enhances their beauty, and careful supervision by the park service ensures that nature's ecological and environmental controls continue.

Nor has the history of the area been disregarded, for the water covering the site of "The Crossing of the Fathers" has been named Padre Bay, and other locations around the lake carry the names of historic sites and persons. The man who explored the canyon has been memorialized in the name of the lake itself: Major John Wesley Powell, a Civil War veteran who lost an arm at the battle of Shiloh and a self-taught naturalist and early advocate of water reclamation, led the first successful boat expeditions down the turbulent Colorado River and through the Grand Canyon.



Although the majestic mounds overhead, worn smooth by wind and rain, may look overwhelming, they actually hide cozy coves for swimming and fishing, away from the madding crowds.

Lake Powell is a fisherman's paradise. At dawn and at dusk when insects skim the lake's surface, numerous varieties of fish leave the deeper water and the crevices and ledges of the steep underwater canyon walls and rise to the surface to feed. They may be seen in shimmering beauty as they jump for insects or swim casually through the translucent water. Stocked by the National Park Service, the lake contains striped and large-mouth bass, rainbow trout and black crappie, which live and breed in its depths along with the Colorado River's native walleye and northern pike, channel catfish, brown trout, bluegill and, of course, the universal carp.

Despite the complete stillness on the lake at certain times, the surrounding area is not devoid of life. Both native and migratory birds live in the trees and cliffs that line Lake Powell. Sandpipers populate the sandy beaches and sand bars and waterfowl are at home on the lake itself. On the shores, in the valleys and on the cliffs and mesas live deer, foxes, coyotes, bobcats, rabbits, squirrels, rats and mice. Even beaver dams are sometimes found along the streams that feed into the lake. Hikers along the shores can catch a whiff of a skunk's "perfume" or, in more remote areas, a quick glimpse of a bighorn sheep as it moves quickly and gracefully at seemingly unscalable heights. A remote hidden cave or rock shelter might house a mountain lion, and on the lake it is not uncommon for a bat to fly through the open window of a houseboat, searching for a midnight feast of flying insects but always as anxious to leave the houseboat as its occupants are for him to go.

Viewed from an airplane, the area surrounding Lake Powell appears barren and nonproductive, but not so the shores and canyons as they are seen from the lake. Against the sweeping vistas of brick-red sandstone cliffs, which are reflected in bobbing ripples of red on the azure water, may be seen the glory of desert flora. The cactus and yucca display their flowers or their fruit and at the higher elevations are junipers and piñons. Bordering the lake and the many streams that lead into it are cottonwoods, tamarisks, poplars and willows, and in the spring wild flowers cover the beaches with masses of yellow, red, pink, lavender and purple. On the canyon walls, lichens form streaks and designs in white, black, gray, yellow, orange and green.

From the lake, the cliffs take on a beauty of form and color that awes the beholder. Layer upon layer of varicolored strata—the orange and red-brown of Navajo sandstone, the pinks and beiges of carmel formation and the grays and blacks of tropic shale—indicate ancient geological origins. Volcanic plugs, or necks, left after the softer outer layers of volcanic cones have eroded away, give evidence of the last volcanic uplift millions of years ago and stand out as prehistoric forms.

Several types of boats may be found on the lake, some privately owned and many that can be rented. There are motor boats, cruisers, sailboats, kayaks and canoes. Water-skiing is a popular sport on the smooth, clear water of the bays, and scuba divers can swim along with the abundant and varied fish life, marvel at the beauty of underwater canyon walls and formations and even explore some ancient Indian ruins which now are below the surface. Becoming more and more popular are the houseboats which can be docked on the sandy beaches for overnight stays. Lying on the deck of a houseboat and looking deep into the blackness of a nighttime sky which stretches endlessly through the universe, enhancing the brilliance of a billion stars or more, is a rare and wondrous experience.

By living aboard a houseboat for a week or two and towing a motor boat behind, a vacationer can fully enjoy the Lake Powell attractions. A houseboat can be anchored on a beach or a sand bar and the motor

Continued on following page

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HOLIDAY SURPRISE!

THE NO STRINGS HOLIDAY

Bare, browning skin touched by cool breezes. Blue waters breaking steadily onto clean, sugar-white sands—a rhythmic dance of Mexican beach and Pacific surf. It's the lazy, easy life at the Ixtapa Holiday Inn.

IXTAPA
LUXURY BEACH RESORT
Holiday Inn

TA[illegible]ENLY
H[illegible]

[illegible]

TAXCO
LUXURY [illegible] HOTEL
Holiday Inn

THE HOLIDAY ON ICE

Swirl the coolness of a sunset drink and conjure up the memories of a tropical day. Fishermen casting nets into the azure waters of a world turned upside down. Sailing in perfumed breezes of old Spanish Mexico. Mazatlan Holiday Inn.

MAZATLAN
LUXURY BEACH RESORT
Holiday Inn

THE HOLIDAY [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

GUADALAJARA
LUXURY RESORT HOTEL
Holiday Inn

THE HOLIDAY IN LIGHTS

The fantasy colors and images of electric light are exciting reflections of the stars sparkling in Banderas Bay. Music beats in the heart through the exotic Mexican night. At daVinci's disco, in the Puerto Vallarta Holiday Inn.

PUERTO VALLARTA
LUXURY BEACH RESORT
Holiday Inn

THE [illegible]
[illegible] BED

[illegible] breakfast in luxury in this [illegible] you can almost [illegible] and chants of [illegible] ceremony wafting [illegible] breezes of centuries to [illegible] Holiday Inn in Mexico City's [illegible] Rosa. Mexico City, viva!

MEXICO CITY
LUXURY HOTEL
Holiday Inn

[illegible] your reservations or more information, call your local [illegible] nearest Holiday Inn or the Holiday Inn Reservation Center [illegible]

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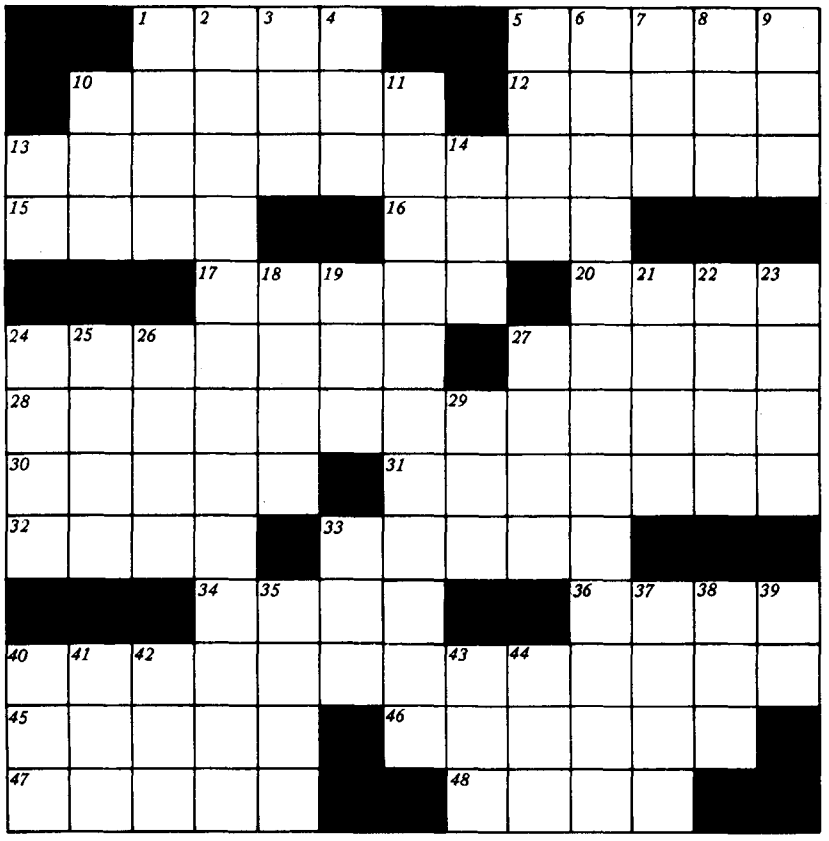
Crossing the West



(Answers on page 121)

ACROSS
1. Leer
5. Ham it up
10. Old car
12. Navigational device
13. Glacier National Park sight
15. Feminine name meaning fair
16. Slight
17. Newcastle superfluity
20. Ballet skirt
24. Ship stoppage
27. Homer king
28. Largest natural arch
30. Gives the go-ahead
31. Certain poems
32. Mediocre
33. Kneel
34. Roman emperor
36. Supplements
40. Custer Natl. Forest cascade
45. English priest
46. Calls forth
47. Texas shrine
48. Gaelic

DOWN
1. Like a certain wood
2. Forms Lake Powell
3. --- Alamos, Calif.
4. New Testament book (Abbr.)
5. Famous exile site
6. Gannett and Kings, e.g.
7. Hockey great
8. Summer goal
9. Compass direction (Abbr.)
10. Back talk
11. Oldest National Park
13. Shirt size (Abbr.)
14. Thing, in law
18. Spheres
19. Past
21. Cross with pointed ends
22. Hired labor (S. Afr.)
23. Indefinite Fr. pronoun (fem.)
24. Greek love god
25. Mackerel shark
26. Slant
27. Italian river
29. Scary remark
33. --- Lanka
35. Spanish river
37. Swiss painter
38. Chicago sights
39. Liner (Abbr.)
40. Charleston site (Abbr.)
41. Fuel
42. Wood sorrel
43. Adam's rib
44. Directed to

boat used for fishing or to explore passageways and canyons that are too narrow to accommodate the larger vessel. Those who do not own or desire to rent a boat can take scenic cruises aboard tour boats such as the Canyon King, a paddle-wheel river boat. Guided charters are available for fishing trips.

Sightseers and photographers should not miss the Rainbow Bridge National Monument, which is a short hike from a dock near the Rainbow Marina. This stone bridge is the largest natural stone span on earth and, like the Grand Canyon, has been called one of the seven natural wonders of the world. Against a salmon-colored background, variegated streaks in shades of red and brown lend credence to the name given it by the Indians: *Nonnezoshi* or "Rainbow Turned to Stone." There are only two ways to reach the bridge—by boat or by an arduous and difficult 26-mile round-trip hike from the base of Navajo Mountain. There are scenic flights, however, which afford breath-taking views from the air.

Popular side attractions in the Lake Powell area are the two exciting Colorado River raft expeditions below the lake. The one-day raft expedition starts with a bus trip through a two-mile tunnel to the base of Glen Canyon Dam. From there, a five-hour rubber raft trip takes the "river-runner," floating downstream between majestic sandstone cliffs and past green, wooded glens. There are stops for lunch and for short hikes to see ancient Indian petroglyphs.

For a real feeling of exploration, however, and a small sampling of the experiences of John Wesley Powell and his companions in their expeditions down the Colorado River, nothing can compare with the eight-day Grand Canyon rubber raft trip. So popular is this thrilling expedition that reservations must be made as much as a year in advance.

It is for the average vacationer, however, that a sojourn at Lake Powell can provide the respite he has looked forward to and planned all year long. He can immerse himself in quiet, peaceful beauty far from the demands of a business world and the pollution, noise and frustrations of an everyday urban life. He can rest on the deck of a houseboat and feel the gentle caress of a cool evening breeze. He can look out over the lake and watch ripples of deep blue water reflect, on their crests, the dancing images of age-old sandstone cliffs or the spreading hues of a western sunset. He can breathe the clean, pure air and he can listen to the splashing of the fish he may catch—come the next day's dawn.

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Larry Bird

continued from page 92

for him to shoot the ball more. Rookie sensations usually don't have this problem.

He certainly doesn't flout his new wealth. A lifetime of modest living has produced a young adult with simple tastes. He bought the house in which he lives, but very little else. "I've got everything I need," he says, "and it isn't much." Indeed, aside from the house, his only visible new possession is a four-wheel-drive vehicle which is courtesy of some folks back in Terre Haute. He is strictly a jeans-and-T-shirt dresser, which is about all he needs since he is hardly a local gadabout. "I go to a few restaurants [with girl friend Dinah Mattingly], and that's about it." Otherwise, he likes to drink a few beers and shoot some pool.

What distinguishes Bird as a player is that he operates on two distinct levels. His game can be highly ostentatious, full of spectacular shots (many with his well-developed left hand) and passes that have not been seen since the legendary Bob Cousy retired more than 16 years ago. This is the Bird who brings fans out of the seats as soon as he touches the ball. The second Bird is a fundamentalist who makes coaches and thinking players who view him weep for joy. After a December clinic against Milwaukee in which Bird had scored 25 points, grabbed 11 rebounds and handed out 8 assists while scoring clutch baskets and making numerous timely plays at both ends of the floor, Milwaukee coach Don Nelson, himself a storied former Boston Celtic, said, "He just knows how to fit into the situation." Added Milwaukee player Brian Winters, "He's very smart, very sound fundamentally. The great ones just know how to play the game. There is something in their eyes, and Bird has it."

His effect on the NBA has been enormous. Begin with his impact on the Celtics. Though there are other contributing factors in Boston's latest rise in the standings, Bird remains the key addition to that aforementioned 29-53 team of last season. The box office has been humming since day one, and there is little doubt that Bird will pay for himself in his first season. And by the time the season was one-third completed, others were testifying to his magic at the gate. The Celtics (translated, "Bird") had sold out New York when nobody else had; Philadelphia (ditto), Indiana twice (the same), Kansas City (uh-huh) and Atlanta, where one other team had. In addition, Cleveland had attracted its two largest

Continued on page 113

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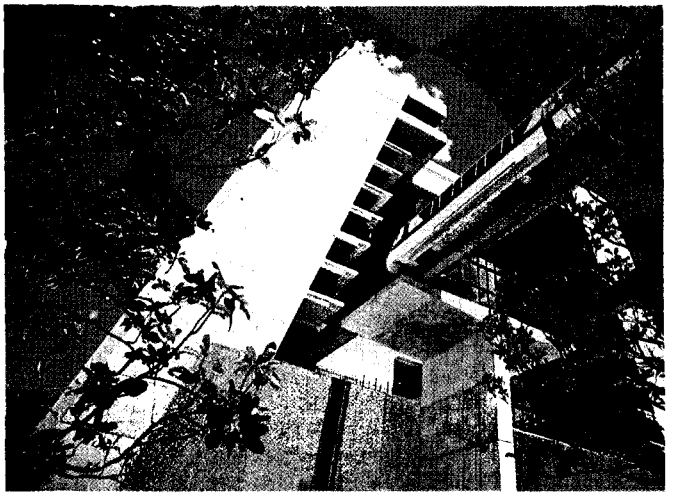
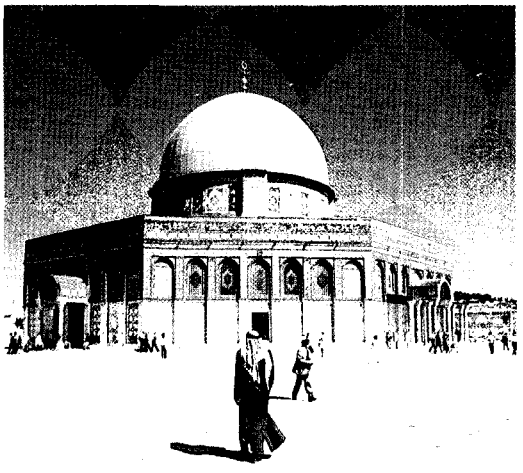
WHERE IN THE WORLD?

The significance of these unique habitations lie in their use and the people who made them. In background information we've provided a lot. Now all we ask is, you name the spot.

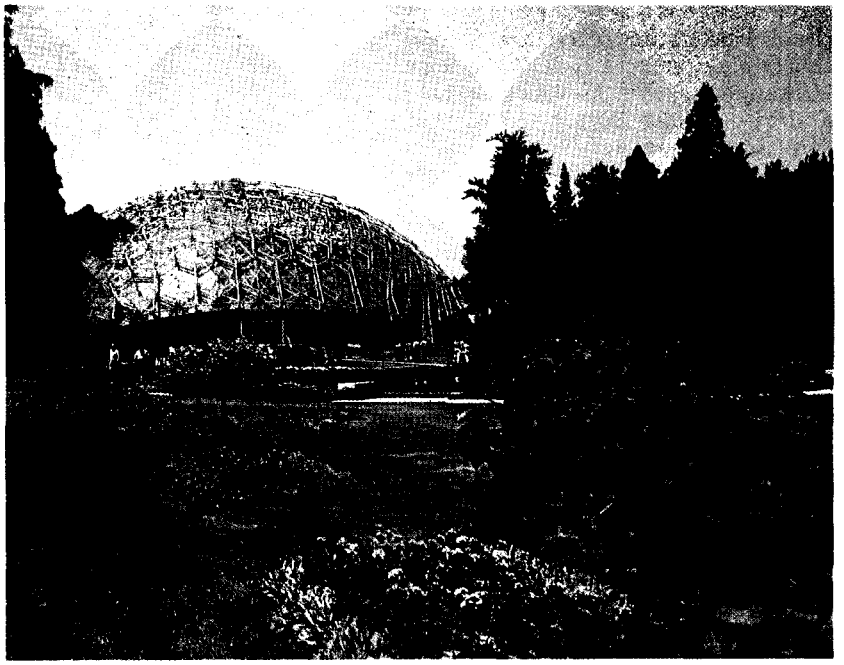
1 ☐ **New Mexico** ☐ **Colorado** ☐ **California**
Visitors to this ancient example of cliff-side urban planning may think the long-vanished inhabitants carved out a pretty nice niche for themselves, but archaelogists say the brick apartments were cold in winter and hot in summer. The residents moved here from the more comfortable mesa tops near the end of the 12th century. But they stayed less than 100 years before disappearing, leaving their city a ghost town until it was uncovered in 1909.



2 ☐ **Houston** ☐ **Orlando** ☐ **Cincinnati**
Trains and hotels are customarily bad bed partners, but regular whistle-less stops through the main lobby of this luxury resort don't rattle boarders a bit. In fact, there's nothing Mickey Mouse about a hotel with eight restaurants, a 90-foot-high stadium-length Grand Canyon mural and nine specialty stores. Although it may seem Goofy, the whole area was once a swamp. You might say this spectacular building is in a world of its own where everybody's business is pleasure.



3 ☐ **Istanbul** ☐ **Medina** ☐ **Jerusalem**
Beneath this golden-domed shrine built in A.D. 691 lies a sacred rock at which the progenitor of a race once tried to sacrifice his son and from which the founder of a great religion is said to have ascended into heaven. Two great temples which successively occupied this hilltop site were both completely destroyed, the second by Roman legions who plowed over the whole area and built a new city which they called Aelia Capitolina. Today the city goes by its original name which means "the foundation of the god Shalem."



4 ☐ **St. Louis** ☐ **San Francisco** ☐ **St. Paul**
A splendor under glass, the half-acre tropical rain forest which thrives inside this geodesic "Climatron" nurtures orchids, exotic fish and even jungle birds. The world's first geodesic dome greenhouse, it rests in America's oldest botanical garden, a 79-acre park of walkways, pools and fountains which includes the country's largest Japanese garden. Henry Shaw, a man with a deep-rooted love for plants, founded the gardens in 1859 in this water-side city where he made his fortune.

(Answers on page 121)

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Larry Bird

continued from page 111

crowds of the season with Bird in town.

With playing and practicing basketball occupying so much of his time, the primary beneficiary of his new financial status is his mother Georgia, a former waitress. "Just knowing that my mom will never have to work again and that she can buy all the small things she's ever wanted means a lot to me," he says. "She gets sent money every week directly from the bank. It's great to know she can have everything she wants or needs. That gives me a better feeling than anything."

His next project will be to serve as a basketball tutor to his 16-year-old brother Jeff when he returns to French Lick next summer. "I think there are lot of things I can show him," Bird says. "He could turn out to be a great player.

"But," he concludes. "He's got to be lucky. Very lucky."

Roulette

continued from page 57

But how can a man go into a restaurant and eat while his wife sits across the table and watches, as though they had tossed a coin and he had won? I haven't figured it out. And she knows it. So I order a hamburger to go. I could easily eat two, but knowing that she will be hungry the minute we get back on the highway (which gives her a two-point bonus), I'll wait until we get off at the next exit.

"I had better hold that until we get started," she will unfailingly offer. And, "That does smell good," she will say, also without fail.

The way the scoring goes, if I am left with more than that part of the bun where the hamburger didn't reach, I get five points. I haven't scored five points yet. And with my hamburger now reposing in her stomach (three points), we won't be stopping again for another two hours . . . unless bugs blot out my vision . . . or she sees a Coke sign.

And then there are the possibilities for a rest stop.

Oh, what fun it is to ride. . . .

Women In Politics

continued from page 32

State plans for choosing delegates, which are due in September, must include a clause stipulating that half of the representatives will be women, she explained.

"If not," she added, "we're going to go after them."

While the realization of this newly passed law is uppermost in most committeewomen's minds, other election-year goals have also been set.

The ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment (ERA), for example, in at least three of the last 13 reluctant states is a top priority, Peterson and other leaders stated.

"We've exerted some pressure to keep the convention out of those states that haven't ratified the ERA, but sometimes I just don't know what else we could possibly do to get that thing passed," Peterson said, adding that the convention this year is expected to be held in New York City.

While Peterson's Women's Caucus, which formed about three years ago to specifically represent the needs of women in the party, works toward ERA, other Democratic women are learning the art of assertive campaigning.

"We've been holding workshops all over the country for women who want to help in any way—fund raising, phoning, polling, campaigning—whatever," Dewald said from her Washington,

Continued on page 124

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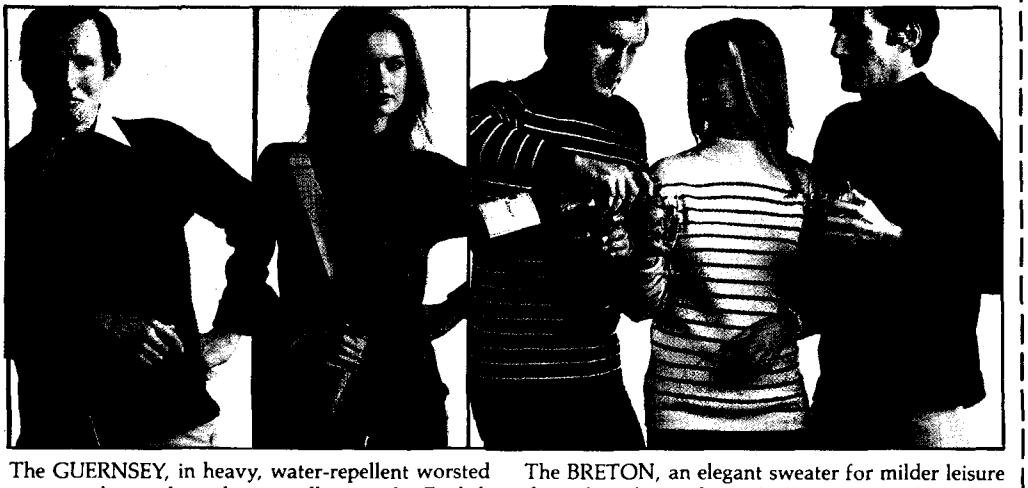

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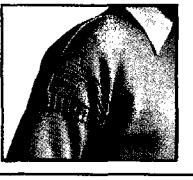

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POST PEOPLE

"That stuff is poison," the woman whispered. "I wouldn't have it in my house, let alone my body." This cryptic comment at a loosely drawn press conference in the New York office of a Fifth Avenue attorney arrested more than one journalist present from thoughtlessly plopping that cube of sugar into his dark brew. Octogenarian Gloria Swanson, whose youthful presence has inspired poetry, proselytized against poor eating habits as she placed her assortment of fresh fruit onto a tray while graciously but emphatically resisting her courteous host's offerings. "I used to get positively livid when I watched people eating poison. But I've learned that everyone has to find out for himself—the hard way. They can eat ground glass in front of me now and I don't even twitch."

Xanadu could as well have been titled *Can-a-do*. This film, his first in six years, proves not only that Gene Kelly is back and here to stay but that he still can do encores to such blockbusters as *Anchors Aweigh, An American in Paris* and the unforgettable *Singing in the Rain*. Looking more like 45 than 67, thanks to regular hours on the tennis court and jogging with his children, Gene Kelly, whose feet and career got off the ground with *Time of Your Life* in 1942, has been having the time of his life ever since. "For me," says *Xanadu* star Michael Beck, "working with Gene Kelly is a fantasy come true. To act and actually dance with him—*dance with Gene Kelly*! He's a living legend. The best."

An unknown singer joined the Harry James band on the stage of Baltimore's Hippodrome Theatre the night of June 30, 1939. Two weeks later he cut his first record. And that's the way famous 40-year careers are born. Oh, yes—one should first have the talent of a Frank (Francis Albert) Sinatra. And it would help if, like Old Blue Eyes, one became a member of a group like the Hoboken Four and won top prize in today's version of Major Bowes Amateur Hour. After that, one might perform as M.C. and singing headwaiter at a roadhouse in Englewood, New Jersey, with a bandleader present. That's really all there is to becoming the world's most recognized entertainer of the 20th century. And to think that we might have missed it all had it not been that the compelling successes of Bing Crosby and Billie Holiday drew Francis Albert Sinatra from his high school job on a newspaper delivery truck—and his aspirations of one day becoming a sports reporter.

"Heavens no. Never!" replied 71-year-old film star Bette Davis when asked about retirement. After 48 years in the bright lights and the public eye, the *grande dame* of the cinema is too busy to entertain thoughts of stepping down from her beloved stage. After completing *Watcher in the Woods* for a London producer, Miss Davis accepted a starring role in "White Mama," a special CBS presentation to be aired on Mother's Day. This durable lady—the only actress to win the American Film Institute's Life Achievement Award—once knew a time when she had to swallow her pride and place an ad in a trade paper asking for work. "But I have never done anything in my life just for the money," insists Bette Davis. "It's the work itself that's important."

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Night for Love

continued from page 51

"Well—that's—a—a little bit encouraging," said Milly.

"Maybe it is to you," said Turley. "It isn't to me." He faced her, and he saw that she was now wide awake enough to hear what he had been wanting to say for some time. "If you'll pardon me for saying so," he said, "you're treating this thing like it was some kind of holiday. You're acting like her being out with that rich young smart aleck in his 300-horsepower car was one of the greatest things that ever happened."

Milly stood, shocked and hurt. "Holiday?" she whispered. "Me?"

"Well—you left your hair down, didn't you—just so you'd look nice in case he got a look at you when he finally brought her home?"

Milly bit her lip. "I just thought if there was going to be a row, I didn't want to make it worse by having my hair up in curlers."

"You don't think there should be a row, do you?" said Turley.

"You're the head of the family," said Milly. "You—you do whatever you think is right." She went to him, touched him lightly. "Honey," she said, "I don't think it's good. Honest I don't. I'm trying just as hard as I can to think of things to do."

"Like what?" said Turley.

"Why don't you call up his father?" said Milly. "Maybe he knows where they are or what their plans were."

The suggestion had a curious effect on Turley. He continued to tower over Milly, but he no longer dominated the house, or the room or even his little barefoot wife. "Oh, great!" he said. The words were loud, but they were as hollow as a bass drum.

"Why not?" said Milly.

Turley couldn't face her any more. He took up his watch at the window again. "That would be just great," he said to the moonlit town. "Roust L.C. Reinbeck himself out of bed. 'Hello—L.C.? This is T.W. What the hell is your son doing with my daughter?' " Turley laughed bitterly.

Milly didn't seem to understand. "You've got a perfect right to call him or anybody else, if you really think there's an emergency," she said. "I mean, everybody's free and equal this time of night."

"Speak for yourself," said Turley grandly. He was overacting. "Maybe you've been free and equal with the great L.C. Reinbeck, but I never have. And what's more, I never expect to be."

"All I'm saying is he's human," said Milly.

"You're the expert on that," said Turley. "I'm sure I'm not. He never took me out dancing at the country club."

"He never took me out dancing at the country club, either," said Milly. "He doesn't like dancing." She corrected herself. "Or he didn't."

"Please, don't get technical on me this time of night," said Turley. "So he took you out and did whatever he likes to do. So, whatever that was, you're the expert on him."

"Honey," said Milly, full of pain, "he took me out to supper once at the Blue Mill, and he took me to a movie once. He took me to *The Thin Man*. And all he did was talk, and all I did was listen. And it wasn't romantic talk. It was about how he was going to turn the abrasives company back into a porcelain company. And he was going to do all the designing. And he never did anything of the kind, so that's how expert I am on the great Louis C. Reinbeck." She laid her hand on her bosom. "I'm the expert on you," she said, "if you want to know who I'm the expert on."

Turley made an animal sound.

"What, sweetheart?" said Milly.

"Me," said Turley impatiently. "What you're an expert on—me!"

Milly made helpless little giving motions Turley didn't see.

Turley was standing stock-still, winding up tighter and tighter inside. Suddenly he moved like a cumbersome windup man. He went to the telephone on the bedside table. "Why *shouldn't* I call him up?" he blustered. "Why shouldn't I?"

He looked up Louis C. Reinbeck's number in the telephone book clumsily, talked to himself about the times the Reinbeck company had gotten him up out of bed in the middle of the night.

He misdialed, hung up, got set to dial again. His courage was fading fast.

Milly hated to see the courage go. "He won't be asleep," she said. "They've been having a party."

"They've been having a what?" said Turley.

"The Reinbecks are having a party tonight—or it's just over," said Milly.

"How do you know that?" said Turley.

"It was in this morning's paper on the society page," said Milly. "Besides," she continued, "you can go in the kitchen and see if their lights are on."

Continued on following page

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"You can see the Reinbeck house from our kitchen?" said Turley.

"Sure," said Milly. "You have to get your head down kind of low and over to one side, but then you can see their house in a corner of the window."

Turley nodded quizzically, watched Milly, thought about her, hard. He dialed again, let the Reinbecks' telephone ring twice. And then he hung up. He dominated his wife, his room and his house again.

Milly knew that she had made a very bad mistake in the past thirty seconds. She was ready to bite off her tongue.

"Every time the Reinbecks do anything," said Turley, "you read every word about it in the paper?"

"Honey," said Milly beseechingly, "all women read the society page. It doesn't mean anything. It's just a silly something to do when the paper comes. All women do it."

"Sure," said Turley bleakly. "Sure. But how many of 'em can say to themselves, 'I could have been Mrs. Louis C. Reinbeck'?"

Turley made a great point of staying calm, of being like a father to Milly, of forgiving her in advance. "You want to face this thing about those two kids out there in the moonlight somewhere?" he said. "Or you want to go on pretending an accident's the only thing either one of us is thinking about?"

Milly stiffened. "I don't know what you mean," she said.

"You duck your head a hundred times a day to look at that big white house in the corner of the kitchen window, and you don't know what I mean?" said Turley. "Our girl is out in the moonlight somewhere with the kid who's going to get that house someday, and you don't know what I mean? You left your hair down and you stared at the moon and you hardly heard a word I said to you, and you don't know what I mean?" Turley shook his big, imperial head. "You just can't imagine?"

The telephone rang twice in the big white home on the hill. Then it stopped. Louis C. Reinbeck sat on a white iron chair on the lawn in the moonlight. He was looking out at the rolling, lovely nonsense of the golf course, and, beyond that and below, the town. All the lights in his house were out. He thought his wife Natalie was asleep.

Louis was drinking. He was thinking that the moonlight didn't make the world look any better. He thought the moonlight made the world look worse, made it look dead like the moon.

The telephone's ringing twice, then stopping, fitted in well with Louis' mood. The telephone was a good touch—urgency that could wait until hell froze over. "Shatter the night and then hang up," said Louis.

Along with the house and the Reinbeck Abrasives Company, Louis had inherited from his father and grandfather a deep and satisfying sense of having been corrupted by commerce. And like them, Louis thought of himself as a sensitive maker of porcelain, not grinding wheels, born in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Just as the telephone had rung twice at the right time, so did Louis' wife Natalie appear as though on cue. She was a cool, spare Boston girl. Her role was to misunderstand Louis. She did it beautifully, taking apart his reflective moods like a master mechanic.

"Did you hear the telephone ring, Louis?" she said.

"H'm? Oh—yes. Uh-huh," said Louis.

"It rang and then it stopped," said Natalie.

"I know," said Louis. He warned her with a sigh that he didn't want to discuss the telephone call or anything else in a flat, practical Yankee way.

Natalie ignored the warning. "Don't you wonder who it was?" she said.

He wanted to cry about growing old, about the shabby ends brave young lovers came to.

"No," said Louis.

"Maybe it was a guest who left something. You didn't see anything around, did you, that somebody left?"

"No," said Louis.

"An earring or something, I suppose," said Natalie. She wore a pale blue, cloud-like negligee that Louis had given to her. But she made the negligee meaningless by dragging a heavy iron chair across the lawn, setting it next to Louis'. The arms of the chairs clicked together, and Louis jerked his fingers from between them just in time.

Natalie sat down. "Hi," she said.

"Hi," said Louis.

"See the moon?" said Natalie.

"Yup," said Louis.

"Think people had a nice time tonight?" said Natalie.

"I don't know," said Louis, "and I'm sure they don't either." He meant by this that he was always the only artist and philosopher at his parties. Everybody else was a businessman.

Natalie was used to this. She let it pass. "What time did Charlie get in?" she said. Charlie was their only son—actually Louis Charles Reinbeck, Junior.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Louis. "He didn't report in to me. Never does."

Natalie, who had been enjoying the moon, now sat forward uneasily. "He is home, isn't he?" she said.

"I haven't the remotest idea," said Louis.

Natalie bounded out of her chair.

She strained her eyes in the night, trying to see if Charlie's car was in the shadows of the garage. "Who did he go out with?" she asked Louis.

"He doesn't talk with me," said Louis.

"Who is he with?" said Natalie.

"If he isn't by himself, then he's with somebody you don't approve of," said Louis.

But Natalie didn't hear him. She went running into the house. Then the telephone rang again and went on ringing until Natalie answered.

Natalie held the telephone out to Louis. "It's a man named Turley Whitman," she said. "He says he's one of your policemen."

"Something wrong at the plant?" said Louis, taking the phone. "Fire, I hope?"

"No," said Natalie, "nothing as serious as that." From her expression, Louis gathered that something a lot worse than that had happened. "It seems that our son is out with Mr. Turley's daughter somewhere, that they should have been back hours ago," said Natalie. "Mr. Turley is naturally very deeply concerned about his daughter."

"Mr. Turley?" said Louis into the telephone.

"Turley's my first name, sir," said Turley. "Turley Whitman's my whole name."

"I'm going to listen on the upstairs phone," whispered Natalie. She gathered the folds of her negligee, ran, manlike, up the stairs.

"You probably don't know me except by sight," said Turley. "I'm the guard at the main-plant parking lot."

"Of course I know you—by sight and by name," said Louis. It was a lie. "Now what's this about my son and your daughter?"

Turley wasn't ready to get to the nut of the problem yet. He was still introducing himself and his family. "You probably know my wife a good deal better'n you know me, sir," he said.

There was a woman's small cry of surprise.

For an instant, Louis didn't know if it was the cry of his own wife or of Turley's wife. But when he heard sounds of somebody trying to hang up, he knew it had to be on Turley's end. Turley's wife obviously didn't want her name dragged in.

But Turley was determined to drag it

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in, and he won out. "You knew her by her maiden name, of course," said Turley. "Milly—Mildred O'Shea."

All sounds of protest at Turley's end of the line died. The death of protest came to Louis as a shocking thing. His shock was compounded as he remembered young, affectionate and pretty, mystifying Milly O'Shea. He hadn't thought of her for years, hadn't known what had become of her.

And yet, at the mention of her name, it was as though Louis had thought of her constantly since she'd kissed him good-bye in the moonlight so long ago.

"Yes—yes," said Louis faintly. "Yes, I—I remember her well." He wanted to cry about growing old, about the shabby ends brave young lovers came to.

From the mention of Milly's name on, Turley had his conversation with the great Louis C. Reinbeck all his own way. The miracle of equality had been achieved. Turley and Louis spoke man to man, father to father, with Louis apologizing, murmuring against his own son.

Louis thanked Turley for having called the police. Louis would call them, too. If Louis found out anything, he would call Turley at once. Louis called Turley "sir."

Turley was exhilarated when he hung up. "He sends his regards," he said to Milly. He turned to find himself talking to thin air. Milly had left the room silently on bare feet.

Turley found Millie heating coffee in the kitchen on the new electric stove. The stove was named the Globemaster. It had a ridiculously complicated control panel. The Globemaster was a wistful dream of Milly's come true. Not many of her dreams of nice things had come true.

The coffee was boiling, making the pot crackle and spit. Milly didn't notice that the pot was boiling, even though she was staring at it with terrible concentration. The pot spit, stung her hand. She burst into tears, put the stung hand to her mouth. And then she saw Turley.

She tried to duck past him and out of the kitchen, but he caught her arm.

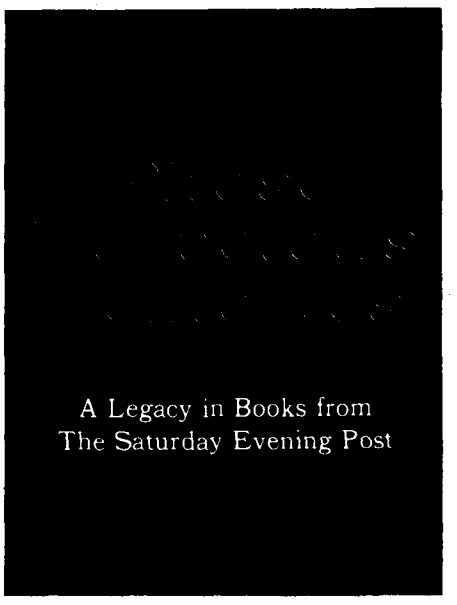
"Honey," he said dazedly. He turned off the Globemaster's burner with his free hand. "Milly," he said.

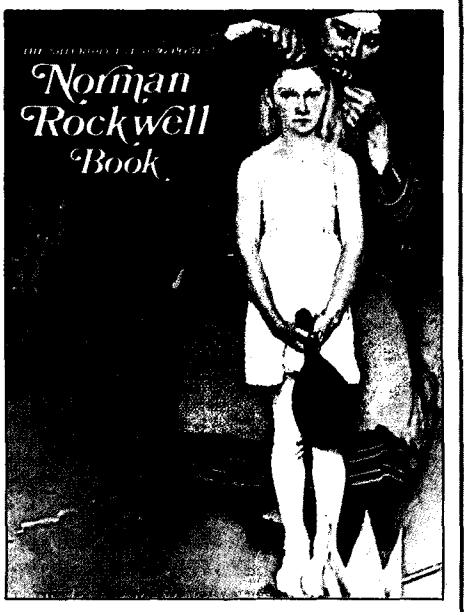
Milly wanted desperately to get away. But big Turley had such an easy time holding her that he hardly realized he was doing it. Milly subsided at last, her sweet face red and twisted.

"Won't—won't you tell me what's wrong, honey?" said Turley.

"Don't worry about me," said Milly brokenly. "Go worry about people dying in ditches."

Turley let her go. "I said something wrong?" he said. He was sincerely





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bewildered.

"Oh, Turley, Turley," said Milly helplessly, "I never thought you'd hurt me this way—this much." She cupped her hands, as though she were holding something precious. Then she let it fall from her hands, whatever her imagination thought it was.

Turley watched it fall. "Just because I told him your name?" he said.

"When—when you told him my name," said Milly, "there was so much else you told him." She was trying to forgive Turley, but it was hard for her. "I don't suppose you knew what else you were telling him. You couldn't have."

"All I told him was your name," said Turley.

"And all it meant to Louis C. Reinbeck," said Milly, "was that a woman down in the town had two silly little dates with him 20 years ago, and she's talked about nothing else since. And her husband knows about those two silly little dates, too—and he's just as proud of them as she is. Even prouder!"

Milly put her head down and to one side, and she pointed out the kitchen window, pointed to a splash of white light in an upper corner of the window. "There," she said, "the great Louis C. Reinbeck is up in all that light somewhere, thinking I've loved him all these years." The floodlights on the Reinbecks' house went out. "Now he's up there in the moonlight somewhere—thinking about the poor little woman and the poor little man and their poor little daughter down here." Milly shuddered. "Well, we're not poor!" she said. "Or we weren't until tonight."

The great Louis C. Reinbeck returned to his drink and his iron lawn chair. He had called the police, who had told him what they had told Turley—that there were no wrecks that they knew of.

Natalie sat down beside Louis again. She tried to catch his eye, tried to get him to see her maternal, teasing smile. But Louis wouldn't look.

"You—you know the girl's mother, do you?" she said.

"Knew," said Louis. He hunched over.

"You took her out on nights like this?" said Natalie. "Full moon and all that?"

"We could dig out a 20-year-old calendar and see what the phases of the moon were," said Louis tartly. "You can't exactly avoid full moons, you know. You're bound to have one once a month."

"What was the moon on our wedding night?" said Natalie.

"Full?" said Louis.

"New," said Natalie. "Brand-new."

"Women are more sensitive to things like that," said Louis. "They notice things."

Louis surprised himself by sounding peevish. His conscience was doing funny things to his voice because he couldn't remember much of anything about his honeymoon with Natalie.

He could remember almost everything about the night he and Milly O'Shea had wandered out on the golf course. That night with Milly, the moon had been full.

Now Natalie was saying something. And when she was done, Louis had to ask her to say it all over again. He hadn't heard a word.

"I said, what's it like?" said Natalie.

"What's what like?" said Louis.

"Being a young male Reinbeck—all hot-blooded and full of dreams," said Natalie, "swooping down off the hill, grabbing a pretty little town girl and spiriting her into the moonlight." She laughed teasingly. "It must be kind of godlike."

"It isn't," said Louis.

"It isn't godlike?" said Natalie.

"Godlike?" said Louis bitterly. "I never felt more human in all my life!" He threw his empty glass in the direction of the golf course. He wished he'd been strong enough to throw the glass straight to the spot where Milly had kissed him good-bye.

"Then let's hope Charlie marries this hot little girl from town," said Natalie evenly. She stood. "Let's have no more cold, inhuman Reinbeck wives like me." She shuddered. "Let's face it," she said, "you would have been a thousand times happier if you'd married your Milly O'Shea."

She went to bed.

"Who's kidding anybody?" Turley Whitman said to his wife. "You would have been a million times happier if you had married Louis C. Reinbeck." He was back at his post by the bedroom window, back with his big foot on the radiator.

Milly was sitting on the edge of the bed. "Not a million times, not two times, not the-smallest-number-there-is times happier," said Milly. She was wretched. "Turley—please don't say anything more like that. I can't stand it, it's so crazy."

"Well, you were kind of calling a spade a spade down there in the kitchen," said Turley, "giving me hell

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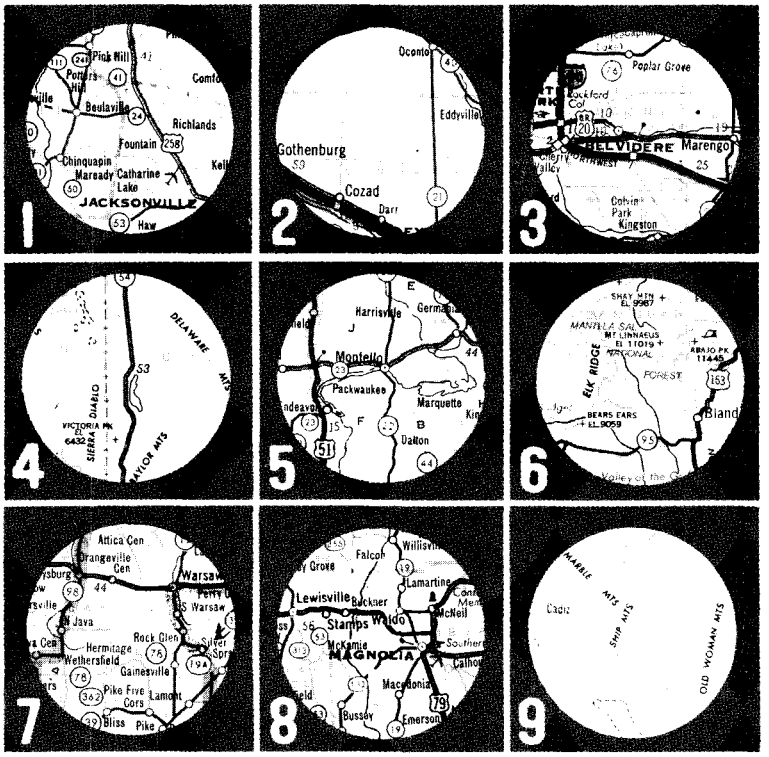

Rand McNally

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west, or central in the designated state.

(Answers on page 121)

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for telling the great Louis C. Reinbeck your name. Let me just call a spade a spade here, and say neither one of us wants our daughter to make the same mistake you did."

Milly went to him, put her arms around him. "Turley, please, that's the worst thing you could say to me," she said.

Turley turned a stubborn red, was as unyielding as a statue. "I remember all the big promises I made you, all the big talk," he said. "Neither one of us thinks company cop is one of the biggest jobs a man can hold."

Milly tried to shake him, with no luck. "I don't care what your job is," she said.

"I was gonna have more money than the great L.C. Reinbeck," said Turley, "and I was gonna make it all myself. Remember, Milly? That's what really sold you, wasn't it?"

Her arms dropped away from him. "No," she said.

"My famous good looks?" said Turley, bristling with grand irony.

"They had a lot to do with it," said Milly. His looks had gone very well with the looks of the prettiest girl in town. "Most of all," she said, "it was the great Louis C. Reinbeck and the moon."

The great Louis C. Reinbeck was in his bedroom. His wife was in bed with the covers pulled up over her head. The room was cunningly contrived to give the illusion of romance and undying true love, no matter what really went on in the room.

Up to now, almost everything that had gone on in the room had been reasonably pleasant. Now it appeared that the marriage of Louis and Natalie was at an end. When Louis made her pull the covers away from her face, when Natalie showed him how swollen her face was with tears, this was plainly the case. This was the end.

Louis was miserable—couldn't understand how things had fallen to pieces so fast. "I—I haven't thought of Milly O'Shea for 20 years," he said to her.

"Please—no. Don't lie. Don't explain," said Natalie. "I understand."

"I swear," said Louis, "I haven't seen her for 20 years."

"I believe you," said Natalie. "That's what makes it so much worse. I wish you had seen her—just as often as you liked. That would have been better, somehow, than all this—this——" She sat up, ransacked her mind for the right word. "All this horrible, empty, aching, nagging regret." She lay back down again.

"About Milly?" said Louis.

"About Milly, about me, about the abrasives company, about all the things you wanted and didn't get, about all the things you got you didn't want. Milly and me—that's as good a way of saying it as anything. That pretty well says it all."

"I—I don't love her. I never did," said Louis.

"You must have liked the one and only time in your life you felt human," said Natalie huskily. "Whatever happened in the moonlight must have been nice—much nicer than anything you and I ever had."

Louis' nightmare got worse, because he knew Natalie had spoken the truth. There never had been anything quite as nice as that time in the moonlight with Milly.

"There was absolutely nothing there, no basis for love," said Louis wonderingly. "We were perfect strangers then. I knew her as little as I know her now."

Louis' muscles knotted and the words came hard, because he thought he was extracting something from himself of terrible importance. "I—I suppose she is a symbol of my own disappointment in myself, of all I might have been," he said heavily.

He went to the bedroom window, looked morbidly at the setting moon. The moon's rays were flat now, casting long shadows on the golf course, exaggerating the toy geography. Little flags flew here and there, signifying less than nothing. There was where the great love scene had been played.

Suddenly he understood. "Moonlight," he murmured.

"What?" murmured Natalie.

"It had to be," said Louis. He laughed, because the explanation was so explosively simple. "We had to be in love with a moon like that, in a world like that. We owed it to the moon."

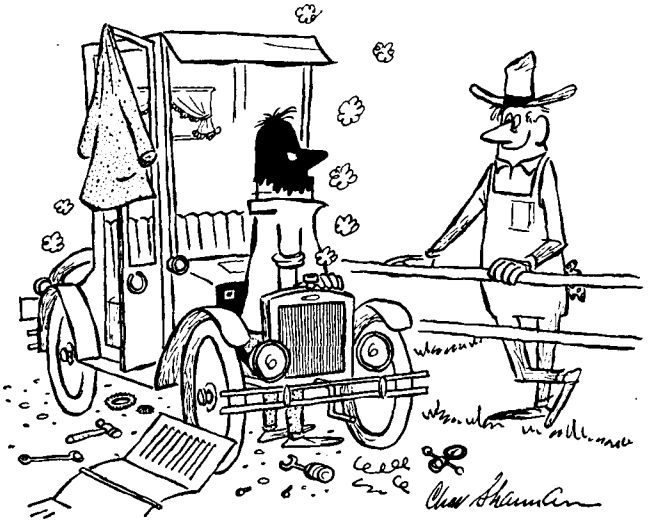
Natalie sat up, her disposition much improved.

"The richest boy in town and the prettiest girl in town," said Louis—"we couldn't let the moon down, could we?"

He laughed again, made his wife get out of bed, made her look at the moon with him. "And here I'd been thinking it really had been something big between Milly and me way back then." He shook his head. "When all it was was pure, beautiful, moonlit hokum."

He led his wife back to bed. "You're the

Continued on page 124



The Perfect Squelch

Harry, a prosperous haberdasher with big-city ways, thought he had outsmarted the secondhand-car dealer in buying a very old model seemingly in fine condition. But when he got far out into the country, his elderly car suddenly stopped and refused to start.

Furiously, Harry pulled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and plunged under the hood. The day was hot, and whenever he came up for air he saw an old farmer leaning on a fence and watching him with increasing amusement. Effort after effort failed to locate the trouble, and Harry's temper reached the boiling point.

Turning on the old farmer, he blurted, "What are you looking at? Is this the first car you ever saw?"

"No," came the dry reply, "but it looks a lot like it."

—Lloyd E. Graham

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WHERE IN THE WORLD?

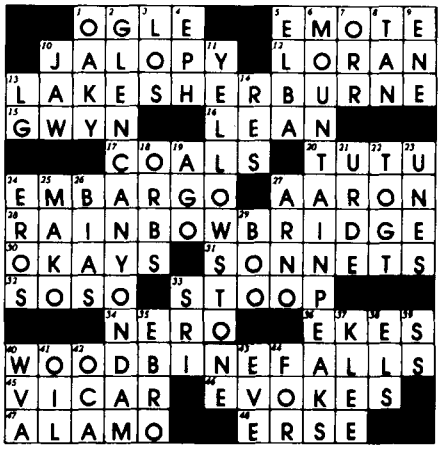
(Answers from page 112)

1 The native American Indians, whom archaelogists have named the Basket Makers, flourished for six centuries in the canyons of what is now Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado. It was probably war with other tribes that forced them to seek shelter in precarious cliff dwellings during their last 100 years in the canyons, but it was a worse war against drought that finally convinced them to leave for the Rio Grande valley, where their partial descendents, the Pueblo, still live.

2 Not just your stereotype monorail station, the Contemporary Resort Hotel near Orlando, Florida, tops off at 14 stories with the World Penthouse restaurant and lounge, a lofty setting which affords vacationers a view of the whole world—that is, the whole of Disney World, including 450-acre Bay Lake.

3 Moslems erected the Mosque of Omar, better known as the Dome of the Rock, on Mount Moriah in 691 A.D. to mark the spot in Jerusalem from which Mohammed ascended to heaven. The more renowned edifice, Solomon's Temple, stood here from 958 to 586 B.C., built directly over the rock where Abraham prepared to sacrifice Isaac 800 years earlier. The Babylonians destroyed Solomon's Temple in 586, but it was rebuilt 71 years later and stood until toppled by the Romans in A.D. 70.

4 Established primarily for botanical research and education, the Missouri Botanical Garden has blossomed into a verdant showplace, housing plants and flowers from all parts of the world. Located adjacent to St. Louis' Tower Grove Park, its grounds include the homes and private gardens of its founder, Henry Shaw.



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Where Do You Think You Are?

(Answers from page 118)

1. North Carolina	4. Texas	7. New York
2. Nebraska	5. Wisconsin	8. Arkansas
3. Illinois	6. Nevada	9. California

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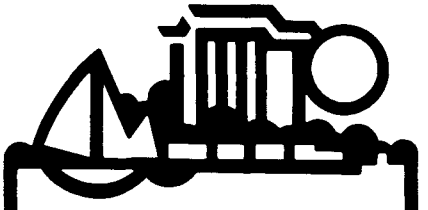

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

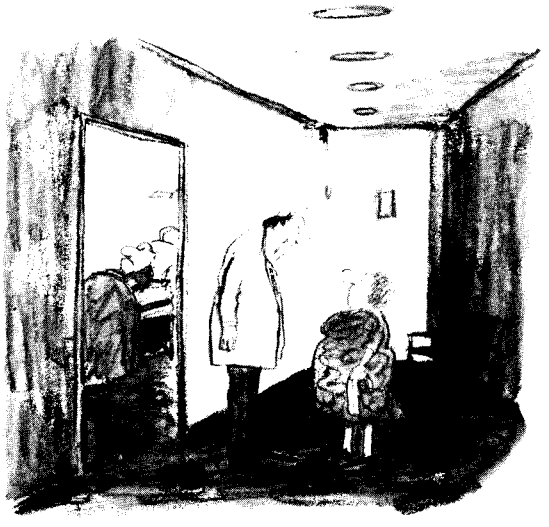
"The health of the people is really the foundation upon which all their happiness and all their powers as a state depend."
—Benjamin Disraeli, 1804-1881

Bran News

The Hi-Fiber diet discussion was interesting, but did Quaker Oats decide to market oat bran? If so, by what name? All the cereals containing oats that I have seen also contain some undesirables such as coconut oil which, I am told, is high in cholesterol.

E. R. Ferry
Metairie, Louisiana

According to Marsha Watts of Quaker Oats Company, the firm does not market an oat bran, but it does market unprocessed wheat bran which is sold nationwide. She points out, however, that oatmeal, being a whole-grain product, already contains the bran with no coconut oil or other additives. You are correct that coconut oil is present in some cold cereals. Coconut oil is often used as a "flavor carrier." Although it contains no cholesterol itself, one of its constituents is lauric acid, which has a powerful effect in raising serum cholesterol. The Kellogg Company uses it to coat the raisins in Raisin Bran®, but many of their other bran and partial bran cereals such as All Bran®, 40% Bran Flakes® and Bran Buds® do not contain coconut oil, nor does Product 19®, a partial oat cereal. Quaker Oats also markets cold oat cereals without coconut oil, as do lesser-known companies such as Erewhon (Boston, Massachusetts); Arrowhead Mills (Hereford, Texas); and Better Way (LaGrange, Illinois).



"Now you listen to me! Your husband is suffering from the worst darn case of surliness I've ever seen. Be careful, it's highly contagious!"

Sweet Relief

A slice of toast well spread with honey, taken prior to bedtime after an evening of considerable drinking, is a simple and effective remedy for a hangover, Drs. E. Ryan, Sr. and Jr., have reported.

Alcohol is ordinarily metabolized in the body at a relatively constant rate. It is possible to increase the rate, however, by eating foods, especially those containing fructose. Thirty grams (1.05 ounces) will increase the rate of metabolism of alcohol by 15 to 30 percent. No other sugars have this effect on alcohol metabolism; that includes glucose, galactose and sucrose. Fructose will make alcohol burn in the body considerably faster than it would be burned otherwise.

It is sometimes possible to reduce the intensity of a hangover by employing fructose. Fructose is particularly plentiful in honey and is also present in vegetables and vegetable extracts such as tomato juice. The ingestion of vegetable juices during the hangover may be helpful in hastening the metabolism of whatever alcohol remains in the body. Thus, the standard morning-after cocktail of tomato juice with some added spices may be more therapeutically sound than suspected previously. Symptoms of the hangover recede as the blood alcohol level goes down.

Bad Brews

If herbal beverages made from sassafras or comfrey are "just your cup of tea," you may be in for trouble. Research shows that tea steeped from either substance is not mildly medicinal as widely believed, but is potentially quite dangerous.

Most health-food stores stock root bark of sassafras, an aromatic tree of the laurel family that grows abundantly in North America, and comfrey, a plant root that is the basis for the most widely sold herb tea. Both are promoted as refreshing and medicinal tonics despite very good evidence that safrole (the main ingredient of sassafras) is a carcinogen and that comfrey is toxic to the liver and bladder.

"Drinking sassafras tea is like playing Russian roulette; like smoking excessively," says Dr. Varro E. Tyler, dean of pharmacy at Purdue University. "It may not get you immediately, but it's definitely carcinogenic." The Food and Drug Administration prohibited the use of safrole in foods in 1960 after studies showed the cumulative effect of relatively small doses produced hepatomas as well as lymphomas, pulmonary adenomas and adenocarcinomas in rats.

Researchers found a respective dose in humans from

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sassafras bark tea could be sizable enough to be a health hazard. Until prohibited, safrole was widely used to flavor foods and beverages such as root beer. According to Dr. Tyler, despite what Grandma may have said, sassafras has never been shown to have any significant medicinal value.

Comfrey, on the other hand, has been used for curing ulcerations, but it also contains pyrrolidine alkaloids, which cause liver and bladder cancer in rodents. "The hazards far outweigh any benefits," says Dr. Tyler.

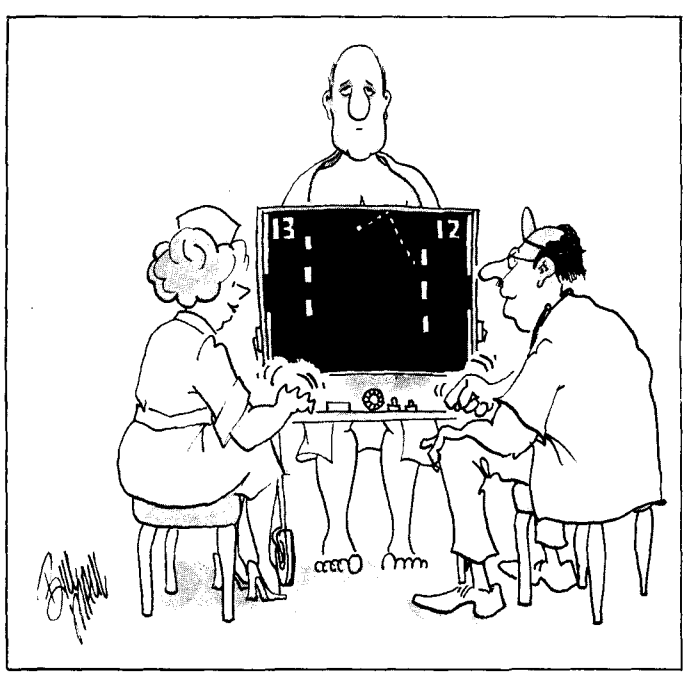
If these substances are potentially so dangerous, why does the FDA allow their sale under misleading labels? According to Dr. Tyler, sassafras falls into a loophole in the drug laws. "If they aren't labeled 'for use as drugs' on the package or on an insert accompanying the package, then they're not governed by present FDA regulations. They get around the laws controlling drugs by simply not calling them drugs."

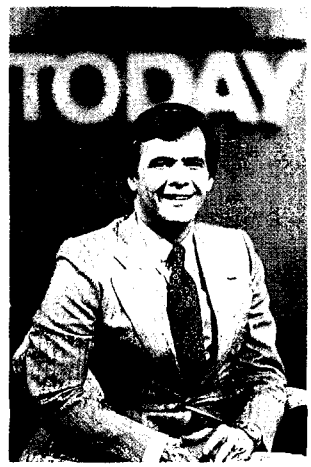
Comfrey tea is not restricted at all by the FDA, and unfortunately many users have been unaware of the dangers of long-term consumption.

Those who believe anything "natural is safe" and "synthesized or chemical is bad" should read the story of a natural plant, the foxglove, which was discovered growing in Shropshire, England. When brewed, its potent leaves can stop a heart—its tea can kill!—but taken in carefully measured small quantities as digitalis, it is one of the most useful of the heart drugs.

Digitalis has enabled countless thousands of individuals, who would otherwise have died from failing hearts or struggled on as cardiac cripples, to live useful and full lives. But the size of the dose prescribed by the physician is crucial. Synthesized digitalis is easier to control than the "natural" dried leaves from the foxglove, *Digitalis purpurpea*. Its effects are much more consistent and safe.

Locoweeds grow naturally in fields. Sheep which eat locoweed for want of better grazing die or give birth to grossly deformed lambs. Obviously tea from this herb is natural but could be dangerous.





Tom Brokaw

John Chancellor

This month's Ben Franklin Award goes to NBC's "Today Show" host Tom Brokaw for his timely use of the Heimlich maneuver on colleague John Chancellor, who choked on a piece of food at an NBC executive luncheon. The culprit was a piece of cheese (later identified as Gouda) which somehow went down the wrong way. When Chancellor's efforts failed to dislodge the food, Brokaw quickly assessed the situation. He approached him from behind and gave him bear hugs with increasing force. A grateful Chancellor later described what happened on his "Nightly News" program. "The food just shot out," he said, and the luncheon continued, much to the relief of his fellow diners.

Honorable mention goes to presidential candidate John Connally, a luncheon guest, who coached Brokaw to use more force after Tom's first four or five tries weren't strong enough to eject the food from Chancellor's gullet. John stood ready as a stand-in—he had recently learned emergency health procedures in a program his son Mark had set up in Floresville, Texas.

The abdominal thrust is the quickest and most effective way to dislodge food from the throat of a choking victim. You can even use it on yourself if there is no one else around. Tom Brokaw learned the technique from frequent demonstrations on the "Today Show." The incident at the luncheon demonstrates that you never know when or where your knowledge of the easy-to-learn maneuver may be needed to save a life. Chancellor could have died within four minutes without Brokaw's assistance. He might have become one of the estimated 4,000 victims who die of food inhalation each year. So, congratulations to Tom Brokaw. Could Walter Cronkite or Tom Snyder or *you* have done so well? We hope so!

Directions for administering the Heimlich maneuver may be obtained by sending a self-addressed stamped business-sized envelope to Medical Education and Research Foundation, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

Readers are invited to nominate candidates for the Benjamin Franklin Award. Nominations should include a description of self-help medical feats performed by the person or group. Recipients receive a certificate and a $100 grant from the Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Foundation. Both amateurs and professionals are eligible.

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Night for Love

continued from page 120

only one I ever loved," he said. "An hour ago, I didn't know that. I know that now."

So everything was fine.

"I won't lie to you," Milly Whitman said to her husband, Turley. "I loved the great Louis C. Reinbeck for a while. Out there on the golf course in the moonlight, I just had to fall in love. Can you understand that—how I would have to fall in love with him, even if we didn't like each other very well?"

Turley allowed as how he could see how that would be. But he wasn't happy about it.

"We kissed only once," said Milly. "And if he'd kissed me right, I think I might really be Mrs. Louis C. Reinbeck tonight." She nodded. "Since we're calling spades spades tonight, we might as well call that one a spade too. And, just before we kissed up there on the golf course," said Milly, "I was thinking what a poor little rich boy he was, and how much happier I could make him than any old cold, stuck-up country-club girl. And then he kissed me," said Milly, "and I knew he wasn't in love, couldn't ever be in love. So I made that kiss good-bye."

"There's where you made your mistake," said Turley.

"No," said Milly, "because the next boy who kissed me kissed me right, showed me he knew what love was, even if there wasn't a moon. And I lived happily ever after, until tonight." She put her arms around Turley. "Now kiss me again the way you kissed me the first time, and I'll be all right tonight, too."

Turley did, so everything was all right there, too.

About twenty minutes after that, the telephones in both houses rang. The burden of the messages was that Charlie Reinbeck and Nancy Whitman were fine. They had, however, put their own interpretation on the moonlight. They'd decided that Cinderella and Prince Charming had as good a chance as anybody for really living happily ever after. So they'd married.

So now there was a new household. Whether everything was all right there, remained to be seen. The moon went down.

Women In Politics

continued from page 113

D.C., office. "We try to give them a bit of assertiveness training, if you can call it that, if they need it.

"But most of them don't need it," she laughed.

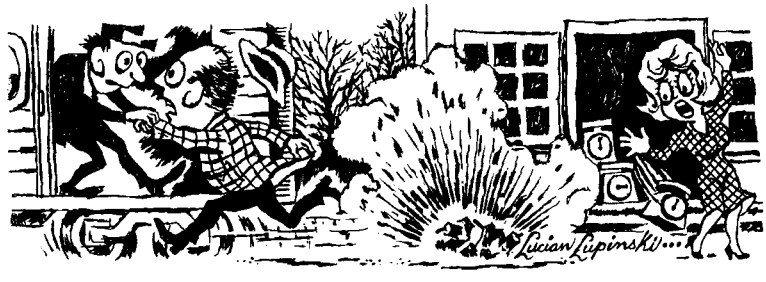
Those new campaigners soon discover how many women are involved in the making of a president. Besides the committeewomen and the Caucus, there is the 300,000-member National Federation of Democratic Women, headed up by C. DeLores Tucker, formerly Pennsylvania's secretary of state. That group, formed in 1971, prepares and encourages women to take an active part in government. In addition, there is the Women's Division Network, a group of volunteer women who lobby on behalf of Democratic concerns by use of a vast phone network. A representative from each congressional district is involved.

All of those women will be committed to helping elect the party's presidential candidate, even though they may have strong personal feelings for another candidate. "I will publicly back whoever is chosen by the party," Dewald said, "but that doesn't mean I have to vote for him—or her."

Politics is one thing, the women leaders agreed. But women's rights is very much another. And on that latter subject, there seemed to be no disagreement.

"It has always been a struggle for women to get ahead, to make their voices heard," Peterson said. "We are only now beginning to gain some acceptance and some respect."

"It'll be a long time before women are really treated as equals to men," agreed an Indiana committeewoman. "And it's a real shame, because we have so much to offer."



You be the Judge

By Eric SerVaas

One of the most controversial of all tort cases resulted from the following incident: As a late passenger ran to catch an already moving train, the porter reached forward to help him aboard. In the act, a small package the passenger was carrying dislodged and fell to the rails. The innocent-looking parcel, which had no markings, actually contained fireworks which exploded upon impact. The shock of the explosion dislodged a scales at the other end of the train platform several yards away, which fell and struck a lady. The injured woman later sued the railroad company. Should the company be held liable?

No. The court held that the conduct of the porter, if wrong in relation to the holder of the package, was not wrong in relation to the plaintiff standing at a distance. Nothing in the situation gave notice that the falling package contained in it the "potency of peril" to persons far removed. That is—there is no duty, and hence no negligence and no liability, to an unforeseen plaintiff.

(Palsgraf vs. Long Island Railroad Company, 1928, New York Court of Appeals.)

Success

continued from page 99

Because of the management syndrome and the lack of growth now, they decide how to defend their position and allocate the resource. That is the result of no longer being builders. So instead of moving ahead to solve the problem, we end up allocating the resource.

Now as I say, that is true in business. In business we say, "Well, we do better if we don't have so many government regulations. We would do better if we were in the South than if we were in the North; or we would do better in the West. We would do better if we were younger; or maybe if we knew more and were older we would do better." You pick out your own defense pos-

Cont. on following page

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ture to justify your lack of growth.

I could take that for you on an individual basis, too. A young person comes out of school, high school, college, and has dreams and hopes. He can be president. He can go to the top. He can be a top achiever. He can work toward solutions of the hunger problems of the world—and all the other great things ahead.

But as soon as he gets married, he ends up with two, three kids, he has a little budget, he has house payments, he has diaper rental services, and pretty soon he is so busy managing his little household that his dream disappears. Instead of reaching for greatness, he gets embroiled in the nitty-gritty of life. And he sits home, with a bad government; or he accepts Skinner's philosophy that your environment, not you, determines your future.

I totally disagree with Mr. Skinner when he says that if your mother had only cuddled you more you would be somebody. The error of his statement is that we have forgotten to sell the idea that it doesn't matter where you come from or what your background is, it is up to you to make things happen in your life.

You could spend the rest of your life saying, "Oh, if my mother had only done this or my father had only done that, or I had only been brought up in a different neighborhood, I would have done something worthwhile." Mr. Skinner is totally in the defensive posture of giving all of our young people and others an excuse for nonperformance.

I refuse to accept that. We must instill in individuals, in our government, in our organizations, the concept of being builders instead of defenders and excuse-makers for where we are and what we have or have not done.

The last step is called "blame," finger-pointing. "If we only had a better president, we would have done more." And the president says, "Well, if those local clubs had only given me some more money, we would have gotten something going." In the church, the preacher says, "If the constituency of the governing body of the church had only increased, we would have had a greater outreach." The constituency says, "If we had a preacher that stirred us, we would have gotten more done."

In Washington, the President says the Congress is to blame; and the Congress says the President is to blame. And they all agree that it is the citizens who have lost their dedication to sacrifice—that if our citizens would only lower their level of expectations, we could get on with it.

"Why should our people be mad? We are only taking 40 percent of their income. Can't they understand we can spend it more intelligently than they can?" That is their attitude. And so they blame all of us.

When you get to Stage Four, unless you are careful, you will never recover from it, because you will destroy each other in the finger-pointing process. The citizen will finally blame his neighbor, condemn his richer neighbor and say, "It is your fault I don't have more." And the richer person will condemn the poorer person and say, "Why don't you get on with it?"

That is happening right now. Instead of having love and compassion to lift all of our people as builders of a greater land and, thus, a greater world, we end up finger-pointing, not problem-solving.

I am fascinated with the fact that up until recently I could go any place I wanted and say, "Give me ten gallons," and they did. It wasn't a big deal. Somehow somebody got that oil out of the ground, got it cleaned up, refined, shipped, and put it in tanks in all of our cities. Any place I wanted to go, I could say, "Give me ten gallons," and I got it!

What a fantastic achievement. It is almost as great as the achievement of milk. I am fascinated that any place I go in this land I can say, "A glass of milk, please." And someone hands it to me. Somebody had to feed the cow and milk it, refrigerate the milk, pasteurize it, package it and haul it to the store. All across this land, you can say, "Give me a glass of milk," and there it is.

What a miracle—all done in our free enterprise system by people who are builders. Out of that has come the fulfillment of many of the things for which we have hoped.

So, my challenge is a very simple one: It is time we got back to being builders.

It is time we stopped talking about who is responsible for the energy problem and got on to finding the solution.

I don't care who is at fault. It doesn't make any difference. All I want is to solve it. All I hear now is blame being fixed, with investigation upon investigation as to who is responsible. And it doesn't make one bit of difference.

It is time America moved back to Stage

Cont. on following page

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

With a news story of world importance suddenly breaking, the newspaper editor was so hard-pressed for space that he threw out the daily horoscope. That proved to be a mistake. More people telephoned to complain of the omission and ask that their personal horoscopes be read to them than called up about the earth-shaking news. The switchboard became jammed. Reporters could not phone in urgent local items. Then an assistant editor solved the problem. He wrote one brief sentence to be read by the telephone operators. What was his solution?

Each horoscope caller was given this explanation: "Sorry, the stars indicated we shouldn't print the horoscope today." That satisfied all of them.

—R.J. Hughes

The Post pays $100 for authentic contributions to this department. All must be typewritten. Only those accepted will be acknowledged, within a month. Where several contributors relate similar experiences, payment will be made for the first received which meets editorial requirements.

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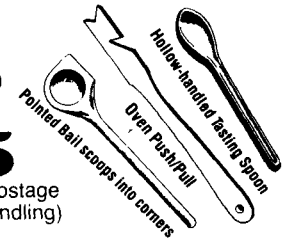

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Western

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One. I see an America where no man fears to think as he pleases or say what he thinks. I see an America where no man is another man's master, where no man's mind is dark with fear. I see an America as the horizon of human hopes. To those who say that the design defies our abilities to complete it, I answer: To act with enthusiasm and faith is the condition of acting great.

It is time we got back to building our nation and our neighbors, and lifting all of the people of the world who believe in freedom and human dignity.

That is not true of all the world. But it is time that those of us who believe that we were created by God and we have human rights and human dignity and are to be respected as persons as opposed to bowing to the state, joined together to lift up one another and become builders for a greater future.

A Man's Heart

continued from page 104

or dessert dishes, garnished with two honeydew balls on top of each dessert.

Note: If melon is very sweet, honey may be eliminated.

Date-Nut Cake
(1 loaf, 12 servings)

This is one of the treats of my childhood. The recipe, a family heirloom, has been altered to meet the lighter requirements of my new cuisine.

1 8-ounce package dates, no sugar added, chopped
1 cup boiling water
1 tablespoon corn oil plus 1/2 teaspoon to oil baking pan
3 tablespoons honey
1 egg, using 1/2 yolk and all white
1-1/2 cups unbleached flour
1-1/2 teaspoons low-sodium baking powder
1/3 cup chopped walnuts
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon ground cloves
1 tablespoon grated orange rind

To chop sticky dates: Open box, turn upside down onto board and remove dates intact. Using sharp moistened knife, cut vertically into 1/4" slices; then cut horizontally into 1/4" slices. Transfer to small bowl. Pour boiling water over dates, stirring well to separate fruit. Let stand for 10 minutes. Add oil, honey, rind, cloves and cinnamon, stirring to blend.

In large mixing bowl, beat egg with fork until light and frothy. Pour date mixture into egg and blend on medium speed of mixing machine.

Sift flour and baking powder together into bowl. Add to mixing bowl, a third at a time, mixing only until flour is absorbed. Add nuts and stir.

Pour into lightly oiled small loaf pan (7-3/8" x 3-5/8" x 2-1/4"). Bake in preheated 350-degree F. oven for 55 to 60 minutes, or until toothpick inserted into center of cake comes out dry.

Recipes excerpted from *The Dieter's Gourmet Cookbook* by Francine Prince, Cornerstone Library, Inc., a division of Simon & Schuster, New York 10020. Copyright 1979 by Francine Prince. Reprinted by permission of publisher and author.

Warning

continued from page 48

54,000 heart attacks per year, of the annual 153,000 in the under-65 age group, can be attributed to the "extra push" of smoking. The risk is impressively parallel to the number of cigarettes smoked per day.

Sedentary Living and Middle-Aged Spread

Roger continued to smoke as he grew older, and in doing so he progressively damaged his arteries. He married when he was 25 and followed the "normal" American pattern of gaining one pound a year from ages 25 to 48. At his death, he was 23 pounds heavier than at age 25. This is quite close to the average of 25 pounds of weight gained by most American males and females from ages 20 to 50.(It is encouraging that in the past few decades there has been a trend toward a lower rate of weight gain among higher socioeconomic groups of women.)

Because Roger shared the "normal" American tendency to become sedentary, some of his muscle mass had decreased and had been replaced by fat. Although Roger often watched sports, he seldom engaged in them. His 23 pounds of weight gain probably constituted a gain of 30 pounds of fat, given perhaps 7 pounds of muscle loss.

Dr. Henry Blackburn, one of the country's foremost cardiovascular epidemiologists, has pointed out that as a nation we are in fact eating fewer calories than we did 50 to 75 years ago. Being overweight is due to consuming more calories than we burn, and the extraordinary decline in physical activity must be given the lion's share of the credit for our broad bottoms.

At his checkup two years before his death, Roger's blood cholesterol and blood pressure levels were considered "normal," though in the upper range. He was further reassured by "normal" results of electrocardiograms taken when he was 45 and 46 years old. Although Roger was given a clean bill of health, his one-pack-a-day cigarette habit and his high "normal" blood pressure and cholesterol levels increased his risk of heart attack to a level five times that of an individual whose risk factors are truly *normal*. The false attribution of normality to levels of cholesterol and blood pressure *because they are common in the U.S.* has led Dr. William Kannel of the Framingham Heart Project to say that "medical trivia kills." Risk factors clearly are additive, as is shown in the figure on page 43. Case D is Roger two years before his death.

What is important is for each individual to know *how* risk factors get where they are and what can be done to lower them.

From *The American Way Of Life Need Not Be Hazardous To Your Health* by John W. Farquhar, M.D.©1978 by John W. Farquhar. Reprinted by permission of W.W. Norton & Company.

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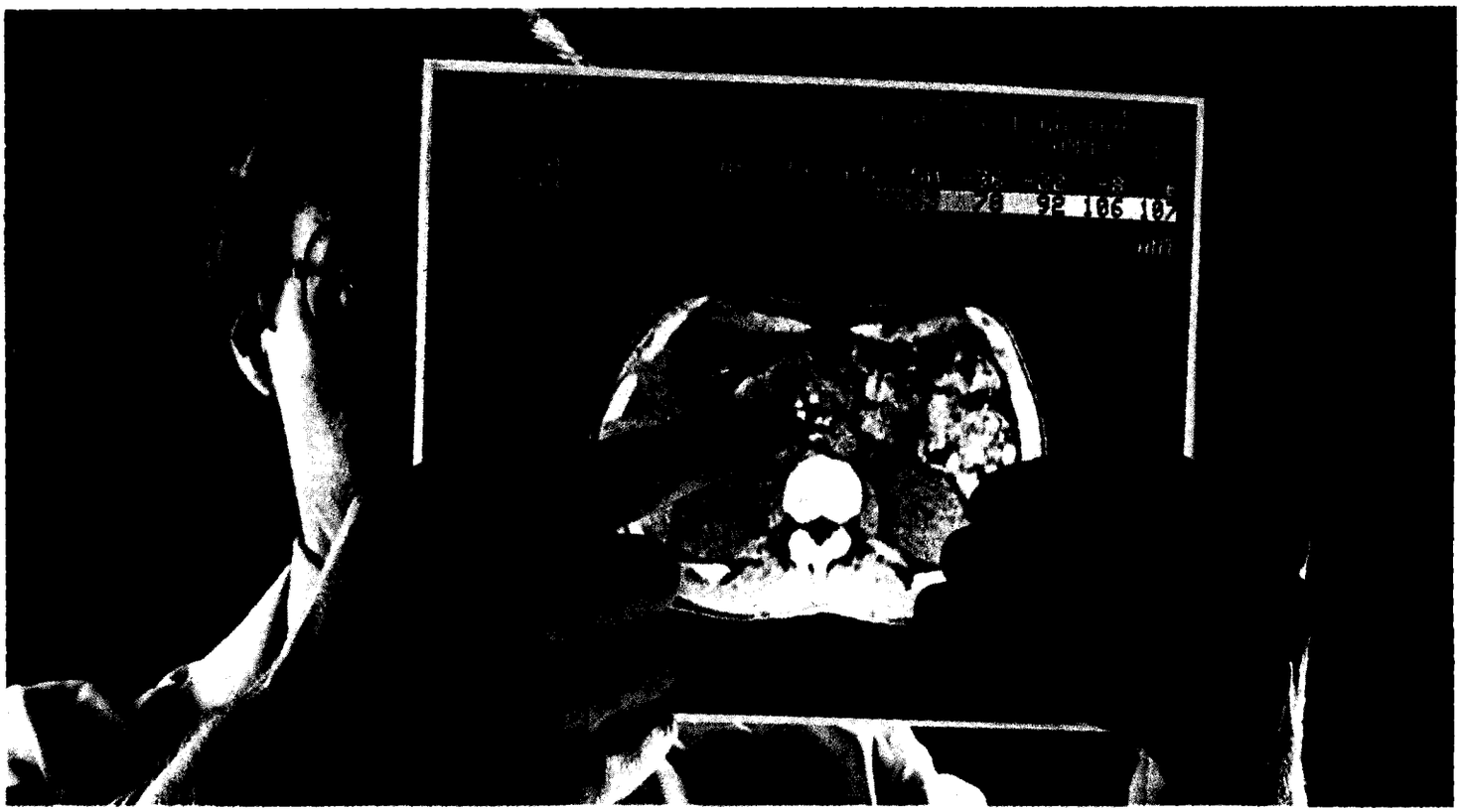
This 5-Second Pfizer CT Scan Replaced 2 Hours of Exploratory Surgery

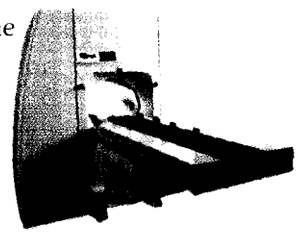


Film copy of a scan taken several inches above the waist produced by the Pfizer/AS&E 0450 CT Scanner. The white area with a Y-shaped "tail" is a vertebra in the spinal column. The large, gray, rounded objects to either side of it are the kidneys. The three white dots, representing calcium deposits, along with other findings in the scan, are diagnostic of pancreatitis.

Cancer of an internal organ... or inflammation treated with bed rest, specialized dietary care and medications? That was the question doctors faced recently in a situation that only a few years ago would have required hours of surgery just to find what was wrong.

Thanks to the CT scanner, the answer—in this case, a very happy one—was available in minutes through an entirely painless procedure. Surgery was avoided, and the patient made an excellent recovery.

Using a remarkable combination of x-ray and computer technology, the CT scanner constructs a uniquely accurate TV picture of all the tissues in a thin slice across the body. It helps your doctor make better informed decisions about life-and-death questions deep within your body, where in the past he might have had to guess.



So vital has the CT scanner become in medicine that it's sometimes difficult to realize that it has reached its present importance in only a few years.

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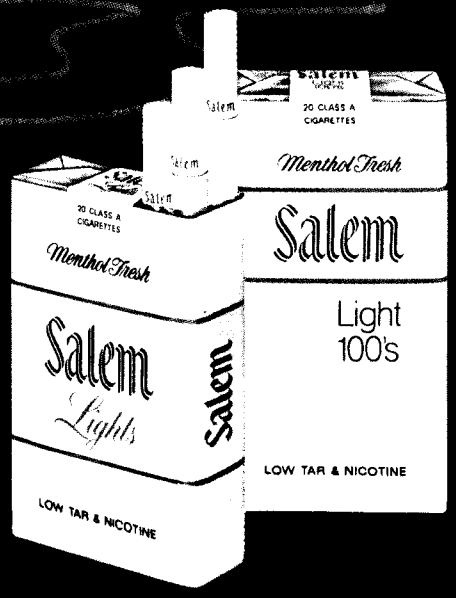

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